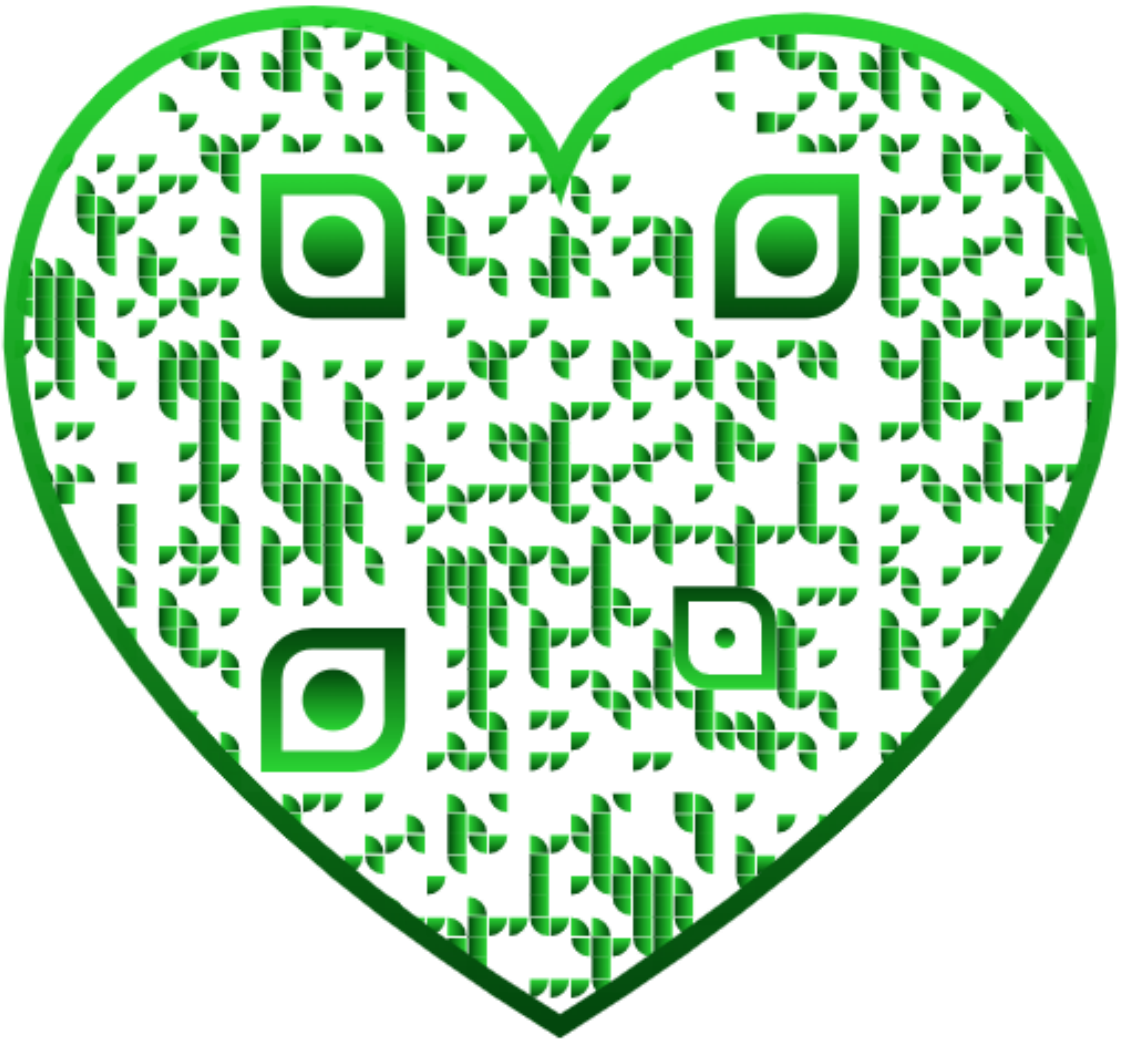
Now illustrated and with MORE revelations—This is the book that started it ALL and named the dark menace terrorizing people worldwide—THE SHADOW PEOPLE!

THE SECRET WAR

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A REAL ALIEN WAR AND SHADOW PEOPLE

HEIDI HOLLIS



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A TRUE STORY ABOUT A REAL ALIEN WAR AND SHADOW PEOPLE

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Foreword

A Necessary Introduction

Putting one foot in front of the other, a common man is seen making his way through life.

“Oh, look! An everyday person!” Someone exclaims from a distant corner of humanity.

“Speak to us wise and common one! “ The distant onlooker insists.

“Aliens,” says the commoner.

“What the—?! You are no longer welcomed in this community of brilliantly closed minds! I command this in the name of all that is sacred and in our knowledge!” The humanly-based one exclaims.

The commoner then retreats and is never seen or heard from again—keeping all knowledge of aliens to himself.

The End.

That almost sounded too silly for even me to have just written that down! Although, in reality this sort of scenario gets played out again and again for those who dare to speak about something outside of societal norms. You know exactly what I’m talking about if you’ve ever expressed an interest in aliens, muttered the word “alien,” or even felt dumb for thinking to yourself that aliens existed!

I know it’s odd to think that a common person with the same needs and wants as the next person, could be shunned in any way for taking a step in an unknown direction. But it happens. I sometimes wonder if the general population feels that those interested in or have experienced odd phenomena should stand out more, somehow. It seems in the movies that those who dare to show their odd interests, lacked common sense (poked the monster with a stick to make sure it was dead), scratched in inappropriate places (survivors of the undead onslaught) and spoke with an impediment of some sort (well okay—maybe they were just mostly drunk or high so they spoke that way)!

The truth is that none of us can spot out a person who has a story that is a little bit out-the-ordinary than what is generally known. It’s because

people like that, are people like me. We can be anyone with any assorted background, profession, or culture. As far as I understand it, the paranormal doesn't discriminate against people for their differences. Instead, that pitiful device is left for us to throw around carelessly at each other. That statement could be seen as funny and then not so funny at the same time.

Strange things happen in life, curious answers come forward, and people are brought into awareness's that are truly hard and even painful to relate to others.

Now then, what you have in your hands is a book that involves aliens and a phenomenon that I personally named called "Shadow People." This book also involves myself and a good friend of mine who had some strange encounters that we could not ever fathom to have come our way. Many issues in here might hurdle a person towards disbelief in what they read here, yet, others might open up and start to wonder about the possibilities.

Just know that there will undoubtedly be others who read this book and are actually able to personally relate to what is being spoken of in here. There may also be those who read this book and find the help they were looking for. Some of these people might be people who we all have the honor of knowing, but societal ridicule has left them to seek out their answers underground and alone.

Feeling socially inadequate to speak about something so peculiar also places wedges and draws lines between families and social circles where a person might not even know that their own closed-mind to otherworldly possibilities allowed that division to exist. I often feel that people might as well get used to not truly knowing a person they care about with each laugh they sputter out in regards to paranormal topics. Especially since there's always that chance you are making a difference in the emotional freedom of another to express themselves about these topics.

How do I know this outside of my personal experience? Because these are the people who write to me from all over the globe and tell me how alone they feel though they are surrounded by others who claim to care about their whole wellbeing.

Drawing some more from my own personal experience, life surrounding this topic hasn't been easy to integrate. Family and friends are one thing to break the news to about my experiences. But with so little regard given to

the paranormal topic in general, I burdened myself to feel like I had to give it my "all" or nothing. Especially so, when I could find literally no answers or anyone to relate to in the face of my Shadow People encounters.

It felt *so* necessary for me to take a step forward that at one point, while in the middle of college, I got the urge to drop school to focus more on the paranormal. The inner calling in me urged with certainty that it was to be one of my goals in this life to help inform people of the *real* world in which we all live. It then became overly important for me to try and break down hard to digest topics into bits that most anyone could understand.

I was lucky not to drop out of school before I came to my senses, though. I knew that if I did that I'd be considered as someone who lacked credibility without that little piece of paper to say that I had some form of common sense and education. Amidst a lot of struggle in not personally caring what others thought, I did finally graduate with a Bachelor of Science degree in Occupational Therapy.

So I am now a nationally certified Occupational Therapist-Registered and Licensed (OTR/L), and am currently practicing in my field. I personally don't feel much different about my capabilities to speak on these sorts of topics before or after receiving my degree. It just shows another form of conformity and acceptance that the majority looks for, or else, might shun a person for yet another slip in rank.

So now I get to begin my life's work with this first book of mine: ***The Secret War***

Within these pages are a detailing about a time in my life where unimaginable answers came my way. To many, this story might read as a fairytale of fantastical journeys, with villains and heroes—minus the wiƶards and broomsticks. What needs to be understood is that what is written here is not done to outright convince anyone of anything (remember later on that I wrote this here ☺). I only offer to lift the veil to a world that so many resist to share, due to the harsh criticisms that exist.

I think one of the more interesting comments I've received over the years since the first publication of this book, is how "brave" I was to tell my story! Literally using that word "brave" and also claiming that I had another "B-word" that only resides as a part of the male anatomy! I was of course

appreciative of such an accolade, but I never once thought not to put out my story fully in one form or another.

Had I not been born with a more than active sense of humor and the attitude of pushing forward no matter what, I might have not spoken up either. I'll also warn that I do tend to write as I would speak to one of my friends, which I believe might be evident already and if not I apologize. Having a humorous angle to depict my emotions or thoughts are not written in here to belittle, make light of the topic at hand, or doubt myself. In fact, I will even refer to "**you**" the reader, at times. But I only do all of this in hopes to show the very human side to understanding strange phenomena in our world.

Keeping it real and relating "on-the-level" with others, is the best way I know how to show that there is truly nothing outrageous about people like me being involved in UFO and alien topics. We can be anyone and we are everywhere.

When I wrote the first version of this book in 1997, my life had included more peculiar interests due to some odd occurrences I always seemed to bump into for many unpredictable reasons. Now in the face of republishing *The Secret War*, I think it's important to note that much has changed since its first publication in October of 2001 besides its subtitle (from "The Heavens Speak of the Battle" to "A True Story About a Real Alien War and Shadow People"). The contact mentioned within these pages with a being named "Cafth" has actually taken less precedence in my life. I know now that it was necessary for my interaction with him to recede so that even greater meaning could be revealed via a different means. Even before the first publication of this book, my interests were peaked towards an inspiration to what I can only describe as being an outright holy intervention.

And no—I'm not exaggerating.

Without sounding cryptic or overly religious (but in being completely honest still) what I learned during the adventures written of in this book—it's nothing compared to what came next! The experiences of this book remain as a testament to what took place and what I learned from it. But to compare the clarity of what I've learned and had happen since then—it's just so much higher and complete now with no comparison! Some of what I

mean and the beginning of the greater influences in my life can be seen in Chapter 19. I actually rewrote that chapter in the year 2000 to correct my misconceptions and outright skepticism about what I called "holy encounters." The full story of what occurred is now in another book I wrote called, "*Jesus Is No Joke: A True Story of an Unlikely Witness Who Saw Jesus*."

That title sort of says it all—doesn't it?

For now, I offer up a part of my life experiences in the world of the so-called "unknown." This book is truly the first of its kind, being this is ***the*** book that presented Shadow People to the world. It wasn't written in response to any prior knowledge of others experiencing the same or similar phenomenon outside of what is written here, either. So no outside influences played a role during the process of writing this book, which accounts for the very unique approach taken in detailing about the nature of Shadow People.

As a note, the name "Shadow People" is a name that I used in writing this book without ever having heard of it elsewhere! Only more recently, with others coming forward to share their experiences with Shadow People, that it appears even privately other individuals felt drawn to attribute this **very same name** to these creatures! I find this to be a very interesting and telling pattern in itself!

At times, I still wish that the many publishers who promised to publish this book from 1997 until 2001 (before its actual publication in October of 2001), had actually come through. Then the research on these creatures could have begun sooner and on a broader scale, rather than stewing inside of my head for years. But as with anything, new ideas and topics are subject to ridicule and subjective perspectives to say: "This cannot be so!" Therefore, my project was passed on repeatedly though many of the publishers were intrigued enough to say they would publish it. Then somehow they just stopped responding, lost funding or just faded away.

It's kind of funny to think that my paranormal topic was *too* unknown at the time to have kept the interests of anyone. Now, Shadow People are like the next best thing since the discovery of ghosts floating among us! If only there was a venting pool, at the time, for people like me whose paranormal experiences fell outside of the imaginary lines of the "paranormal." I know

that I would have surely dove right in that pool to splash out what I felt and knew of these Shadow People!

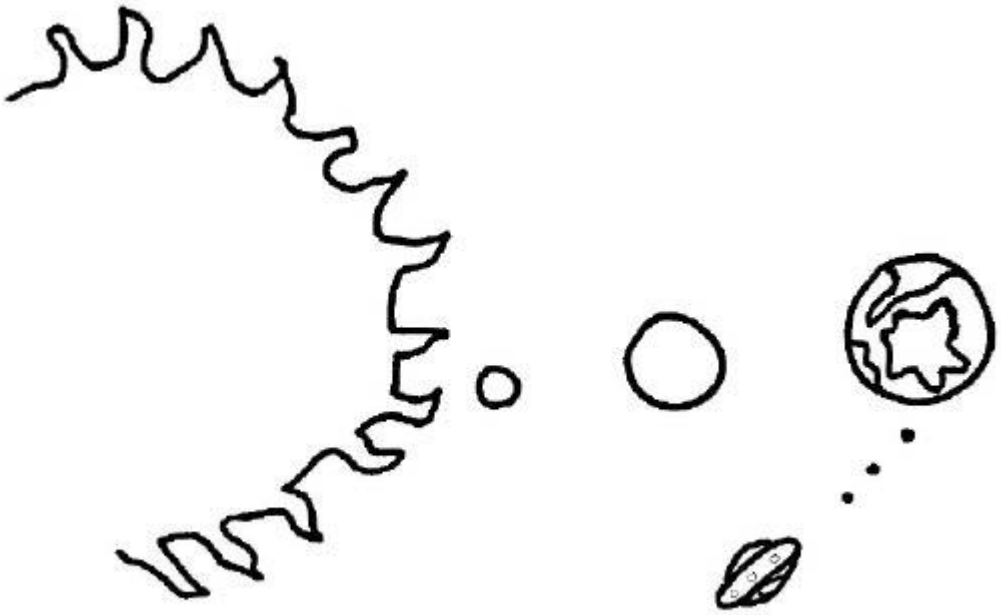
Still, my fingers are crossed that more eyes and ears might actually open up with the contents presented herein. Then just maybe we might all truly get to know the people standing next to us a bit more. Once we do, we will find that there are secrets many others keep that an abundance of people see as prohibited and tabooed awareness.

Whenever I get the chance to interact with others who have experienced oddities, I try to encourage them to step out of what I call their "Paranormal Closets." This means to take a step forward and take what I call a "Paranormal Pledge" by promising to tell at least one other person of their outlandish experiences. We can only learn more, if we dare to share.

Yet and still, there are tons of unknown truths that are being left behind in many peoples psyches, etched upon their souls, forever to sit there and never expand to the next person. Sadly, these much needed clues point to a certain time that we all need to be ready for. A time where absolute conclusions will need be drawn to decide what side of the fence we choose to be on during the time that I am certain points to—***The End Times***!

A Short Story:

Alien Adventures



Imagine this...

Space. Deep, dark, and wondrous. You're a traveler venturing out-coming from a distant place of different meaning. You pass several planets in many galaxies with lots of different life forms that are very much aware of your presence and technology.

You move on.

You continue to meet and sometimes greet those you come into contact with. Then you come across a particular part of the galaxy that is out of tune from what you are used to. You see a brightly lit star with various sized planets rotating around it. These planets look mostly barren and bleak with nothing to offer, to explore, or to learn about.

These planets are merely gray and brown with no tolerable atmosphere to speak of. There is no life, no one to exchange knowledge with or to speak

with. You then put your transportation into high gear to trudge onward in hopes of passing this ghastly sight as quickly as you can.

As you come closer to this emanating star or Sun, you unexpectedly see a marvelous glow coming into view.

You count, "One, two, three planets from the star."

There's a pulsating, blue hue coming from this third planet in sight. It surely stands out from the rest and you can clearly see an atmosphere extending far beyond the edges of this planet. There is also a mixture of pure white clouds swirling in the midst and green permanent masses on the surface, with large pools of blue separating them.

It's alive!

"No doubt there are beings that live here then," you think to yourself. "But where are they? Why are they not here to hail and ask of my presence here?"

You go lower for a closer look and find the inhabitants cannot see you with their technology. You come down even closer then, and you can now see the richness of this planet, the foliage, the water, and the very life force of the planet itself!

You settle your vehicle down on the ground and exit. You begin to walk among some of the inhabitants and find some can see you, while others cannot. Some respond to you in fear, while others regard you as a god.

You soon learn from them that these beings know only the restrictions of their physical bodies and stay within those means. They value power and rank and are very materialistic, and yet, they are very primitive in comparison to what you have access to. There is nothing here to learn from in a technical sense, but they are unique in their being.

There is laughter, pain, and emotion—things that you are not as familiar in having to deal with personally. You are astonished at how these few things rule the society of the beings that are here. Then you are introduced to the ones who claim to be in charge of the others living there.

They marvel at your technology and the very difference of the makeup of your body. They seek to have some of these technologies you possess so that they may learn how to quiet their neighbors who threaten them with war due to their petty differences. When you look into their eyes and through your abilities, you can see that they wish to be superior at all costs.

You then observe that nothing matters to these beings, not the planets' well being and not each other.

You can also see that their very souls have been neglected and that these beings hardly regard their soul's absolute existence. These beings need to be taught more than technology, they need to learn about selflessness and respect for one another.

What do you do?

There's so much potential to go one way or the other to use this contact to your, or their, advantage.

You call upon your roots, where you come from, and your values on how to proceed. What you may decide could lay permanent foundations in the relationship between these beings and those of your kind who come along next.

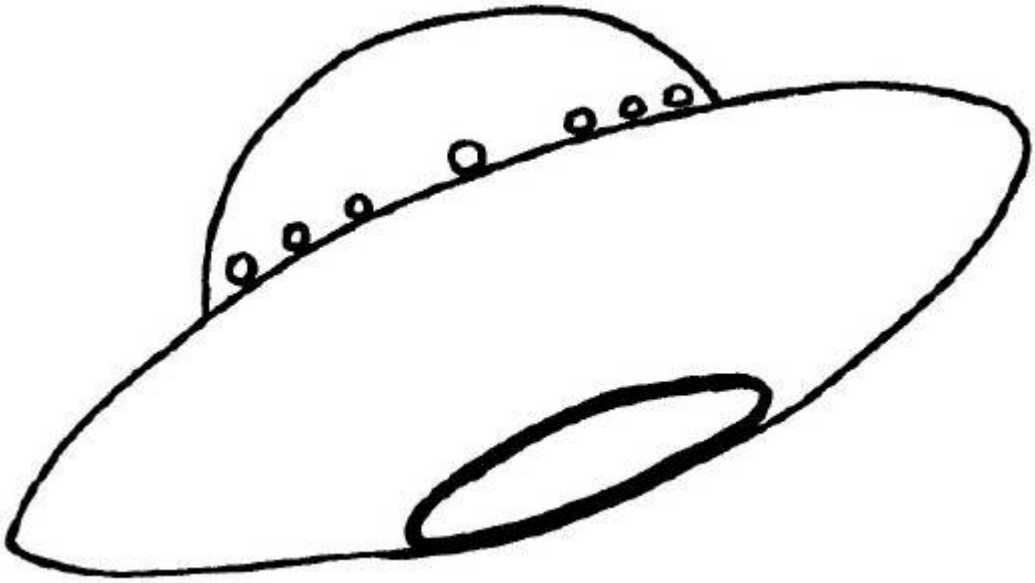
For the planet's sake, one can only hope you represent a species with decency and morals. If you are anything like the inhabitants you have just encountered, the contact you just started might range from them being your friends or your victims. This planet that you have just discovered is surely to be found by others outside of your race, which makes the odds more likely that the range of treatment they will receive will be fully covered.

A creaking noise is suddenly heard coming from the doorway, "Who let that light in the room?" You wonder to yourself as your vision of being an alien visitor fades away.

A commoner peeks in and whispers, "Time to wake up. No need to imagine it anymore—the aliens are already here!" ☺

Chapter #1

Reasoning's:
The Basics



I think the majority of us believe that everyone has a soul to some extent.

When it comes to animals, plants, and bacteria—do we consider them into that "soul having" group, as well? They all respond to their environment, most experience pain or discomfort and have goals to accomplish in their daily lives. So why not include all of these examples of life in that category as having souls?

One can easily make the distinction that if these various life forms have souls, they are indeed different from human souls—that's a given. Whether or not you believe these "life-possessing" things are something more than the shell they are in, their existence of *being* is a fact. Most people who have ever had a pet in their lives would most likely stress that there is something more to their pet than just fur and button eyes. Our little

companions are just too scheming and full of character to be overlooked too easily!

If that issue can be looked at with some common agreement, then perhaps there will be little problem in thinking of aliens as having souls. First of course, one would have to acknowledge that life actually exists outside of our little realm of reality here on Earth.

Yipes! Do we dare to think of such a thing? Yes! Let's just pretend that we do.

So if aliens have souls that might mean theirs are different from human souls. Let's just not be cruel and compare their differences as being close to that of the differences between human and animal souls.

Just to be sure before moving on: Is anyone reading this still stuck on there being no direct proof of aliens existing? Then let me pause here for a bit and chop some pointed topics into this dubious chapter that I'm struggling to make flow as smooth as possible. So, just bare with me in this chapter—it *will* get better, I promise!

Being that this was my first book written, it proved to be a challenge to rewrite some parts of it without taking away from the original rawness of the book. There was no editor and trust me when I say that no one is making a living off from this book. So, I've always kept my "day job." I'm mentioning this here because believe it or not, some people seem worried that if you write a book on the paranormal that you may actually get rich from it by making stuff up. After being a published author now for over a decade, I know of maybe only a handful of authors in this field who aren't working another job to pay the bills. It's all about *passion*. Most of us work off from that simple concept, though it's rarely known or acknowledged. It's like going to work for free, but most that I know would never think of doing such a thing. But when you have passion, you might find at times that you do work for free because you are paid in rewards that feed the soul in immeasurable ways that few know of.

Back to the thought of whether there are aliens or not:

The Proof Is In The Knowing

With the words of millions of people around the world claiming to have witnessed seeing aliens and UFOs firsthand, how much more evidence does anyone need? Perhaps a nice, firm handshake directly from an alien being would be convincing enough? Maybe even having the government admitting that the aliens have landed—maybe that would suffice best for people to accept that they are here?

Many of us take and trust the words of others who wrote down what they personally experienced thousands of years ago. Some of those words are in ancient texts, including religious texts (one of which I fully believe in), or centuries of past discoveries. None of us were alive then to know if what was reported *actually* took place *exactly* as its been written of. Yet, the words of people in our current community that we can all touch, interrogate, smack or smell—these people are simply making their stories up of alien encounters?

Even in a court of law, if just one person came forward to testify that they saw a particular person do a horrific crime or act, you better believe that the witness will be believed! But do you think if we saw this same person or a thousand people stand up in court to say that they saw an alien taking a human against their will—do you think they would get the same respect of being believed? Since when is it ever okay to abduct anyone against their will and have their complaint of the crime fall on deaf ears to where it's ultimately ignored and even laughed at? How did we become so numb to such things?

I am almost embarrassed to say that I breathe the same air as some people at times.

If society only knew what a person is up against to speak out even a little on the topic of aliens, they would realize the courage it takes to make that step. Not all people are looking for any kind of attention to be given to them, so they can't all be just seeking their 15 minutes of fame in lunacy (as some people call it). Some people just might want to inspire change out there! In fact, I don't think there's anyone out there who has ever made a living just talking about their alien encounters as a career their entire lives.

Needless to say, I am a believer of there being other life out there, even if I never had seen and known aliens for myself. Yes, you read that right. I have known aliens and even had the chance to get up-close and personal

with them. Just as a note, I'll use the term "alien" only because it is easier for others to identify what that means (and I don't have some earthy-holistic term for them either). To add to all of my "knowing an alien" stuff—I also like to call them by their name if I know what it is.

Hmmm, aliens with souls and now names too?! I can hardly imagine what someone who has never heard of this before is thinking right now, like: "Maybe I should see if I can still return this book for a full refund."

I'll pause for a moment while some of you think of looking around for where your receipt is. For the rest of you still wanting to read more, let's push forward.

Now where was I?

Alien Acknowledgement

Ah yes, the alien folks that I've met—they actually have something to say!

In fact, I would not be writing this book had I not seen the urgency in their pleadings and felt its significance in my own soul. All I know is that this must be written and told so you know, so that everyone knows what is happening on our own planet everyday.

First, I think I should take this all from the beginning with my own background:

I have been looking into this whole UFO and paranormal arena for over 25 years now since I was a young kid. As with most people who start looking into such things, I was mainly in search of some answers for myself. The questions that I had in mind concerned witnessing odd things like strange crafts, ghosts, poltergeist like occurrences, and my being a bit more intuitive than what seemed normal. My curiosities were so peaked with so many odd things surrounding me that it was almost ludicrous to not get off my butt to do something about them—even as a kid!

I began on my more formal quest of answers quite innocently one day while walking through my neighborhood mall. I had never really gone into a bookstore before. I figured I had enough to read at school, so why torture myself any further in my own free time?! As so many others have claimed

before, I had a mind-opening experience when I came across the book cover of Whitley Strieber's, *Communion*. The book was sitting in the display window of this bookstore, and I didn't even know what it was about. I just knew that I would have to buy that book on my next trip to the mall when I actually had money in my pockets.

I honestly cannot say that the drawing on this book cover looked even remotely familiar to me at all. The cover had a drawing of a gray colored, alien being (called Grays), with almond-shaped eyes. After finally reading the book about Strieber's life of terrorizing alien encounters, I had even more realizations going on. I got drawn into the notion that I needed to continue to seek out more information on this UFO and alien topic for some unknown reason. I somehow felt that I was about to get on the right path to finding out why strangeness seemed to follow me.

Soon this path led me to reading more books and watching for television shows that might feature the topic of alien encounters. Later as a brand new adult, I even joined a couple of groups that dealt with the subject of UFOs. It was during this time of seeking that I began to realize more and more that I was a willing part of something bigger than I could ever have imagined.

This investigative stage was interesting, but it was nothing compared to what I uncovered inside of myself, on my own.

In more recent years, doors began flying open left and right in my life and mind. Strange rivers of information flowed into images that ultimately revealed a big part of who I am today and my reasons for *being*. Much of this accessible knowledge came to me by way of something that I initially had a hard time fully acknowledging. But I couldn't hide the truth from myself for long—something was happening to me in my sleep!

Above And Beyond Dreaming ☺!

It took awhile to sputter out this admission to myself in my mind, but it's kind of hard to fool yourself when you are the only one paying attention. But during the night, I felt like I was getting instructions of some sort. It was like I was receiving messages, almost spiritual insight on what to do if certain scenarios happened and things of that nature. I eventually came up with an appropriate name for these in-depth bits of information that came to

me in the form of (what could best be described as) “dreams.” I called it “night school.”

These were not “normal dreams” at all.

These dreams were literally transcribed in my mind and heart to be more like life experiences where they were filed in my memory as such. They were ***so*** real that they were hard to distinguish sometimes as not actually happening. That is, until I realiẓed some of the scenarios were simply too impossible to have happened in this material world.

Night school would sometimes take place in what seemed to be a physical place, where I would essentially learn from various beings. To some people, these beings might be labeled as “alien” (not fully human looking). While others would call them “angels” (mostly human looking in white robes). I don’t like to place labels on something I don’t fully understand myself, but I have seen both kinds there. But mostly, the angelic looking-human ones are what I’ve seen in night school.

But I do want to say that I’ve seen an array of beings I’ve met for a variety of reasons, in a plethora of ways and will leave it at that for now. To clarify a little further, though, these experiences are all generally occurring during the night where I have left either physically or spiritually from my bed and/or body.

Believe it or not, the occurrence of receiving “lessons” of some kind is common among other people who report having alien connections—whether they are good or bad ties with aliens. Even non-alien experiencers (as far as we know) report having come up with brilliant ideas from their dreams like Nikola Tesla to James Cameron.

Being that we are all spiritual beings, when we dream, we don’t need to lug our bodies around to experience something educational. I remember learning interesting things in a huge assortment of environments. Whatever place was suitable for a teaching, I would experience just what was needed. It didn’t matter whether the lesson took place in a park, on a craft or underwater somewhere—literally as in an underwater world! Some of the more “set-up” or staged lessons I received, felt like they were of a more alien origin. This is when I experienced environments that appeared materially or technically created to help me along in understanding something. That, or, I actually went there...

One of the more alien places I experienced, felt like a college town filled with extremely tall and large buildings. The girth and size of these buildings are not comparable to anything here on Earth. The air, the ground and the lighting was all a peach color, and I saw three suns. I knew the buildings to be places of higher learning, but my memory is spotty on what was taught there. Oddly, I recall how I got from floor-to-floor inside of the buildings between lessons. They had an interesting elevator-like system there. There were no doors to them. You simply just stepped inside of the elevator shaft on a tuft of unseen air, that would whisk you to the floor you thought of. It made my stomach tickle at the speed I flew inside of the elevator shaft. I actually am sort of a roller coaster junkie, so I kept going up and down the elevators for fun at every opportunity!

Come to think of it, that might be why I recall the elevators so well.

Yet, I can recall being taken to a different kind of night school, if I can still call it that. It's a much more spiritual place that I know not to be directly "alien" related. If I were to put a name to the beings who bring me to this place, I would have to say they are more like a human man, with an angelic presence. In this place, there are ancient Greek or Roman-like buildings all around. However, instead of a bland or white stone—some of the buildings are made of a sparkling, translucent crystal. This crystal is very different in that it has a slight hue of light blue, with small, white lights in it. There are always other figures walking around, too, who all have long, white robes on.

While on one distinctive visit to this place, I was being guided by one of the radiantly robed figures who led me in front of a scroll on a pedestal. This ensemble of an almost podium-like pedestal, were both completely carved out of a marble-like stone with some sparkles in it. When I walked closer to the pedestal I could clearly see there were many names inscribed on it. For some reason, while running my finger down the list of names on the scroll, I quickly asked a peculiar question. "Is my name listed here somewhere?" The angelic being was standing a short distance behind me, and replied gently, "No, but soon it will be."

I was then led inside of the building we were standing in front of. I went directly to my *known* place to sit at inside of this large room inside. I sat down on a long, smooth bleacher seating that was carved out of stone. There were several rows of this seating and it was formed in a half-circle in

a single large room. I knew there were others in the room, but I could not see them as I kept my focus on what was being said by the instructor in the front of this room. I never took my eyes off from him as he taught, while I scurried into the room in awe of his words.

I don't recall exactly what the instructor looked like, and I am not always quite sure of what gets taught in these kinds of sessions, either. But soon after I return home, somehow, I feel like I have all of the answers to everything in the universe—only to have someone come along and wipe the chalkboard clean in my mind! That can be very frustrating at times, to say the least. It helps for me to keep it in mind that somewhere inside of me I have those lessons to access, because it surely wouldn't make sense to learn something I could never use.

That goes for everything in life, I feel.

Usually everything we learn does get some sort of use down the road as we trip along in this lifetime. We might not always immediately understand where we should apply the lesson, but I'm assured that nothing gets wasted.

Open Wide Then Bite Down

I know, I know.

First this book title talks about a war, then aliens, and then there's this talk about learning something with angels while sleeping? Baby steps. Taking small steps forward while understanding something new is always helpful and I know I'm making what seems like leaps here in mentioning so many different things. I just want to make sure the full scope of how far this all goes gets covered to show that this topic is not as superficial as portrayed in the movies. It's always said when a book is connected to a movie, that the book is always better and gives more details (that's what true fans say anyhow). Well, the same goes for the truth behind stories of aliens with real people, versus what looks good with special effects.

Just think of some of the alien portrayals done out there in movies and try to compare them to how some beliefs are expressed in the world. Sometimes, one little element gets taken from the "whole" of a truth. I don't care whether it's a rumor or even a faith! If that little element gets focused on enough, it can lead people to think that everything got covered. Not until

people take the time to research the “whole” for themselves, will they know for sure if everything has actually been covered. So pardon the quick review on the varying facts of what I’ve experienced. This alien topic isn’t a “quick study” at all if you really want to uncover the layers.

Coin Toss

Flipping back to the alien perspective now:

Most of the stories that are told about aliens are of abductions. Those who are abducted report feeling they are somehow paralyzed and unable to move much more than their eyes. This is where my story differs quite a bit from the glamorized horror put out by the media when they actually dare to focus on the alien topic. There’s another side of contact with unearthly beings that just isn’t hitting the airways apparently, because it’s not as sensational enough to sell on the market.

When I speak of my contact in going to this night school, or encountering beings, I don’t get taken against my will. This is ***not*** an alien abductee story that I am relaying here. I think that angle of reporting only one form of alien contact has got to change quite a bit if there’s going to be any integrity or validity left on the topic as a whole.

If you aren’t in the “know” of what I am referring to in regard to alien abductions, here’s a fluffy breakdown of the typical scenario:

1. A person gets a strange sensation, hears a high whining sound, or sees a strange creature that suddenly renders the person unable to move. As a note: These people are often tracked via devices implanted in them for further follow-up. These people have even had these tracking devices removed on occasion, but reportedly they often disintegrate once removed.
2. That person then gets abducted from their bed, car, woods, hotel or any other place; by a light or alien being(s) literally pulling or carrying them along.
3. They often see tiny Gray alien beings (the most commonly reported alien that commits abductions) surrounding them with peculiar looking

instruments while onboard a ship that they often don't know how they got to.

4. Soon the person is being poked and prodded where their reproductive organs and raw emotions seem to be a focal point of manipulation in all manners imaginable.

5. Often times, surgical-like procedures are performed on other parts of the person's body where scars and bruises remain for our human doctors to view and wonder about and/or they may suddenly disappear as oddly as they appeared.

6. The abducting aliens often times remove fetuses from women whom they impregnated in an earlier abduction. At a later date, these women are introduced to *their* "children" as some form of hybrid between alien and human in appearance. Men also report being introduced to their hybrid children as a result of sperm being taken from them in a prior abduction.

7. The person suddenly finds they are back where they began, no aliens, little recollection of what took place, but a sinking feeling that something odd happened.

8. If taken while awake, missing time is noticed in their day sometimes causing memories to be thoroughly searched for answers.

9. Remaining marks on the person's body pushes the abductee to wonder for even more answers.

10. These people may question their sanity, and at times seek professional help as some have suffered from a disorder that only follows a traumatic experience like rape or war called Post-traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). Often times, answers are found that have non-human faces connected to them and it happens to be the same face so many others report independently and reluctantly around the world: The face of a Gray alien being!

Not My Story—Thank God!

All I can say is: "Not me, not me and not me!"

These things listed above just never happened my way. However, I've been lumped in there at times by people who didn't know there is another side to every theory and story concerning aliens.

Yes these abduction scenarios do happen to people, but again, not to all people. I go along in interacting with some nonhuman beings because there is no fear involved. I have never felt I was a victim of any sort, even when I could not always recollect fully what had happened to me in assumed contacts. In knowing the general alien abduction story, I just knew there was something more to my experiences than most others who I had heard or read about. To say that I knew all along to what extent I was involved with unearthly beings would be extremely far from the truth.

I know what some might think when they hear this kind of talk of how someone could eagerly go along with some nonhuman beings as though it comes so naturally—and they aren't nice thoughts. A large portion of folks might even think of this as being some kind of weird spiritual babble. Again, I can see outside of myself and understand how doubts may come to mind—I'm rational—and "no" I don't doubt what I'm writing here by being this rational either. To be truthful, this idea of being willing to interact with aliens is old news.

Many people who have had experiences with alien beings are now suddenly realizing that they volunteered to be a part of whatever it is they are experiencing. Some people are coming to these conclusions by way of hypnosis or simply just by a strong sense of *knowing*. I for one can relate to that strong sense, because that is what really helped me to realize my involvement.

Earthbound And Out of Place

Since I was a kid, I felt deeply connected to the world and universe that surrounded me. Having this feeling, also made me feel a little different for even thinking so deeply so young. I can remember at the age of five feeling that I needed to take the time to search some things out about myself, but without drawing too much attention. Having the skillful grace of a kid, I didn't do so well in keeping my mouth closed about the odd perspective I had, though. I would often slip up and ask bizarre questions like, "Why do we have to put one foot in front of the other? This takes forever, it's much faster to fly!" and "Where does fat go when you lose it?"

I had a slightly different view of reality than most kids, and I knew it. But what could I do about it?

I know my mom got creative in answering those kinds of questions, by saying things like, "Fat floats in the air and lands on children who ask odd questions!" Needless to say, I lived in terror of fat nailing me at any given moment for some time! I literally used to run under trees and such, looking for shelter! Today, I truly wish those kinds of evasive maneuvers actually worked!

Back to my point: When a person has a self-realization that they are different—then later figure out that they are perhaps in touch with *something else*: You'd think a whole lot of things could potentially be made available to that person then—right? Well, that's what I'd think anyhow. Now then, when after years you finally are able to fit the pieces and relate that "something else" with a name like "angels" or even "aliens" then your head can really become filled with the possibilities at hand.

Just think of it, "You know that you have a direct connection with beings you are taught not to exist (or at least be accessible)." Now try saying that over and over. That kind of personal revelation can really shine a light in every dark corner in your mind!

Okay, you can stop repeating that now.

So now you have some inkling of an insight into the "unknown" that involves you personally. Heck—it might even give you a feeling of *who* you are and *why* you are, right? Finding such a deep meaning and hint of a goal for your life—this is unheard of! This should be a proud and noteworthy moment for you, though. It's nothing you would want to keep to yourself, or else you might actually explode into remorseful little pieces!

Apply Brakes Firmly

But hold on.

Just how do you show others what you have realized for yourself and what it all means? It's nearly impossible to go and relate something like that to an everyday person. Most people are stuck in the "here and now," seeking the nearest Starbucks, and show more concern about what their hair looks like in the morning, versus if they said their prayers lately!

But I understand! Everyone has a process to reaching a new awareness in this life—I think.

All of this feeling of having a "direct connection" for me didn't just happen over night for me, either. The sense grew inside of me, but I never really wanted to acknowledge it on the inside and surely not on the outside. God forbid, I must truly think I'm something special if I would even dare be forthcoming to admit my thoughts of difference. So, I didn't. However, that didn't stop my mind from searching, nor opening up when it was time for the answers to show themselves.

Much later in life, moving on from feeling like an odd kid, I was more fully awakened to my involvement with all of this out-of-the-ordinary stuff. It was no small matter either, and one that I know I would have a hard time believing had it not happened to me personally. So to be honest, I can hardly blame anyone for not taking my word for what I'm about to detail here.

But hey, it happened.

Just for the record, too: I wasn't aiming to consciously gain any information floating around in the universe prior to this, either. It was just one of those things that keeps me scratching my head at how odd the timing is when God works His magic:

Go Into The Light—The Light Is Good ☺

It was sometime in May of 1997. I was sitting on my fantastically, deep-purple futon talking to my college roommate and friend at the time who I'll just call, Samantha (not her real name). We were, in fact, discussing an odd but unrelated experience we had both just had. That's when I decided to get up to make a visit to the bathroom (a whole lot of otherworldly focus here as you can see). There was no true urgency to the matter, so I casually stood up and took a couple of steps forward while still chatting with Samantha.

Just then, only a few feet away from Samantha, my eyes suddenly were flooded with this powerful scene—dare I say—a vision even:

Immediately, I found myself gazing on a scene in space with stars against the dark void! It was absolutely breathtaking—to say the least! Then somehow, as if a deep sense of recognition hit me—I saw myself! I suddenly spotted myself as this ball of white light leaving an

astronomically, huge and beautiful light that I somehow knew to be called "The Source!"

As soon as I saw the Light, a ton of information quickly flooded my way in an instant as I began to recall leaving this Source in order to be born here. It was as if I were coming literally, for a lack of a better word, to do a "mission" of some sort! I also had the strong intention in mind that I would come back to The Source to report-in, so to speak, on how it all went!

Wild sounding as it may be, this powerful vision left me as quickly as it had come. What seemed like an eternity of information and memories, it all came at me in about 60 seconds or more, of actual time. Then my vision returned to see the things that were ***far*** less familiar than what I had just seen—my cluttered living room!

Never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined to experience or see such a thing in this lifetime. But there was no doubt in my mind about any of it—at all! I was left with this intense knowledge of absolutely *knowing* what I saw and felt was real.

I can't really say that what happened was a vision, though, because to me it really was a time of reflection—a memory even! It was a memory ***so*** strong that I was totally overwhelmed with emotions where tears began to drop from my eyes unexpectedly. I think that shocked me strongly, because I am not an emotional person in that sense My tears usually come forward when I see great acts of kindness, oddly enough. The pain that others inflict on others is not as moving as love to me—I suppose.

Upon experiencing this wondrous vision, I slowly began to back up several steps to sit back down on my futon. I'd actually taken several steps prior to the vision. So, it wasn't like I stood up too fast from the futon causing the blood to rush away from my brain where it might make me feel dizzy or see things. As I backed up to the futon, I just kept repeating sluggishly in awe, over and over, "Whoa, whoa, whoa!"

Samantha, seeing my trip to the little girl's room being interrupted suddenly, didn't know what to think. She just kept asking me, "What's wrong? What's going on?!"

Then I started to repeat quietly and quickly, "How could I forget? How could I forget? How could I forget?"

I practically felt ashamed of my lack of remembrance of this place I had just seen. In seeing this vision of this place among the stars, it felt the equivalent to forgetting my first name is "Heidi!" I can't forget my first name, so how could I have forgotten this place? To me it was just totally absurd to forget something ***so*** essential about myself and a big part of my past. But here I had forgotten truly ***who*** I was and am!

I went on to describe to Samantha what I saw and how I remembered everything in my coming here to be born. I told her, "It was as if my memory was sitting just out in front of my forehead," and I positioned my hand out in front of my head. "And *they* let me have it only for a minute just to remind me of who I was and that I was on the right path."

I went on to tell her that I saw what many call the Library of Knowledge or Akashic Records (neither names are my words for it), which was just above this swirling mass of beautiful light that was called The Source. The Source is what I would compare to the likes of God. It was the beginning of beginnings for souls, a mass consortium of many spirits to equal one, yet with God in control overall.

I, along with trillions of souls in this Light, flowed clockwise in the same direction as you could see the Light spinning. It looked much like the Sun, but spinning slowly more like a liquid would. Ideas, thoughts, and decisions flowed through the Light like a gentle wave of water, and all of the souls gave their input into the thoughts as they passed by. The thought passed through about something needing to be done to help out in a situation in the coming times ahead. For one reason or another, I quickly volunteered to take on the challenge.

As soon as I put the thought forward that I'd help out, I shot out of The Source's Light, lightning fast in a blink of an eye!

Once I left, I immediately felt overcome by a terrible and overwhelming feeling of anxiety from the detachment from this rich, love soup of Light. I felt myself nearly begging in my wanting to return back to the Light and out of this cold, dark space I was now hurdling through with great speed.

I knew that it was not possible to go back, though, because I knew where I was headed. I was to go off to be somehow taught what was needed for what I volunteered for. With the scraps of memory that I have now and borrowing some insight from other resources, this learning process came to

me in various forms. Some of those forms I will be detailing here later in the book.

Back in my instance of recalling coming from this Light, right there above and to the left of The Source (if you are looking at it from here of course), is the Library of Knowledge. This was a swirling red mass of light. I really don't have a name for it, all I know is that this is where all of the records are kept of anything and everything there ever was or is. How in the heck I knew all about what I had just seen baffled me to the extreme. So really, don't ask me how I know. This place was just like remembering my old stomping grounds or backyard. I just knew what everything was and the purpose of everything, and it all came so darn naturally!

So there I was, sitting there in awe and trying to explain to Samantha the magnitude of what just happened to me. I had never quite experienced such a thing like that before, and I felt sort of dumbfounded, because I felt no explanation I could give was efficient enough. I had just remembered what it felt like to be in the "Love Soup of God"—for crying out loud! That sort of thing is just a little difficult to reenact!

"How could I really show her what I just saw, aside from just words?" I thought to myself.

So I figured, "I'm somewhat of an artist (cartoonist anyway), I'll draw it for her."

I sat down, still trying to calm myself about the revelation that just happened, and got my colored pencils out to do the best rendition I could do. But of course, I still couldn't do it justice. It was a good thing Samantha had her fair share of seeing things not of this realm, too, so she had no problem in believing me from the start.

Eyes Squeezed Tight—Not Even Blinking To Let Some Light In

Sad thing is, when it came time for me to try and explain this grand ordeal to some other friends, I had no words for them. I knew they wouldn't get it, or they would take a jab at belittling something that was so precious and emotional to me. I was confined then to just keeping it inside of my other network of friends who were experiencers of the odd sort, as well. It really saddened me to know that regular, everyday people just sometimes cannot open up to the possibilities of unexplainable events.

How did we as children explain to our parents that something really happened that they believed to be our imaginations or simply a cover-up of the truth? I know in my case that I simply wasn't believed: I'd heard a vase crash to the floor in another room when no one else was in the house—but me. I ran to see what had happened, only to find my stepmother's favorite vase thrown clear across the room, lying in little pieces. Upon returning home, my parents looked to the logical answer and blamed me and insisted that I just take responsibility for what I had done.

I was a teenager when this happened, and a rather responsible one who didn't make a habit of lying and this was well known by my parents. Yet, there was nothing I could say to them that would convince them of my innocence. I knew the truth, still in all of my pleading it fell on deaf ears and I still had to pay for that vase. I still like to bring up this incident every once and a while with my folks to share the shear strangeness of the matter. Oh, and of course I also take great pride in rubbing it in a little bit about my continued claim of innocence all of these years later. (I'm sure they'll appreciate the humor in seeing it in print now, too ☺.)

This matter taught me early on that there is nothing I can do to prove anything to anyone. I just hope that even a hint of my truths are taken into some consideration. If my appeals do not reach people in reading this book, it is not something that I will be at a loss for. I won't have to pay for the figurative "vase" this time around!

I am hoping that no one will have to pay for not knowing the true reality of our universe. This is the challenge I have decided to take on in this lifetime, which I do so with pride and caution. I want to make sure that I explain myself and intentions clearly so as not to be misleading, nor confusing. But let's face it; some people are already scratching their heads out there.

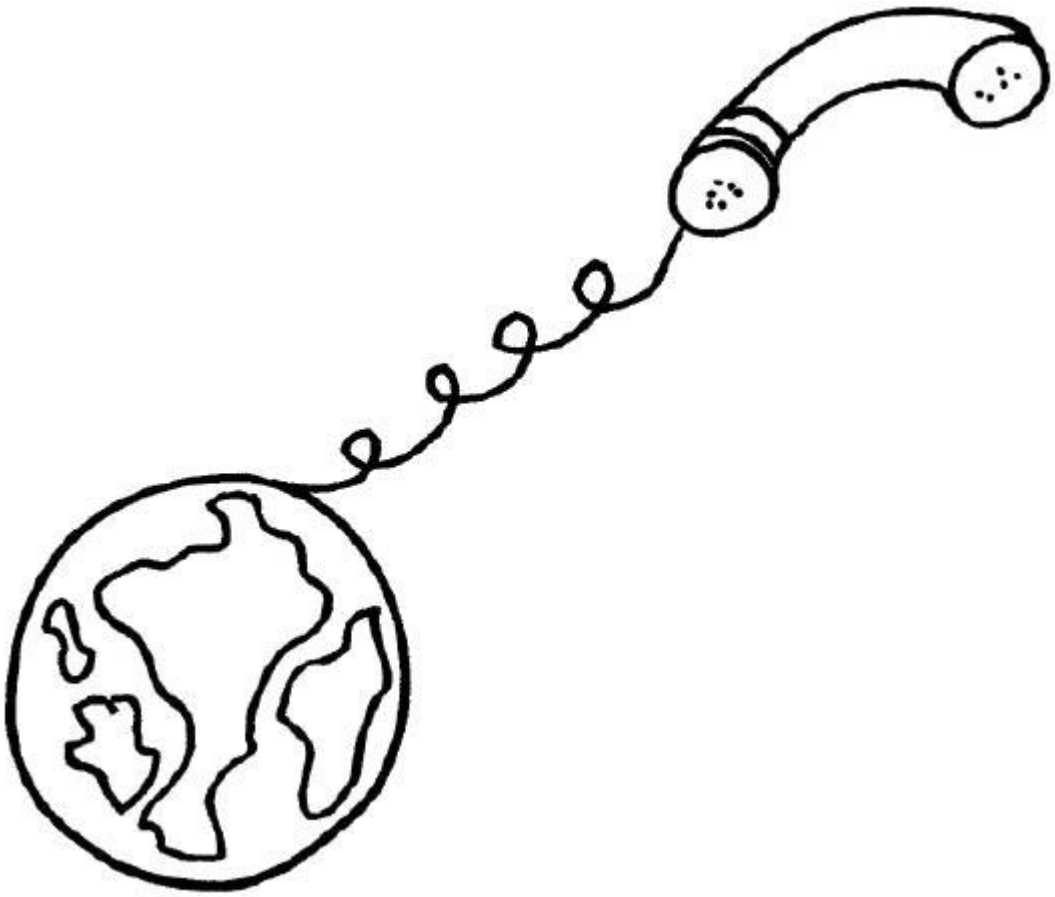
As mentioned in the *Foreword*, you may see that I take a humorous standpoint in relating some concepts in here. It's all done for a good reason, however. Some of the things I have to lay out here are truly heavy, and it helps to lighten the load if we can all smile sometimes—even in the face of the horrible things to come or are already here. It's an interesting ability we

all possess as human beings, where our humor and love can see us through the darkest of times.

Well, keep this all in mind as I attempt to reveal and relate the complicated stories that have been told to me by some extraordinary, nonhuman beings who truly have a message to tell that involves us all—and others!

Chapter # 2

Samantha:
A New Contact Begins



I'm sure that one of the first things people would think of if they had a connection specifically to aliens is how cool it would be—for one. Then the second thought might be, "I wonder if I can get my hands on some cool gadgets!" I suspect that some people have already received some insight on such things, whether that insight was offered freely or not. Others might think if they had access to aliens, "Wow, I wonder if they will let me see all the other freaky planets in our universe!" Believe it or not, that tends to happen, too, though rarely from what I've heard about.

Then there's the other possibility that maybe a person could really get to learn what "so-called" aliens and their agenda on Earth are all about. This is where I feel I sort of fall into this stuff. Falling into that crack of the unraveling universe with me is yet another fortunate person I mentioned earlier, Samantha.

Samantha is very much a part of my understandings of alien beings. Oddly enough, she also happens to be an artist, but about 100 times better than I am. She and I got along great as roommates while in college, since she also happened to specialize in drawing cartoons while I wrote and drew comic strips for college newspapers nationwide. So needless to say, our place was a bit colorful with cartoons and artsy themes all about.

In some ways I think artists are more sensitive to paranormal things. We seem to pay closer attention to details and things that are generally overlooked by others. Artists always seem to seek out beauty in every crevasse in hopes of replicating it on a canvas or paper. While in the midst of our searching is when we often stumble across other things. Well, I can say with certainty that Samantha is one who stumbles and liberally at that!

By now a lot of people have heard that when people have reported being in the presence of alien beings, they communicate telepathically. This means that the beings speak directly, mind-to-mind communication, and some people are able to speak back to them in the same manner. If you can conceive of this being possible, then what other way might you imagine they would be able to communicate?

I'll give you a minute to think.

Done? Okay, well they also communicate via channeling. Believe it or not, that happens to be another source for this book. "Channeling" is where information from elsewhere sort of channels through an intended target or person. I already know what you are thinking, "Why didn't I follow my gut to return this book earlier when I had the receipt in my hands?!"

I realize that word "channeling" conjures up ideas of sorcery, witchcraft, or whatever dark and mystical practices there are. This is not that sort of dealing. There are some major elements with this kind of channeling that are greatly different when it concerns the beings communicating in this fashion.

When in the presence of different alien beings it doesn't matter whether you're on a ship, or even if you are driving alone in your car, these beings

can think a thought and "poof"—it's in your head! In regard to the channeling form that I'm speaking of, the process is very similar. The difference is that your own mouth can be used to relay the alien's message to others who may want to hear what the alien is saying to you, too.

The person channeling doesn't have to open their mouth to get the message of what's being said to them, so it truly can be kept only to themselves. But the scenario still holds true, as I already mentioned about telepathy with aliens. The being can be physically present or you can be in your car and suddenly get what you feel is intuition coming into your head to go down a lonely road for no good reason (which is a widely reported occurrence by people who have been abducted by aliens). Sometimes actual words are heard, images are seen or strong intentions are floated your way to get the idea intended. So to think that telepathic communication is far-out, channeling is not much stranger and practically the same.

Channeling happens to be the gift that Samantha was surprised to find that she possessed, but she likes to consider it "meditation" or "prayer" since that was where she found alien beings waiting to communicate with her one day. So then, out of respect, I will also refer to her talent as "meditation." Why do these two words work better for her versus "channeling?" It's because she has always prayed in a meditative state. In all honesty, prayer is a form of meditation if you really think about it. When Samantha took this meditative approach prior to the incident I am about to detail, she did not go into prayer for any other reasons than any of us do—to speak to God.

As she and I ventured into this talent of hers, we also learned that this meditative gift was not totally Samantha's, either. You could say she kind of meets "them" halfway and they use a form of technology to complete the connection with her. She actually feels better knowing this component. Samantha says she does not feel so odd to say that it is just all of her doing, what she can't help but to sometimes call, this "weird channeling thing."

For some reason she thinks since it is partly alien technology that's being used in this connection, she is less likely to lose herself or her identity in talking with different beings so much. She and I have both heard of channelers who do not use their gift of channeling anymore, just because they felt they were becoming too blended with the entities they spoke with. For all we know, Samantha hasn't suffered any consequences as these other

channelers have reported, perhaps because of the technology used on the aliens' part.

Samantha's case of speaking with nonhuman beings is a very unique one in that she came across her first entity quite by accident, and one would think that it would have literally caused an accident once you hear the full story. I can't help but go into this story a bit because it really shows how seemingly everyday people are totally drawn into this sort of thing whether they had an interest in the topic of aliens or not. Samantha was one who ***totally*** did not care for the topic of UFOs or aliens, and pretty much had to get shaken up a bit before she acknowledged what was going on around her:

Samantha lived with me while we both attended college for about a year before she finally came to grips with her alien connection. Before she moved in, I told her that I often had strange phenomena going on in the apartment. I wanted to make sure she knew fully what she was moving into and would not be startled too badly when odd things would happen or appear. I told her about the odd electrical happenings, things moving on their own and the occasional walk through of some see-through visitors and so on—just your typical home on the flip-side of this planet!

Samantha confided in me that she would have no problem with any of that sort of stuff. She continued to say this is because she had God on her side, so therefore my demons would not be able to touch her.

"Demons?" I said.

"Well then, if you see my little "demons" running around—you just ignore them then, okay?" She agreed and moved on in anyway.

Well, it took only a few weeks for her to see that my demons were not demons at all when she witnessed three of them hanging around one day. In fact she could see them more clearly than I could! To me I could just see outlines and shapes, but she could see the eyes and details of what appeared to be alien beings hanging over one of our friend's head named Tom. Tom just so happened to be someone who had been abducted by aliens. He was actually there talking with another friend of ours who was a hypnotherapist who was aiming to help Tom find some answers about his personal alien experiences. So it was a heck of a night to begin with, but then to actually see aliens transparently hanging out—made it a freaky night!

Doing what artists do best, Samantha then proceeded to draw me what she was seeing so we could compare drawings since I was doing the same thing. Of course our drawings coincided. But another interesting thing occurred, too. Samantha could also sense that these beings she was witnessing had no evil intentions. Yet, for one reason or another, Samantha still felt more comfortable in calling them demons instead of aliens—go figure!

Since that time, Samantha bore witness to many other phenomena, but she still had a hard time accepting the full meaning of what she was experiencing.

"I want to see a UFO," she would contend over and over, "and then I'd know for sure what they are."

Samantha wouldn't get that wish of hers for some time either, and I suppose it took too long because she started to denounce everything she ever saw in relation to the topic. In fact, aliens and UFOs was a topic that became banned from all conversation with her unless she was making fun of it. She then began to blend with the rest of my friends, since poking fun of the topic was typical of them. So once again I had only my other group of friends to turn to who were already involved in the topic of UFOs for when I'd have an astonishing encounter or experience. It was a shame that I had to go so far to speak to someone instead of being able to look over my shoulder to share it with those who were closest to me.

But then in April of 1997, Samantha was paid a special visit while driving to college one day—I guess the timing was finally right:

The phone rang and I went to answer it, "Heidi—oh my God!" I recognized it as being Samantha and she was crying hysterically.

"Heidi, I don't know—something flew into my windshield and started talking to me and now it's in my classroom! I can't stop shaking! It's like shocking me or something! Oh my God—it's here again!" She then continued to cry.

I completely had no clue what she was talking about and it made me grow madly concerned! She sounded like she was having a breakdown or something, not that she had ever before. The best I could do was offer to

pick her up and drive her home so she could at least settle down to some extent.

In the midst of all her sobbing and tears, she surprised me when she responded to my offer and said, "No-no, I'm okay! It-it feels good!"

She said there was a being that she was seeing and it was shocking her full of what felt to her as absolutely powerful, positive energy! She said she just wished that her hands would stop shaking so she could continue to draw in her art class. She was a bit self-conscious that the others in her class would think she was having a seizure or something (which was not a condition she had at the time)! So to avoid any strange stares, Samantha decided to leave class early that day.

Later that evening when Samantha got back from her school and I got back from mine, we went out driving around where we lived on Milwaukee's Eastside by Lake Michigan. As we drove around this college-side of town, we began to chat further on the details of what transpired earlier that day. When Samantha began to tell more details than what she conveyed over the phone, I wish I'd had a camera on me to capture the more than puzzled look I'm sure was strewn across my face!

She described how this clear, see-through being, full of white sparkles poked its head through her windshield while she was driving to school! To her, it looked like it had an almost gelatinous appearance, where a definitive edge could be seen, but it was smooth and fluid in its movements where it appeared to be weightless. She said when it first poked its head through her windshield without breaking it, she just automatically started relating to this being and talking to it.

I *had to* ask her, "Didn't seeing that thing freak you out?"

Samantha would often scream out when she would have night visits by different beings in our little wacky apartment, so I knew her style wasn't to remain calm. If you don't know, aliens and others can be quite abrupt in visiting people. I don't think some of them understand that they have the element of surprise on their side that causes our hearts to do back-flips, even though some of them may mean no harm.

Samantha went on to tell me, "No. It was weird! It had a real calming effect to it so I wasn't scared. What really surprised me was when it answered my questions—it would use **my** mouth!"

She said it felt like when she would have her mouth numbed at the dentist office, where she couldn't fully feel everything and had a tingling-like sensation. Then she felt her mouth moving really stiff-like, just snapping up and down like a puppet!

She recalled asking the being, "Who are you and what is your purpose here?"

The being responded, "I'm what humans call an alien. Each of us has a specific part to do in this mission and we will often change off to serve our individual purposes."

Samantha then had the idea pass through her mind from this being, that he was like the initiator of contact. Some sort of ambassador to start relations.

Samantha says she then began to rattle off questions at the being as if she had rehearsed them or something. But when I think about it, she really did have a lot of time to accumulate questions since she had been experiencing many things right along with me for some time already. Unlike myself, she would never let herself vent her concerns or questions to anyone. So I suppose when this being made itself available, she just let it all out in one long scramble of rambles!

Samantha continued on to ask the sparkling-being, "Some people think you guys are here to either destroy the planet or help it out. So then—what are you doing here, anyways?"

"We will not be the ones to destroy the Earth. The humans will and when they have done so, we will be here to help those who survive," the being responded.

"You mean just like in my dream? That's what it's going to be like when all of this ends?"

Samantha had a dream three days earlier that she was trying to relate to, and I will go into more detail about that in Chapter Four. But in brief, Samantha's dream showed her our planet desolate and in complete destruction.

"Humans live only by emotions. They respond only to something they are experiencing at the moment—they do not see the direct damage they are

causing. It will be too late by the time they realize their fate," the being explained.

Then the being went on about more personal matters, "It is not a coincidence you met Heidi and are now studying about the Indians. Nothing is ever a coincidence."

Samantha was taking a class at the time that addressed the beliefs the Native Americans had. In reading over some of the textbooks, she and I both discovered that the Native Americans had a lot of what sounded to us like alien encounters. So much, in fact, that Samantha focused on that concept for her final project and presentation.

Samantha presented to her class how they may have indeed had contact and that their beliefs encompassed other-worldly visitations. Some of the Native Americans' lore directly stated that they were given their instructions by the "gods of the sky." These instructions included how to respect the environment, all the way to how they performed rituals to dance until exhaustion. This was done so their bodies became weak and easier to leave so that they could have experiences and visions of the beings and spirits they often referred to. By this sparkling-being mentioning the "Indians," I guess we were right to think what we did about the Native Americans' beliefs.

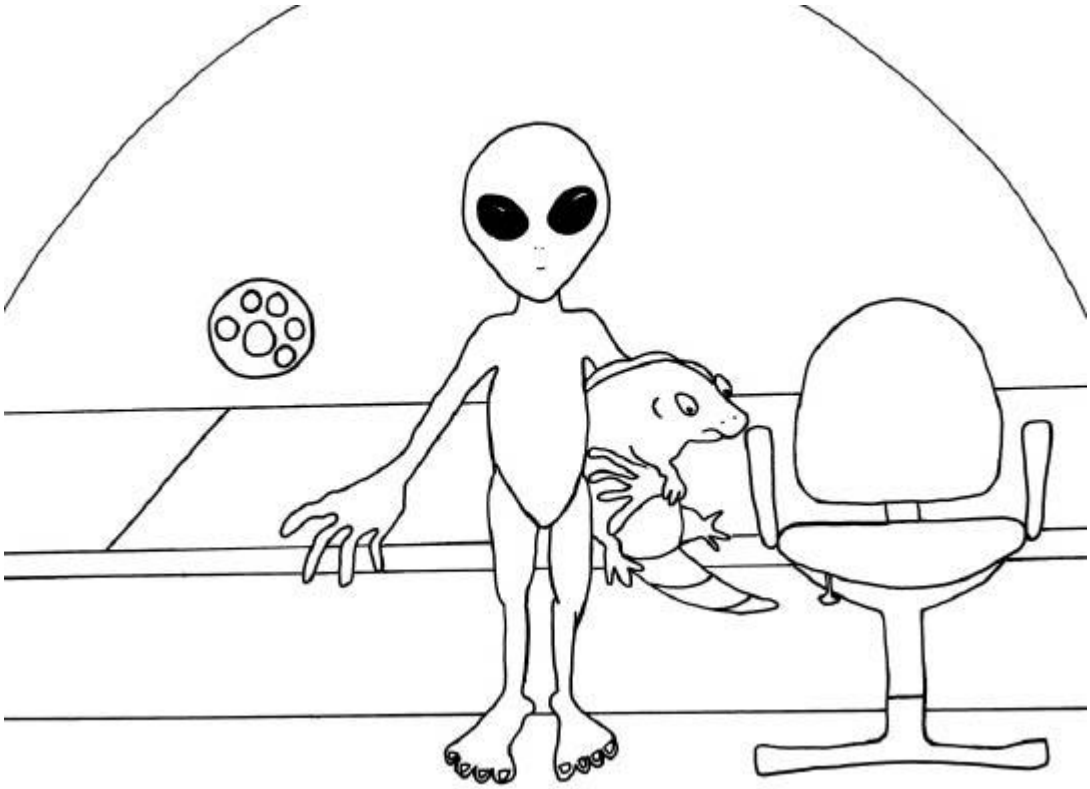
While Samantha was speaking of what she experienced earlier that day, I continued to listen in amazement to her account. We soon stopped driving and parked near the lake to continue to chat. Soon after we stopped, Samantha revealed something that I would have never expected—she told me she felt the urge to meditate right then and there! I had never witnessed her meditate or pray before. I really didn't know what to think of it or if I should leave her alone in the car to go at it, or something. In fact, she had never done this in front of anyone aside from guided relaxation, so it was pretty odd for her to volunteer this outright. But who was I to say no? Finally my friend was getting hip to this UFO and alien stuff, so I let her lead the way.

When Samantha casually leaned back in her seat, closed her eyes and began to meditate, I had no idea that a whole new world would open up to us. There was someone waiting for us on the other side of her mind's eye.

Something warm, friendly, and inviting. It was just patiently waiting for us to tap in so that we may open our eyes, and quite possibly—open the world's eyes.

Chapter #3

Cafth Speaks:
The Introduction



Cafth onboard his ship, holding a creature he considers as his pet.

When Samantha answered her urge to meditate right then, she had no choice from then on but to acknowledge her connection with aliens. The funny part is, after all of the scrutiny and ridicule I took from her—now suddenly she was in-tune with this supposed "strange stuff."

That first night while Samantha and I were sitting in the car along Lake Michigan (Samantha leaned back in her seat while in trance and I an eager onlooker), my ears were inundated with information about our place within the universe. I was about to get my first direct lesson from a source I could not see that claimed to have the answers that we were looking for

concerning all of our strange happenings. Ends that we thought could never be tied, and suddenly they were about to:

There was a feeling of openness and oneness that came over me that night along the shoreline. If I didn't know any better, I would think I was sitting in a pimped-out convertible with the top down so that I was able to gaze up to the night sky full of bright stars. But—I wasn't! We were instead both sitting in my raggedy-bucket of a car with rust spots creeping up the doors ever so slightly. No, there was nothing magical about where I was, it was all about who was there with us in some other form that we were unaware of.

I had in the back of mind what Samantha had explained about the being that visited her earlier that day. I wished I had been there to see this being and the look on her face when it made its entrance into her car. It would have been like placing your bets on your favorite lottery numbers that you swore would hit someday, just to see it play out as you said it would. Little did I know that I would soon get to meet who it was that alien being was making way for. My numbers had come up to be seen!

Almost immediately after Samantha closed her eyes to meditate, her posture changed and her usual heavy, Spanish accent reduced greatly. I continued to watch while nearly pulled back in my seat as I observed her lips move oddly to say, "I have been waiting to speak to you for a very long time."

I looked at her strangely and more than a bit stunned!

I suddenly got the feeling that we were not alone. I at first didn't know what to think about was going on. My next thought wondered "potentially" if what Samantha mentioned was happening again, of a being speaking through her. So I did my best not to let my thoughts get into a bind and see where this might all lead. So, I let my questions surge forward.

"Samantha?" That was my first genius and daring question of the evening.

"No, this is not Samantha."

Well that wasn't the answer I was anticipating!

I was curious as to who was talking, so I asked to whom I was speaking with. Then Samantha herself came through (still with her eyes pinched closed) and explained that she was seeing a triangle with a line through it. I

asked her what that meant to her when the other voice came back and spelled slowly, C-A-F-T-H.

I then pronounced this name out loud and the voice came back and said, "Ugh, I hate the way your human mouths form my name!"

I wanted to say, "Well, excuse me!" But I found it pretty funny and laughed at this Cafth character.

Of course, I didn't take what was happening lightly. I mean here is my friend in a trance, appearing to have an impressive being speaking through her. Sure, it ran through my head that maybe she was pulling off the biggest prank of her life at my expense. Then I recalled the phone call and the sincerity of her tears pouring out over the phone. Now here we sat talking in-depth when she urgently felt the need to drop into meditation? I owed it to her to stick by her on this.

"Bonnie did this sort of thing in front of me and several others before. This is really happening, Heidi, just let it!" I thought emphatically to myself.

I had witnessed something like this before, where an alien being spoke up through another friend of mine, whom I'll just call "Bonnie." I had been in Bonnie's presence in trance countless times since then. But still, it never happened while sitting alone with just Bonnie in trance in a small space. So I admit—I was a bit spooked out by what was taking place while sitting in that car alone with Samantha not being "Samantha!" Then I thought of my friend who was alone in this, too. I had to find a way to drag up the courage to explore this thing with her further. Besides that, now I was finally about to have a Q & A session with these ever-evasive beings that I felt so drawn to learn about for such a long time.

Questions & Answers & Appearances (Q&A&A)

I took a deep breath and pushed on to ask a more intelligent question to Cafth by asking where he was. (This Cafth being gave off the vibe that he was male.)

He responded, "In a ship very high up."

I asked if he could show us his ship now and he said, "We can no longer come in very close as often as we could before, because now your governments have our technology to track us."

I asked him how they got their technology and he continued, “Many of our ships have crashed, and they now know how to penetrate our ships to shoot us down. So, we don’t come down as much now.”

I have heard countless stories of people seeing UFO craft being chased by military planes as if they were trying to lock on to them to shoot them down. But what was the purpose of all of this? Were the UFO occupants being threatening or were they just simply a threat because they were in our airspace? I could never quite figure out why the governments on this planet considered these otherworldly beings to be such a threat. Those answers would be given to me later, but the reasons were nothing I would have ever expected.

Cafth continued on to tell me that he could, however, project himself down to the surface at times when he was close enough.

I asked him, “Well then—can you show yourself now?”

“Can’t you see me now?” Cafth came back quickly.

I took a deep breath and inhaled in confusion.

The car then seemed to fill with a warm hum and I turned closer towards Samantha at this point and asked, “Where?”

Then I stopped leaning forward and pulled myself back a little from the seat where Samantha was sitting. Just ever so faintly I started to make out a brownish, flesh-colored, smoky figure right next to her between the two of us. I was a bit taken aback by seeing this, but it was hard to make out what I was seeing and I told him so.

Cafth responded, “It cannot be helped. I am too high up and you have weak human eyes!”

Geesch, another crack on us humans! I suppose being human makes our eyes limited in viewing them at their wavelength or something—as if I could really explain why any of this is!

Time Differences—My Weak Attempt To Explain This Anyhow!

One time, my friend Bob was being hypnotically regressed to try and recall finer details of his alien encounters. He had a hard time describing anything he was seeing—not even the beings, his surroundings, or anything.

Then he suddenly realized, “I know why I can’t recognize anything. We’ve been taken out of our time. They can do that!”

Now I could better understand what he meant and why I could not see Cafth clearly, nor some of the other entities I have encountered at times. If you spin a ball, the center moves much slower like the eye of a hurricane. Anything on the outer ends of the ball spins much faster and harder for our eyes to focus on. Being that the Earth is much like a ball with these beings sitting on the edge of it or even farther out, their time is far different from ours.

If they exist in this faster time, I am sure it might be harder to translate what we see when they reach in from where they are. Even when we see the light from our Sun or the stars, there’s a huge delay in our even having that light reach us to see it—so we are essentially seeing these sources of light from the distant past!

Well, I tried to explain some of it anyway.

What’d You Say About My Mother?

After the initial shock of seeing Cafth and then fading away, he continued to reveal more. Without distracting from the meat of the conversation, Cafth essentially told me that my mother had ties to them, which created ties to me in making me who I am today. Let me tell you—after a statement like that there were a million and one things running through my head!

My mom had died in a car accident many years ago when I was very young. She lost control of her car when she suffered a heart attack. I had always wondered about the coincidence of her passing, though:

Two weeks or so before she died, it was as if she knew her fate and had prepared me and my younger sister for it to happen. She spoke to us in great detail on what to do and what not to do in the event of her death. She had no pre-existing health factors at her young age of 47 to make her state what she did, but there was no mistaking her timing. Even stranger, my younger sister and I were to join her that evening in the car when she suddenly changed her mind right as we were walking out of the door with her. That act alone, I am certain, saved our lives!

Samantha knows how tragic that loss was to me and she personally would never bring up the subject nor suggest anything close to what this Cafth being was saying to me. I figured it must be really important that this was brought up. So, I continued to pursue the topic where he revealed that my alien ties meant that my soul had knowledge about them due to my assorted soul existences and experiences.

I'm assuming when he says "alien" that it falls into, "It just doesn't look and feel all that human to me!" category. Not necessarily bug eyed, or even a solid entity, for that matter.

How weird does all of this sound? Well it gets stranger.

Guts And Light Beings

Honestly, though, I was not totally blown away by what he said. My inner voice had already told me that I was a little different a long time ago as a child. But at this time it would still be a month before I would have my vision of The Source and Library of Knowledge I've mentioned earlier. To have private thoughts of my suspicions is one thing, but to hear the finer details of my whole makeup come from an outer source (like an alien of all things) was still a shocker.

At this point things started to get a bit more involved and odd sounding. It would be wise to hold tight to your seat and try to follow along closely with what will be explained next. To many, a great portion of this next material might not make immediate sense, but I'm hoping it will to some extent.

"Sigh…"

I wish that I had a magic alien wand or something that I could wave for all to see that marvelous things do exist outside our knowledge. Alas, this isn't the case. In fact if I had such a wand it might create followers of some kind as if I would be "special." If anyone even dared come close to trying to make themselves appear to be better than the next person, I would be the first person to warn others to stay away from them. So I'm not aiming to paint myself as being "special." I'm just hoping that bearing a part of my soul will show I'm just hoping to help in some small way for others to understand the whole story better. Not for any other reason.

Oh—but one last thought on all of this:

As I've already mentioned here over and over again—that there are a lot of things in this world that we have to take the word of another person as fact that things exist as they do. Like how we all trust the scientists when they say there are radio waves in the air even though we cannot see them, but we do see the end result so they must be there. What about how atoms around us holds everything together in the shape that they are in? I've heard these atoms exist, though I haven't personally seen them, nor fully understand how they work. Yet and still, I'm inclined to believe what I've been told and taught about atoms—like an obedient student of this planet. It's nothing all of us can truly understand or fathom, unless we all get a degree in absolutely all there is to learn in this world about atoms. Otherwise, doing just as most do, I trust as I am told by those who are said to "know-it-all!" The question is, what if they "don't tell-it-all?"

So, there's some odd and huge levels of trust going on between us all on a daily basis.

Well, trust in this that there are other things out there that our scientists are just as able to measure (but deny) to exist, too. The results are everywhere and not as elusive as many may think. There is no easy, nor simple way to put this all down, so I am just going to tell it as it is:

At a later date, Cafth described me as being a form of "light being."

He said that my out-of-body form looks to be somewhat human, but fully lit up with a brilliant light. Oddly enough, this is the form (and partly in a spherical form) that I saw myself in when I had the vision of leaving The Source. Cafth said that because I'm slightly different, that things may act, feel or look differently when they're near me. From my perspective, the only apparent "gift" I have is in blowing out streetlights, computers, and other gizmos. Lucky me, I get to blow out the things I need right when I'm needing them the most! Oddly, I've noticed that these sorts of things tend to happen more when I'm running high on emotions like being overly happy or a bit down. I later learned that odd anomalies like these are also a characteristic of others who claim to be in contact with nonhuman beings, too. It's good to know that I am not the only one and that it applies to others with various kinds of ties.

What Planet Are You From?

As strange as this may all sound, it even goes deeper.

Another time, Cafth shared how he and some others had rescued me and seven others from my place of origin—on another planet! He said that they made a point to get us before something happened to the planet. Me as some "light being," living on a planet not named Earth? Getting hard to swallow now—I know! But there's something in me that won't let me fully spit it up.

Cafth said when he picked me up, that he then became the next step for me in learning matters that needed to be known for this life I am in right now. Again a strange familiarity rose up in my belly, where I could not fully discount what he was saying. I remembered in my vision that I needed to learn some things before being born here. These memories are what helped me to reason out what Cafth was saying. It also made me think of how nonhuman types have been written of in the Bible to help give a message or lesson, as well. But don't worry—I won't suddenly grow antennae and go around proclaiming to be a superior being or anything. Oddly enough, I'm sitting here in disbelief that I didn't choose to delete this section in the newer version of this book just to make it easier on some people who are trying to let this all sink-in.

Oh well, it's been said.

It's strange to read on paper, but not so strange in my distant memories. I'm also not so odd and rare, either. There are plenty of others here already who have some knowledge, or feeling of not being completely of the usual material. Many are sharing what they recall, but others just don't know how to explain what they truly know about themselves.

Take Samantha's story, for instance. She was outright shown how she was brought to Cafth by a more spiritual being by the name of Soforus. Samantha was really shocked to find that these two beings knew each other at all, since she had known of Soforus some time beforehand.

Soforus going through his blue tunnels.

It was in 1996 that Samantha had tried to be hypnotically regressed to remember when she first saw aliens in her bedroom as a child. (She admitted at a later date about having seen aliens prior to meeting me-but still related to them as being “demons.”) Instead of retrieving a memory under hypnosis, she found herself being taken through various blue tunnels by this being that revealed his name to be Soforus.

These were the same blue tunnels I also saw while I attempted to be regressed while staying the night in a more than haunted mansion with some friends of mine. As I began to be regressed, I saw this large tunnel form along the wall as if to welcome me. As I ethereally approached it, I was blocked at the entrance by a dark, shadowy figure that grew into many! That then ended my attempt to be regressed and see anything cool.

Samantha had not known about my blue tunnel experience, before she went on speaking about the many different places these blue tunnels led her to. She was pleased to hear about my sighting of the tunnels after her

experience in them, though. It's always a good feeling to know that you are not alone in any of these kinds of experiences.

In both experiences for Samantha in 1996 and 1997, first Soforus, then Cafth showed Samantha her true form as being a brightly lit ball of light, one that changed colors and grew in size as it matured. She was shown that her kind of beings lived somewhere near Soforus and his blue tunnels that he said he was the "keeper" of. Soforus had brought her to Cafth when she was young so she could be taught as I was, but at different levels. So together we were both taught various things to help on this dire mission we are now supposed to be in the middle of.

And so, here we are.

What Happens If I Push This Red Button?

"What's next?" I'd often wonder.

Now thanks to Cafth and Soforus and our own bits of memories, we both had some huge clues as to who we were and that we were on a mission with some angle going on. But a mission with what in mind? I had to learn to be patient, because all in due time our answers would surface. For now, it was time to contemplate our first contact and conversation with Cafth:

Upon returning home from having our first true line of communication opened that night with Cafth in the car—life changed immediately! Samantha just couldn't move her mouth fast enough to ask me all she could think of on the topic of aliens. She was on such a roll-she almost got me to the point of laughing hysterically! She had wasted so much time poking fun at the topic that she lacked how to go about understanding anything that was going on.

Almost as soon as we got in the door from the lakefront that evening, Samantha started reading about five of my books on the subject of aliens—all at once! For her, this reading frenzy was a feat in itself. With English being a second language for Samantha, she really did not like to read books in English very much at all. I of course, had to have a little fun with it all since she had limited me ***so*** much in our conversations in the past. So in the beginning of this contact time with Cafth, I would question her if she was

sure she was sane. I'd let her know I had never had anything quite like that happen to me, so I didn't know about all this being normal behavior or not.

I'm bad. ☺

Coincidence In Channeling?

Actually, as I had mentioned in brief before, we both had a mutual friend named Bonnie who had similar experiences. In fact, Samantha and I had witnessed this kind of meditative contact on several occasions with her. Bonnie was someone I had confided in while pursuing my interests in the UFO topic who later found her talents in channeling quite by accident, too.

In the past Samantha had her suspicions about Bonnie and her whole channeling bit. Samantha just could not understand how it was fully possible for an alien to even exist, let alone speak through someone. Now, this all subsided once Cafth came along. Now Samantha had a lot of questions for Bonnie, too.

To explain a little more on Bonnie:

I don't know what the odds are of this, but she happened to come across her talents when I was present, also. She was attempting to be hypnotically regressed to remember some instances of missing time in her life thought to be alien related. Several friends and family were present at Bonnie's home while she was having this done, too. It was then that a being by the name of Kolis suddenly came through and spoke up in a simple tone of voice. We knew something was up with Bonnie when she started giggling and pointing at her body parts and was unable to form words properly.

We especially took a hint when her daughter said something to the effect like, "Uh—that's not my mom, ya guys!"

In this first contact session it took several minutes for the being Kolis to even sound out a simple word, and this went on for hours! I have now heard of several instances where a person who has had presumed alien contact, tries to be regressed by hypnosis and out came an alien entity speaking for them, instead. Samantha came by it in a different form, but I think it was easier for her to go about this sort of thing through meditation.

Meditation=The Key?

It seems that any form of meditation is the key here to help open up ourselves to the bigger picture and truth of things, but this is not an easy feat for everyone. Personally, I have found it difficult to maintain myself in meditation for long periods of time without falling to sleep. When I say "long periods" I mean I fall to sleep after about five minutes—it just doesn't work for me! It's important to note, though, that by some odd means I have still been able to see things for what they are with my eyes wide-open.

But, I've always had some sort of a block that has limited me from having a full meditational connection. I also have not been fully successful to go *down* with hypnosis to retrieve any memories. Yet, I've still been able to receive information by a different means: When Samantha meditates, at times, I can also see who it is she is speaking to and the setting they are in. I suppose that is a form of something odd, but it's just one of those things that I shrugged off and never tested before until Samantha began her meditative bit.

For me, this "gift" (if it can be called that) kind of worked out on its own without my full knowledge of it being there. It kind of goes like this: Ever listen to someone talk to you about something or some place they have been and you picture it all in your head happening as they say it? Well I did that, too. But at times I would step-in and mention something the person forgot to describe. Every once in awhile I did this sort of thing purely by accident, until I thought there might be something to this. Especially after it was confirmed that I was right in what I saw.

So when Samantha started doing her meditations, my pictures would also come through pretty strong, and keep in mind that these images come through while my eyes are wide-open with me talking. I was lucky to have this extra insight, so that way I could truly see what it was Samantha was getting at when she was trying to describe what she was witnessing at times.

Then there are the episodes where I would get a tingling sensation throughout my body and hear what seemed like the electricity in the air change frequency and then messages or ideas would just drop in my head. Some of these messages were *so* foreign that I knew they could not have come from anywhere, but from outside of myself. Plus, some of the night school lessons that are on the outskirts of my mind are often brought

forward by revelations brought up in the discussions I've had with Samantha or even Cafth.

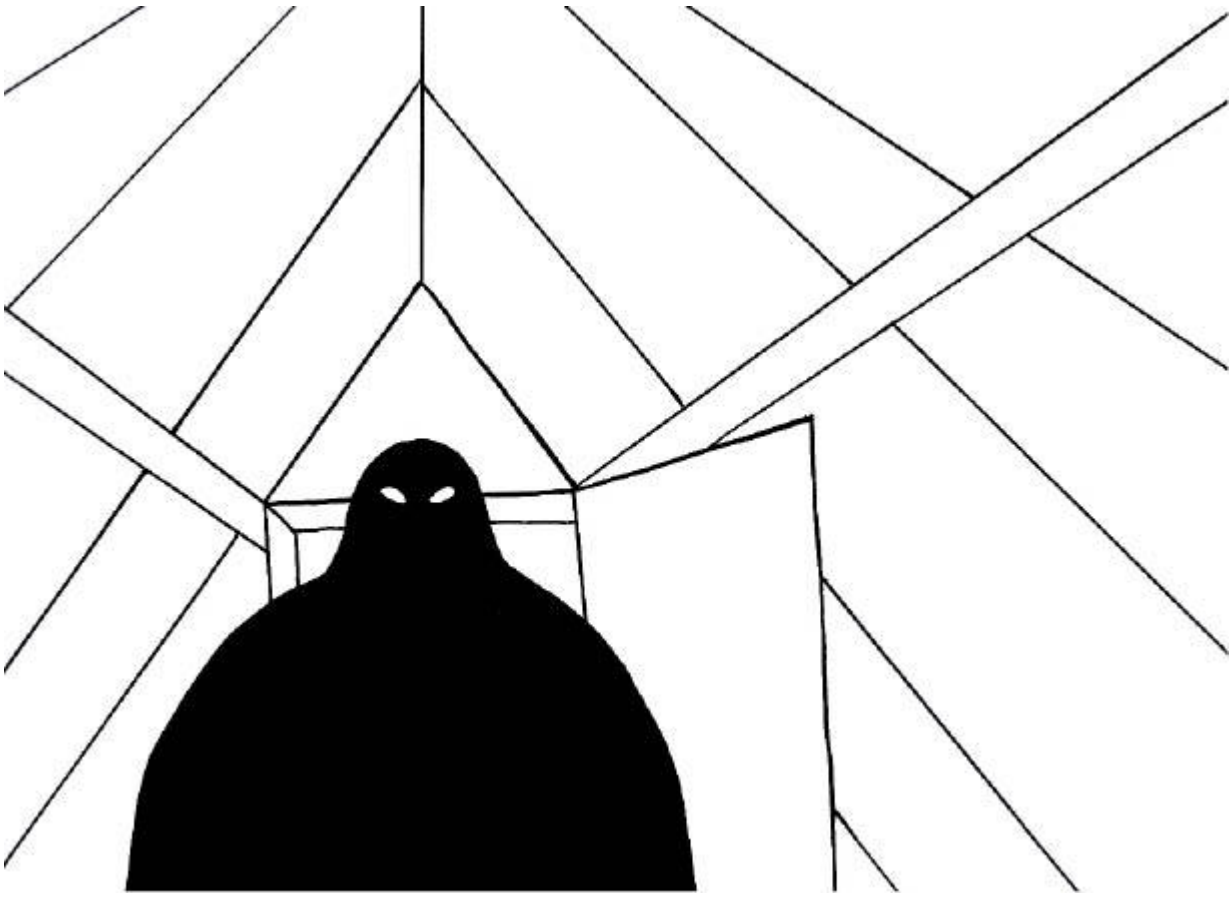
There are just a ton of routes in how any one person is able to gain access to some form of spiritual insight. I really don't think there is any one best way for anybody to tap into the "something else." Whatever works for an individual, and it feels positive, I say trust it and go with it. If you are suspicious that whatever you are getting in your psyche is somehow coming from outside yourself, well, then that feeling's there for a reason. We all can't be crazy! Can we? ☺

No Guru's Here

So with all of this in mind, one should be able to tell that the contents of this book are not just taken from Samantha's lips as living scripture—that would sound too cult like! No. A lot of the information being discussed has also been experienced or witnessed by some of my friends and myself. These are the same friends who have witnessed the presences that coincide with Samantha's meditations and other related experiences that have helped shed some light along the way. Experiences that have at times been very difficult to decipher, that is, until the time was right for us to solve or figure it out. There were so many riddles that needed to be solved. While being faced with the opportunity before me with Samantha's new gift, I would be foolish to not make full use of what was being presented.

I began to explore some subjects with Cafth to get a feel for what information and answers I could actually get from this contact. One topic I especially wanted to touch on was about some odd experiences that began to expand in my home on an almost daily basis during the previous three or more years. During that time, I would often see things like lights in various shapes and colors, smoky apparitions, and sometimes-even outlines of see-through forms drop by the house. These were a more common occurrence, but a newer, more peculiar presence began to stop by once too often.

The Shadow People



The first of the Shadow People I personally saw—this thing blocked my way out of an attic bedroom just as seen here!

I soon became more aware that these peculiar things were actually a being of some sort. They were generally large and very tall, too, but they could range anywhere from a small blob to over ten feet tall! Their whole appearance could only be made out to be what looked like a large, black shadow with a rounded head directly connected to its shoulders, without a neck to be seen. These things sometimes put the icing on the cake by glaring at me and making their slanted, red eyes apparent!

It's really something to be met with a huge monstrous black thing only to see eyes develop and peer down at you. There have been times where I truly thought that my legs would fall out from under me while standing face-to-face with one of these creatures! But I somehow always managed to get through it. I mean that literally—sometimes I have had to go right through them to get to an exit that they blocked off! Whatever they were-they were a nuisance and horrifying to wake up to, or bump into while fully

conscious. One inexplicable element to experiencing these being's presence-was how I generally got to see them. I generally spotted them in a room by way of my side or peripheral vision—but not exclusively.

For a while I could never understand why it was that I could see these apparitions more clearly in my peripheral vision. I later learned in one of my medical science courses that our peripheral vision is more adjusted for noticing movement and differences between the light and dark—but not to see finer details. So it was essentially developed for a good startle response for us humans to run if something was creeping upon us to eat us, or something. I remember literally stating quietly during class when this was presented, "So, *that's* why I can see them better from the side!" A couple of odd looks from other students brought me back to reality—but I'm digressing now.

It was almost as if these beings lurked in the dark in hopes they would be overlooked—but I saw them alright! Sometimes I am sure that they purposely stepped out from the shadows to invoke a respectful fear out of me. Well they had the fear part right, but respect for causing that was a bit off. I began to see those big shadowy things so much that I even picked out a reflective name of their character, the "Shadow People."

I sensed these Shadow People as being very nosey and watchful of what I was doing. They didn't feel as passive as most of the entities I would encounter in my home, either. No, these beings were a **lot** more intrusive.

As I became more and more aware of myself and otherworldly things, the presence of these Shadow People increased, as well. I grew a bit concerned about this and began to finally mention the presence of these beings to my friends. All I really mentioned to them was the part about these beings being really nosey and that they had a negative "feel" to them. I didn't have any answers about this phenomenon. But as always, some light would be shed on this mystery in due time:

There came a time when six of my friends from the M.A.S.E (Midwest Abductee Support and Enlightenment) group and I went to Eureka Springs, Arkansas for their annual Ozark UFO Conference. On the trip down there in April of 1995 we experienced some very odd things that got our suspicions raised that we might have had an encounter of some sort. One of these questionable tidbits included my friend Jim being severely burned by

no normal means. Several batteries in a radio he had on his lap exploded and caused a 1/4 inch deep chemical burn on his leg where a full nickel could fit into it. Yet, he was not aware of the burn until we arrived at our destination a long while later.

So of course this needed further investigation, and we all attempted to be hypnotized. One by one, all six of us made our way towards exploring our minds in the world of hypnosis. This brings me to my friend Bob again, who went to his therapist's office shortly after this incident for his regression. This particular doctor was someone he had been seeing for some time to try to understand his alien abduction experiences (yes-there are actually some doctors out there with open minds).

Bob was accompanied to his therapist's office by our mutual friends, Bonnie and Jim, who came to listen-in. I was not present at the time because I didn't want to be influenced by his session, just so that I might attempt to be regressed at a later date myself. Bob did agree to have his session videotaped, however, so that I could view it later after my hypnotic attempt. When I did get to view the tape after I failed at being regressed successfully (as always). To my surprise, a great deal of what Bob had to say during his session was about me!

He spoke of the Shadow People (calling them by that name) and said how they were trying to get at me to stop me by any means in completing my mission. He said, "Me and Heidi are one of the few left that can accomplish the mission. They're looking for me and they're looking for Heidi!"

He was very upset at this revelation and proceeded to show signs of distress while under hypnosis. He then continued, "They (meaning the beings that had apparently crossed our path during our Ozark trip) took Heidi to examine her so they could find a way to protect her better."

When I saw the videotape with Bob revealing that there was a threat that I needed to steer clear of, it really caught me off-guard—sort of. You know how it is when you have a bad feeling about something and you actually listened and it turned out to be right? Like for example: Going out with your friends and then you find out later they were in an accident where you could have been seriously hurt?

It's like you got the reinforcement you needed to listen to your inner voice and to continue to listen even closer the next time it's trying to tell

you something. That's exactly what Bob's revelation did for me. My gut feelings had always told me to be careful about being caught by "something" and if what Bob was telling me was true, my guts bore no lies. However, I had no recollection of having experienced anything Bob recalled.

Well so far I suppose I have been faring pretty well with these Shadow People—my newly founded enemy of some sort. As strange as it may seem, this deal with these Shadow People soon became ordinary and I didn't pay them or the topic much mind for a while. I did continue to see them, though. But I had gotten almost used to their nosey presence, in an odd-uncomfortable way. But still the question remained, "What were these Shadow People and why did they want to destroy me?" Of course, most everyone sees themselves as being a unique individual. But I didn't feel that impressive to have an enemy from another realm after me!

Give It To Us Straight

Well with Samantha's and my new awakenings, our friends the Shadow People would rear their ugly heads around once more. Only difference is that this time they would come at me in full force! It seemed the more ahead I got on the subject of aliens, UFOs and my connection with them—the more those things would creep around! I didn't know it then, but soon all of my questions would be answered about them and their connection with Samantha and myself.

So needless to say, Samantha and I saw some pretty good reasons to continue on our relationship with these newly founded-yet old friends of ours: Cafth and Soforus. The Shadow People deal was just one small part of what we initially started out to talk to Cafth about. For the record, since Cafth was our main contact, we usually directed our questions to him.

There was much ground to be covered, so we tried to get in touch with Cafth whenever we came up with new questions or insights on something. We asked everything from the size of Cafth's ship to why many of them did not wear clothes most of the time. We left no stone unturned—within reason. With so many of our odd and varied questions-we found that many of the answers were fully "off limits."

Cafth would often respond and say something like, “It would not benefit you at all to know the answer to that question.” When he felt especially perky he would say something like, “You already know the answer to that.” Then his number one, all-time favorite response was, “Maybe.”

Cafth is quite a character and he knows it. He seems to get a real kick out of himself sometimes.

Overall, Cafth proved to Samantha and I that he was more of the “nuts and bolts” contact. He said, “I am here to make sure things are set straight (about the alien presence and their purpose on Earth).”

He is very careful not to push us in one direction over another, where he pretty much leaves us hanging to contemplate the topic at hand. I like that, too, because then I don’t feel as if I am being led around to follow a direct order or something. He said that ultimately we have the choice to listen to what he has to say, or not. Freewill is always a good thing!

With our conversations being held more regularly, he was quite firm on several occasions to state that we were moving too slowly and that our mission was way too important to stall on. I became comfortable enough once to express to him how I wished Samantha and I could be blinded to all of this stuff we were learning so we could just blend-in and enjoy whatever life had to offer like everyone else does. It really became overwhelming at times to be told some of the things that he was relaying to us about so many issues.

In response to statements and thoughts like that, Cafth said in an almost sorrowful tone, “Do you know how often we are told that by others? Not everyone takes to our instructions. They forget who they are and what they have come for. We only hope that they will do the right thing and not be caught up in the moment of things.”

Cafth really knew how to set us right, even if he didn’t mean to directly. I think Samantha and I have come a long way because of some of his gentle guidance, in fact.

Soforus on the other hand, dealt with more issues of the spiritual world. Sometimes when Cafth would get a question from us along those lines, he would call on Soforus. Soforus then would just pop-in literally, right through the wall of Cafth’s ship while I’m talking to Cafth via Samantha. Samantha always sees her spiritual body floating right next to Cafth while

having a conversation with him when she meditates, so she sees all that's going on in the room he works in on his ship.

Soforus has been very insightful in answering many questions to help us grasp a lot of spiritual concepts. But at times, it's still odd for me to think about mixing spiritual stuff and aliens. Who am I kidding? A lot of this stuff just simply isn't easy in any reality or universe that's lived in—to be quite frank about it all. Just to put that out there.

Soforus is also a more spiritual type of being, which may help his understandings more. He does not need a ship to get around in as Cafth does. Cafth looks somewhat similar to the Grays, but has more rounded features-such as his eyes and chin. His body is also more defined with more musculature and tone. His color is more of a fleshy-toned color with a hint of pink (to see further drawings of him and all other beings mentioned in this book, visit www.HeidiHollis.com). The only striking similarity of the Grays and Cafth are the large black eyes. But Cafth is quick to say that he is not directly related to the abducting Gray beings who are rather rigid in their appearance with no soft features to speak of.

Soforus, on the other hand, reminds me of the popular ghost-cartoon character named *Casper the Friendly Ghost*. He's got a similar body shape with no definite shape, and he is a wonderful bright green with deep purple eyes. I have to point out that he is not at all similar to Cafth when it comes down to having a sense of humor. No way! Soforus is straight and narrow, yet both he and Cafth share the lack of not understanding human emotions fully.

Getting Over It

I know it sounds profound to first hear and learn of aliens existing, then to hear of ones that have personalities on top of it. It has even been hard for me and Samantha to let it sink-in that what was happening was part of our reality now. We had to find a balance where we could breathe and organize in our minds where we stood in our present existence. It was always a struggle, and it continues to this day to a certain degree.

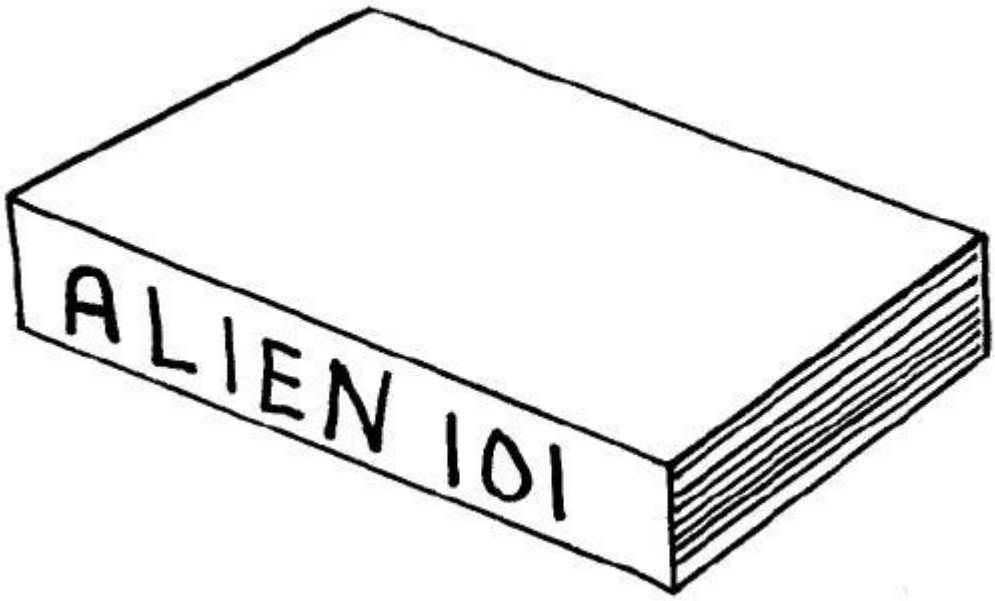
Whenever we seemed to be slacking-off on doing things that were in need of getting done regarding our goals here, we would get this extremely strong *urging* feeling to keep us on the right path. For me it was not a

feeling that came externally, either, it was more like my soul crying out to me—right in the middle of my chest! I have also spoken to several others who have claimed to get similar feelings of having to do something urgently, but they were at a loss for words as to what the project was exactly. It also seemed that whenever I began to feel alone amongst the 6 billion people who reside on this planet and have no clue about any of this, that urging feeling really put me at ease at the same time.

Cafth and Soforus were really an experience to get to know, but little did we know that they were warming us up for something. They were trying to prepare us for the truth of the situation that all of us are in on this planet and how they were trying to help out. After Soforus and Cafth began to drop this bomb on Samantha and I slowly and gently—there was no looking away. We could clearly hear the ancient and faint sound of crying rising up through their souls and into our hearts. So strong was it—that we haven't been able to put this to rest since!

Chapter #4

Alien 101:
The Download



Where to begin?

Things seemed to start off on the same note with Cafth, too, when he first started downloading on us. It almost seemed like he was teasing us along with riddles, as if he were trying to see if we could recall why he was in contact with us. Well then, this should be an easy one. Let's all pretend that an alien drops by, sits down and waits for you to figure out why they came! Really—how were we supposed to know?!

Yeah, I had some instincts running in my head concerning my odd connections with so many strange occurrences in my life. Yet and still, this was an alien entity reaching our way and there was no denying it! I saw this being manifest in my car with my own two eyes. So there was no way to try and discount the fact that my friend was truly communicating with something out-of-the-norm.

In starting from square-one in communicating with this Cafth guy, it was still a bit confusing. Not just the comprehending part of this being a possibility to communicate this way, but also the fact that he was not very forthcoming with answers. We figured if he was there for some grand purpose that he might roll out a red carpet of information our way. However, we learned that we practically had to ask about everything, as he did not seem to be there just to blurt things out to us. No-no—that would be too easy!

Ever look forward to meeting someone for a long time and just think when you finally meet, it would be an explosion of conversation? How about meeting that person with all of those expectations, only to have the moment come and your guest just stares at you blankly? I heard that the one and only meeting between Elvis and The Beatles went something like that! I hope this paints the picture of what it felt like to bump into that sort of wall of mystery with uncomfortable pit stops joining in.

We had to know the right questions to ask if we were to get anywhere in understanding Cafth. "Ask and you shall receive," is a saying I understand more fully now. So that is exactly what we did and that is exactly how we came to know some of the things Samantha and I know now.

But starting that first conversation to break the staring contest was a little tough. I figured if I were to grasp much of anything about aliens and other universes, or whatever Cafth had to offer; I needed to start with me and build from there:

Four days before Samantha had her encounter with the glitter-like being on her car, I had one of my grand "waking dreams." I call them that because these kinds of dreams are *so* real, it is really hard to believe they do not actually happen. Then there's always a paranormal element to these sorts of dreams. Sometimes I use "waking dreams" interchangeably with "night school," since I know they are associated at times. They almost go hand-in-hand since these dreams stick with me for a lifetime. That then causes me to wonder why out of the thousands of dreams I can have a year—these types of dreams are so darn prominent in my memory.

I personally felt that these dreams counted for something. Because aside from the paranormal elements in them I always felt like I was being tested, taught or shown alternate outcomes to my decisions. In fact, in the face of

some of the challenges presented to me in these dreams—if I were to actually experience them in life I feel I would know how to react where the right decision is made the first time. I feel that may be the whole point of these types of dreams. That I'm presented with these scenarios, so that I would be calm in the face of various stressful situations and be smart about what I'd do next.

It's also important to note that people who have had varying alien encounters, report having dreams of this sort, too. But, I am reluctant to say this happens only exclusively to folks who have dealt with aliens. I honestly think that we have all had questionable dreams-it just depends on who actually pays attention to them or takes them seriously enough to share them.

Well this particular waking dream that I decided to bring up with Cafth, started off with me being in Orlando, Florida. I was there on a trip with a bunch of my friends, including Samantha. Samantha's family did live in Florida at the time, and in reality we were actually planning a trip there with a group of friends. But instead of Samantha's parents being in my dream, my father was there in their place.

In the dream, Samantha and my other friend, Maria, had stepped outside for a moment when I suddenly heard them call out to me. I went outside to see what was the matter when they pointed up to the sky and I immediately saw the Moon quickly darkening. It was daylight in the dream, but I could still clearly see the Moon as it started shading in as if an eclipse were taking place.

As the Moon became totally engulfed in darkness, suddenly an orange-red, oblong, glowing object appeared in front of the darkened Moon and appeared to begin pulling it. I remember my friends referring to the orange object as maybe being the Hale-Bopp comet, since this dream did take place during the time this comet was being seen, but I told them that was **no** freaking comet!

The glowing object continued to drag the Moon at an angle that made it appear like it was going to hit the Earth. Oddly, I had the notion in mind that maybe the angle of the horizon only made it seem that it was going to hit us. Nonetheless, as soon as the Moon was out of sight, there was a sudden "whooshing" of air as if something popped the Earth's protective

bubble! The wind was so strong that houses began to blow down the street. My friends and I ran back into the house. Samantha and Maria ran to the basement and beckoned me to come down, too. But, I was determined first to get my dad who was snoozing in the next room.

Although I tried my heart out, I couldn't physically make it to his room because the house was rocking so badly. So I tried yelling for my dad to wake up and come to the basement. I couldn't even hear my own voice scream out due to the loud roaring of the wind outdoors. I got out only a few cries for my father when it all suddenly ended—there was no more wind!

"It's over?" I remember saying to myself.

My dad then came out of the room towards me to see what I was making such a big fuss over. I was a bit overwhelmed and just motioned to him to give me a moment. That's when I heard the voices of people outside of the front door.

I then went to the door to see if all of the people outside were okay, and one man said, "Yeah, we're all right. But it's dark outside!"

When that man said that, I looked past him to see nothing but a night sky with stars. I then had a sudden feeling in me that I would have to be strong and help these people get through the tough times ahead and work together. I also remember thinking that we still did have electricity and other things of the sort to make survival easier.

It then all ended there, the dream, that is.

I can say upon waking up after having a vivid and lucid experience like that can leave you searching out your room a bit to convince yourself that none of it really took place. I have had many dreams of this magnitude before, but it's not like I have them on a regular basis where I can recall the whole thing. But when they come, they can pack a punch! Now I've come to accept these dreams as sort of a treat since it is rare when I'm able to recall the whole spectrum they can offer.

As yet another side-note: It is also quite common for experiencers of the alien and UFO phenomena to be given different dream scenarios about the end of modern living. It seems that people are being observed as to how they will respond to a natural or un-natural disaster. I know in my scenarios that if I don't respond smartly, I'm given pointers at another time and a

similar scenario is given until I feel I've reacted best. The reactions that I've felt best about are where I remain calm, think logically in regard to my resources, and look to work with others equally and not stand alone. From some of the stories that I have heard reported from alien abductees, they are shown horrid scenarios that get worse seemingly to gain more of a fear-filled response. So right away again, it's obvious to see a difference here between those like myself who have had friendlier experiences and those who have been abducted. Yet, it doesn't mean abductees can't experience different combinations of scenarios with other types of beings.

So four days later when Cafth came into the picture and offered himself as a guide into the unknown, I thought it would be neat to hear his insights on this latest dream of mine that I knew had supernatural hands involved. Samantha also had a recent dream of her own that she wanted him to analyze for her, too. This waking dream of hers happened to be the first that she had ever had of this kind, and it just so happened that she had this dream of hers the day after the one I just described. It seemed that we were both being groomed to meet Cafth all that week—the timing was just too close to discount:

Samantha's dream occurred after she had lain down to take a nap that afternoon. She went on to explain, "I suddenly found myself in the middle of ruins, all of the buildings were literally flattened! But I knew it was near downtown Milwaukee, near Lake Michigan where we lived. I remember looking at the lake and wondering why the lake was a rustic-red color when a voice spoke in my head and said, "The water reflects the color of the sky.

"Personally, I didn't know that. But sure enough, when I looked up the sky was red! As I stood there I began to hear a woman screaming out because someone she loved was lying dead in her arms. That's when I saw some men walking towards me who were wearing some white, protective suits with a hood on it. I saw one of them motion to the others to go and get me. I knew that wasn't a good idea, so I took off running!

"I remember though, that I couldn't run too well because the air was so polluted it was impossible to outrun them. I don't remember them catching me because I think I passed out or something. Then the next thing I knew I was in this dentist-like chair surrounded by three men in gray pants, white

shirts, and blue ties. It seemed that they were examining me to see how it was that I survived while others could not. I recall feeling horrible pain going down from my left shoulder down my side, and then the dream ended."

When Samantha awoke, she claimed that the same pain going down from her shoulder still remained and it took some time for it to go away. When it finally did, she decided to go to her computer to type up what she remembered so she wouldn't forget the details. As she typed up her dream, oddly enough, a voice popped in her head and reminded her about an incident that happened to her about a year earlier. Of course, having that voice come forward was startling to her, but the amazement of the slight pointer it gave stunned her even more:

Samantha had a brand new pair of boots that she had only worn a few times before. One day when she went to go wear them, she found them full of mud way past the ankle part!

I remember her saying, "Heidi, did you wear my boots or something?"

I couldn't make any sense of her accusation since I am two sizes larger than she is, so I think I said something to the effect of, "Are you crazy, woman? How could I?"

We never could make sense of how it was that she got mud that high on her boots and of that color, a ***rustic-red***! Well that voice that came to her, told her that she was wearing those boots when that incident occurred in her "**dream**!" That explained that mystery of the muddied boots, but it just added another one! How in the heck could she have mud on her boots from a "dream," so to speak? We needed some answers for sure, because we could not make any sense out her dream, nor of my own.

We thought about our dreams independently, because at the time, Samantha was still not so hip to the ideas of UFOs and other phenomena, yet. Then of course, three days later in pops this glittering creature in Samantha's car, then Cafth, and you all now know the story.

So I asked Cafth, "What was the deal with Samantha's boots getting all muddied up? She doesn't remember actually being amongst blasted-down buildings. In fact, she could not have been, since all of these buildings are still standing in Milwaukee."

Cafth began, “You will be the ones to destroy yourselves, and we showed her what it may look like.”

“So, she was there as if it happened?” I asked.

“I am not in charge of dreams, so I cannot say.”

I’ve learned that when he says he can’t say something, he will ignore any further requests on the topic. But in this instance I didn’t know this about Cafth, so I pursued.

“Yeah, but you said to us before that you know all that we do daily, so can’t you say if she was or was not there? Was it really a part of our future she was taken to?”

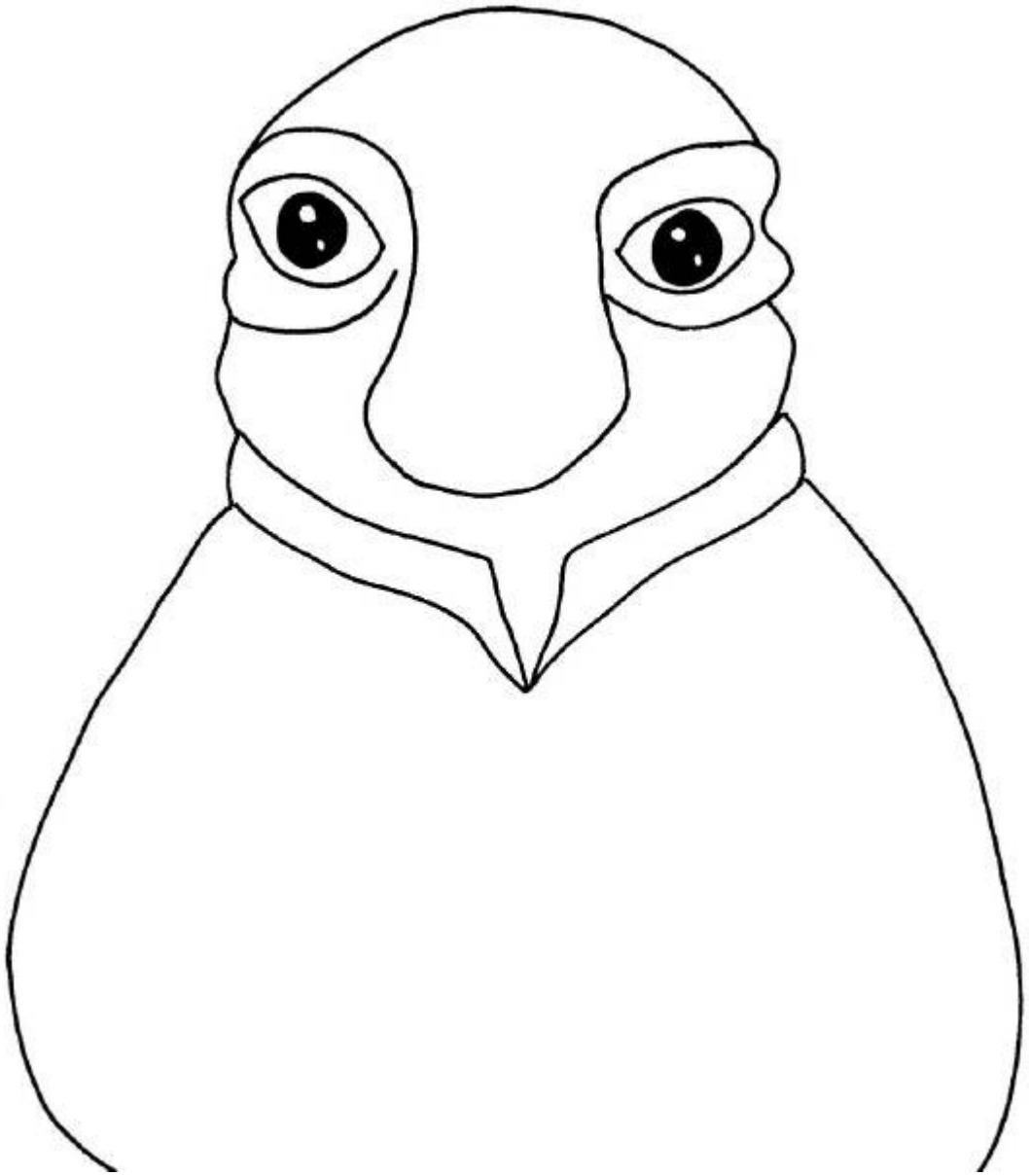
Cafth had indicated to us in a previous conversation, how he was able to see all that we experienced at almost any time. So it was logical to me then that if he was so darn capable, then he would know what I was referring to.

Cafth uttered in a jokingly manner, “Do you want to get me in trouble? I cannot say and it is not beneficial for you to know.”

What Cafth had explained to us earlier was that he had access to some crystals that had souls in them, that these crystal souls recorded the lives and activities of individuals. He was also sure to state clearly that none of the crystals on Earth were like his crystals, but humans liked to give Earthly crystals qualities as if they were.

With these crystals, all Cafth had to do was hold them to see what it is we have experienced or done at any time. So if he were serious about these crystals, I knew he could answer my question. But I was just learning that he was also obligated to keep some things under wraps where he could not speak on some issues.

Being somewhat of a Star Trek fan, I could not help but think that aliens like Cafth have a Holo-deck or something that they used to give these waking dream experiences. For those of you who don’t know what that is, they are hologram programs used to entertain, run combat exercises or do whatever you like. The program’s holograms are very much solid where one can actually interact with the environment being presented, however, only if you are an actor on Star Trek of course.



Ga, another alien being onboard the same craft Cafth is on, Ga was in charge of their whole efforts. Samantha rarely spoke with him, though he was the most knowledgeable, he was often busy.

Since I ran into a brick wall with that line of questioning with Cafth, I left that topic alone and went on to ask about my dream. Once again he stated that he did not do dreams, but I told him about it anyway.

He said, “Yes, I know the dream and I will tell you this much...”

I remember thinking, “All right, I broke through! He’s going to tell me all I need to hear, whoopee!”

Cafth began, “The Moon turned dark because the darkness in the Earth was pulling it towards the Earth.”

“Okay,” I said, waiting in anticipation to see what the heck that meant and what else there was to be said about the whole thing. There was nothing, but silence. I’ve also learned that at times I have to keep Cafth and Soforus going in their thoughts. It seems that they either forget that we cannot read their minds or they assume that we know what they mean even if they just sputter out a few words.

So I continued to question him, “Okay so the Moon got dark. But, then it started to move and soon afterwards I saw what looked like a ship dragging it. What does that all mean?”

“Well, we saw what was happening and so we removed the Moon.” Cafth said briefly.

Like I said, they swore that we would understand what all of this meant, so I begged for more info. He said, “The Shadows did this in your dream and they may do so soon.”

“The Shadows?” I asked emphatically.

“Yes, you have called them the Shadow People in the past.”

“What, you mean those nosey, shadowy looking things I’ve seen for years hanging around me? So what—they *are* as negative as I have felt? They *are* real?” I was just astonished with him mentioning these Shadow People.

“Yes, they are very real.”

For some reason, I just knew that the whole purpose between us and their mission was about to be unfolded. I had this sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach, and I almost didn’t want to press on. I had dealt with this presence of Shadow People for some time, but I did not know how to address them. I had only heard of a few people ever speak of this presence, and each time I heard of the conversation, I was the one to initiate it.

Even before Bob was put under hypnosis for what happened on our Arkansas trip and spoke about the Shadow People, I had first asserted my concern about their presence. Sometimes I just like to hear something totally spontaneous from someone. That way I know for sure that what they

say is authentic and not have the possibility of being predetermined because it had been mentioned before.

“Then again,” I thought to myself, as Samantha was still in the middle of communicating with Cafth, “What Bob had to say about the Shadow People feels a lot like what Cafth is getting at and I have never mentioned this new info to Bob.”

So I decided to hear Cafth out and pushed on, “You mean like what Bob had said about the Shadow People coming after me to stop me from completing my so-called “mission.” That’s all true?”

“Yes.”

“Like in killing me or something?” I just wanted to be clear on that point, I’m sure anyone could understand why!

“Yes. But, that is not the only way they could stop you.”

“Go on.” I said intently.

“They could also drive you to lose control of who you are or influence you to go a negative way.”

Then I recalled the part in Bob’s hypnosis where he described being shown what the Shadow People would do to him if they got to him or me. Then the beings proceeded to disconnect Bob’s emotions from something he had resolved. In his case it was the grief and sorrow he felt when his twin sister was killed. Just as he was describing what they were going to do, Bob screamed out in terror, unable to control what he was feeling. Several moments later he was put at ease and went on to say that they put his resolved grief back in place so that the pain was not as fresh.

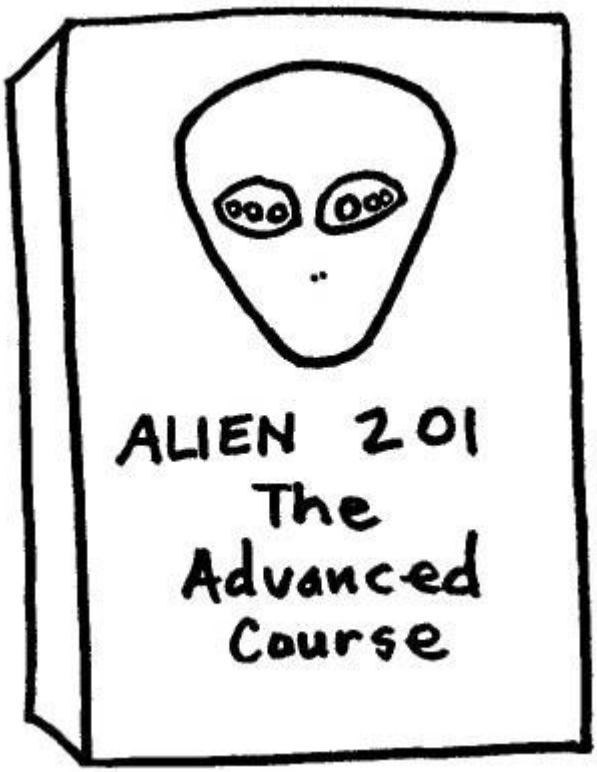
He then said, “I believe you, I believe you. They wanted to prove to me that it can be done, and they did it!”

So in reflecting back to what Cafth was telling me, well, it was hard to be skeptical as to the capabilities of these Shadow People doing this, from what Bob described. But still, why bother with me? I wasn’t anybody. Okay, so previously Cafth said I was like family. Besides that, I still had no goal in mind of any value. How was I to be such a big threat? Plus, I had Samantha on my side who was also there to join forces to set the record straight about alien stuff that we really didn’t even know much about. Then, just to add to the scary mood to all of this, now we get to add some dark characters on our tails!

Well, we were in for a treat full of lectures and lessons—courses Alien 101 through 201, I presume. Little did we know that Cafth was about to do an introduction course and a rundown on all of this Shadow People business with great agility and speed! I could only hope and pray that we both could keep up with all of the difficult perspectives and truths being thrown upon our paths.

Chapter #5

Alien 201:
The Advanced Course



Puzzled and intensely curious, I listened closely to what Cafth had to say about the "Shadows," as he called them. He went on to explain that these Shadows were all of the horrible things we could ever think of. Put all of that negativity in one dark heap and that would be the infamous Shadow People.

"Cafth," I said quietly, "are you trying to tell me that there is such a thing as the devil?"

I couldn't help but to make the relation, it sounded a lot like that old evil one to me: Something dark, shapeless, and horrible—what else could it be

but a devil or something like it?!

Cafth found it humorous that I would relate the name, but he said, “Essentially, yes. But, that is a human term for what and who the Shadows are.”

Just wait a second there! I had a hard time swallowing that lump of distasteful revelations. I for one am not a religious person (but I am quite spiritual) and I had wiped out all thought of there being a hoofed man running around in our midst. I did not believe that there could ever be such an entity that was *so* horrible and allowed to exist by our Creator—it just didn’t make sense! That is, besides mankind, people can be pretty mean and nasty.

Cafth then interrupted my thoughts, as if he were listening, and said, “Whether you believe it or not, they do exist and you need to be aware of them.”

I had to be honest with myself though, that the concept of such a thing had to exist somehow in some form. I always wondered about how the idea of a negative entity has lasted for so long. I mean even a rumor dies out at some point, but here we are thousands of years later and there is still “devil talk?” What were the odds of that happening if there was no merit to it?

Ugh—I hated the thought of all of this!

Even the name “devil” was disturbing for me to hear since I had blocked and resisted my senses to even let that name through. It took me back in my memories to the pews in church I sat in as a child, thinking how all of this stuff was a bunch of baloney with that devilry talk.

I explained to Cafth how people envision the devil through artist renditions of a blended creature, half man and half animal. So I was curious then about how this thing truly appears to be. All I had ever seen personally was a massive, shadowy-looking being, so I did not feel certain if I were seeing it for what it was.

“They can take any form.” Cafth asserted.

“That’s the same concept the Bible has about the devil! That you never know what form the devil will take,” I said emphatically to Cafth as if I were schooling him on the Bible.

Cafth then maneuvered Samantha’s mouth to form an awkward smile, “Yes, I do know that. Who do you think helped influence what was to be

written in the Bible? We have been around for a long time. We are in constant contact with The Source to guide us on helping others."

Now, he was getting really, really deep, and I was just exploding with a billion questions. "Aliens have ties to the content of the Bible?" I thought.

I know and believe that what moved people to write what they did in the Bible, that it all came from or worked with the same source: God!

And here sat Cafth, who claimed to also work for the same God humans know and love. Just as the authors of today who are inspired to write a book and dedicate it to those who encouraged them to finish writing their book—was it possible that aliens helped encourage people in a similar way at anytime? As I sit here writing this, I wonder if it's really my place to make that judgment call, or just quote Cafth and let the readers decide?

Yea, I think I will leave it up to you.

Yet, I had always entertained the possibility that maybe some bits of the Bible had alien helping hands. I mean at least they might have helped with the basic stuff, like with those three wise men following "a star." I can comfortably say that I know for sure that "stars" don't move and wait for you to catch up. Then there's Ezekiel's Wheel that sounded darn close to a modern day UFO description, to some extent at least. I was about to start asking more about the topic of Biblical influences, but I really wanted to finish off what I had started with the Shadow People topic:

Suddenly, another perturbing thought came into mind:

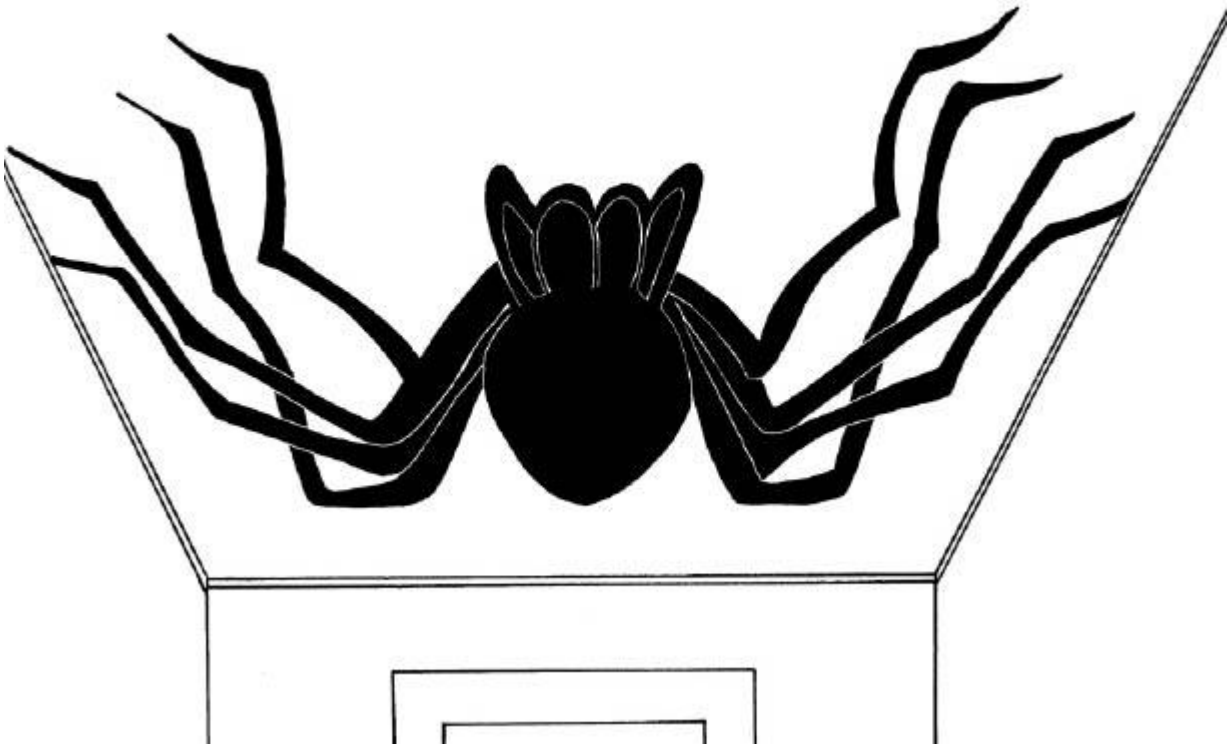
"Hold on. I know a lot of people who claim to have seen owls, deer, even lions in their bedroom that they relate to as being some kind of alien abduction experience. Even I have had beings come to me in different forms, ones I really did not care for, either. I have seen them as a clown, and several times now as something I really cannot stand—spiders! Big ones, the size of me and they scare the crap out of me! So you're saying that all of those beings that take on another form are these bad Shadow guys?!"

Cafth answered again, "We do not change form. Forms are changed to deceive so you cannot see what they truly are. What other purpose would it serve?"

"Well I thought at first that other forms were taken so they would not scare people so badly. You know—so they appear as something we can relate to and accept. I thought they were doing people a favor. I mean, it

would be a lot easier for me to think and relate to others that I was confronted by a man-eating spider than an alien! Then I'd be able to dismiss it all as a dream or waking dream, I suppose."

But when I think on it, I really had no good feelings about seeing a 4-foot tall spider or one sprawled out on my bedroom ceiling with rows of eyes that went on forever! It would really make me distraught! Especially so, when I would be spotted scrambling in my apartment to find a shoe, screaming that a giant spider was just there. I felt that if only I could kill that dang thing, then it would never come back!



A Shadow Spider I saw take up the whole ceiling in my bedroom. Samantha saw one like it at another time in her room—equally as large!

I know it sounds funny and all, but wow, what a horrible situation to be in. It's like something from a horror movie just stepped out of the screen and into reality, and it isn't pretty at any angle! What should I or anyone

else do in that kind of situation, really? Run, hide, scream, or hope to pass out?

I really felt like a bug caught in a spider's web about to be feasted upon. When I've looked into these Shadow Spider's eyes, I've been nearly paralyzed with fear. I've been lucky not to have been completely frozen, though. Because I've always been able to react to their presence and go looking for a shoe or something to smack them with. They were lucky I didn't own a baseball bat—I would have surely slept with it near my bed and may have had a lucky swing once or twice!

I have not stopped to do wide-scaled research the topic on what others may have felt in their encounters with beings that present themselves as something more familiar like an owl, so I cannot speak for all. But in speaking from my perspective, how could a being (or owl, or deer, or other animal) that elicits fear and control in another with just a glare, have completely good intentions? That's my common sense at work here to say it was nothing pleasant to experience.

I have met several people who have spoken to me about their experiences, though. From those who speak about seeing animals and what not, say that it is the eyes of these animals that are ***overwhelmingly*** compelling. Their eyes just drew them in under some form of control where the person could not move. Then fear grew inside of the person that got pumped throughout their souls while they felt in fear of their safety.

Doesn't sound good to me!

I know that I never found it thrilling being near those kinds of beings that take on other forms. Believe it or not, though, there is an argument that some of these abductees who have seen such things feel enriched after these scary experiences and other alien encounters. Some experiencers even feel that they are being primed for something wonderful that's soon to happen. It is almost as if they feel that they are a part of something that is essentially benefiting to them and others, no matter how much pain they are put through by these beings. I can see how having that thought of being helpful may make some abductees feel useful to go along with what's being done to them**,** though.

I personally cannot understand how that can be fully thought to be the total truth, though. It would almost seem too apparent that what was

happening was not an acceptable situation. But it's always easy to assume something and judge it from an outsider's perspective, and not always easy to see things for what they are when we are the ones deeply involved. I don't want to blast anyone for what they believe to be real for them. But I do want to show a logical side as to what is really going on with these beings that disguise themselves under the hide of an animal.

Soon after Cafth's statement about changing forms, the thought occurred to me on how people encountered abducting alien beings. I thought about the element in which a person experiences missing time that cannot be accounted for. Only for them to have odd markings on their body that weren't there before and a sneaking suspicion of something unearthly having happened to them.

The most commonly reported type of abducting alien being, is the gray-colored alien with the big black, almond-shaped eyes. Then in the media all you hear about is how they slice, dice, and extract specimens from innocent people who are rendered paralyzed, but who would rather be giving their best fight upfront. That sounds unpleasant enough, but then the abductee practically forgets the whole thing unless put under hypnosis or have flashes of memory come forward at inopportune moments.

I used to think if these beings were really cruel, they would leave the person with their memory fully intact. That way they would remember the entire horrible ordeal of being pinned down and brutally examined the way they are. I assumed that if a person had all of their memories intact, that they would be more likely to show signs of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) (although many still do anyhow). I actually thought that it was an act of mercy on the abducting alien's part–to take the memory away!

I also expressed this idea to Cafth and he told me, through Samantha of course, that, "This is another form of hiding that some of them do."

"Yes, but they didn't change form and a lot of people express how they really learn a lot from these beings. In fact, you have said that I often have a lot of interaction with nonhuman beings and I don't remember everything you claim." I wanted to be sure I was clear on this point when I spoke up to Cafth about it.

"Most of the Grays are under the influence of the Shadows (all of the abducting Grays). But not all Grays are bad (the non-abducting Grays). It is a shame that they all have to live with a bad reputation," Cafth responded.

Cafth then paused, showing that he truly felt bad for the Grays that had not been a part of the Shadows' actions.

"We have different reasons for our actions. We do not let you remember things for your own protection and ours. They do not let you remember to hide their true purposes," Cafth ensured.

I was deeply interested to hear more about the Grays involvement with the Shadows, so I pressed on, "The Grays are connected with the Shadows? But—so many—heck—most people talking about aliens claim to have contact with the Grays! And the Grays are working with who you consider to be the bad guys?"

"This is of concern," Cafth expressed as if it was part of his agenda.

"Whoa, this doesn't sound too good. All these people who talk about them...!"

I really started to show concern myself about this matter, there were so many people talking about the Grays this, the Grays that, and here they are under the influence of something equivalent to the devil. "**Yipes**," is all I can say right now 😨!

All of the experiments performed on people, including the marks left and giving birth to hybrid, human-alien babies—what's it all mean?! My mind was just jumbled with speculations and possibilities! So I asked Cafth what was going on with these Grays and Shadows who were working on the bodies of the human race all of the time.

"The experiments are being done to develop a new kind of being that can live upon the Earth."

"Okay, so you mean they want to be able to live amongst us and the only way they can do so is by using some of our own biological information or something?" I was really asking sincerely.

"No, this new being is something they want to inhabit the Earth. Their plan is to have the hybrids be the main occupants of Earth, with the assistance of some of those people whom they take to breed them. These hybrids and humans will all be under the influence of the Shadows, and the Shadows will then be the only inhabitants in control of Earth."

That went ***way*** over my head, but I understood it all right. There's been lots of talk in the UFO community about how humans are losing their abilities to reproduce and that fact is apparent in the amount of sperm count in men today. So it's been expressed by abductees that Gray's are telling

some of them that the Gray alien beings are only creating this hybrid race so that we humans may live on!

Then there's also been the talk of the Grays dying off and losing their planet and needing a means to reproduce and a place to live. So I tended to think along those lines as to why they were creating this hybrid race, as well. But it seems that I was wrong. From what I've gathered here; once all is said and done with this breeding program, in comes the ***supposed*** underdog to take things over and it will have been our own people who helped them all along!

I began inquiring for more details from Cafth, "But some of the people who are being taken for these experiments can recall volunteering or agreeing to the role that they play in all of this. How can it be that they would want something like that happening to them? I would think not."

Cafth responded to these questions by saying, "Many people are under the influence of the Shadows also, and they have rendered their dedication and allegiance to the other Source, the Dark Source. They take on certain roles to help continue the Shadows' plans, as in helping to abduct more people and reassure the other victims that all is well that is being done to them."

"Are people aware of this and to whom they are pledging their loyalties to? I mean you're saying that they can take on different forms, and that doesn't sound fair that they are fooling people to believe they are something different than they are!" I went on.

"Humans are born with knowing the difference between what is right and what is wrong. It is when they welcome to listen to what is wrong, that is when they also welcome in the darkness. Some do this while in this life, others are of alien descent, also, and have volunteered to have this done to them while in this life and form. The Shadows are very cruel and do not spare even their own kind to their horrors."

Cafth continued on, "Some of the people who have these experiences are just simply vulnerable. If you are strong in your convictions of doing what is right, the Shadows cannot influence you."

"Everyone has their moments of weakness, though—I don't care who it is. What of kids who have abduction experiences?" I had to be sure I was asking all I could on this.

“Too many questions at once,” Cafth spurted out in a confused manner. Then Samantha’s face scrunched all up.

I suppose I get carried away at times, it’s just having all of this access to a being like him can really get a person rolling with questions. I apologized and asked him to go ahead and take one question at a time, and I promised I would try to pace myself better.

Cafth then seemed to gather himself and began again, “In answering your first question, yes, but you must keep up your energy level to not fall victim to the Shadows. As for your second inquiry: Humans have a thing called “innocence” that makes them unaccountable for their actions, but now even that barrier is being crossed. This highly concerns us.”

“I don’t think I’m understanding you completely. You’re saying that these Shadows are not the greatest people, but what’s so wrong in their ways? For the most part, they really are doing experiments on those who let them, and they’re going to make use of a planet that people will inevitably destroy.” I was doing my best to rationalize away the reasons behind the Shadows’ actions, just as I’d always done before to explain what Grays did to people.

“Do you still not see who the Shadows are?” I suppose he got a bit perturbed by my comment. “There are people being tortured or influenced blindly.”

“Hold on!” I thought to myself. “No one ever said anything about being tortured!”

I know the abduction experience is not always one of pleasure, but I never outright thought of it like that! I had little to no idea about what Cafth meant.

I felt like there was a lot more that Cafth wanted to say about all of this, and I was ready to go on for as long as it would take for me to grasp everything. I really had a load of questions to pursue with him and wanted to break down those questions into even smaller, more detailed questions just to make sure it would all sink-in. There was so much to learn and I could have gone on forever, but Cafth interrupted me at times to let me know when poor Samantha was getting exhausted from their linking up sessions.

I get so involved with what is being discussed at times and glimpses of Cafth at other times, that I would often forget that my friend is laying there

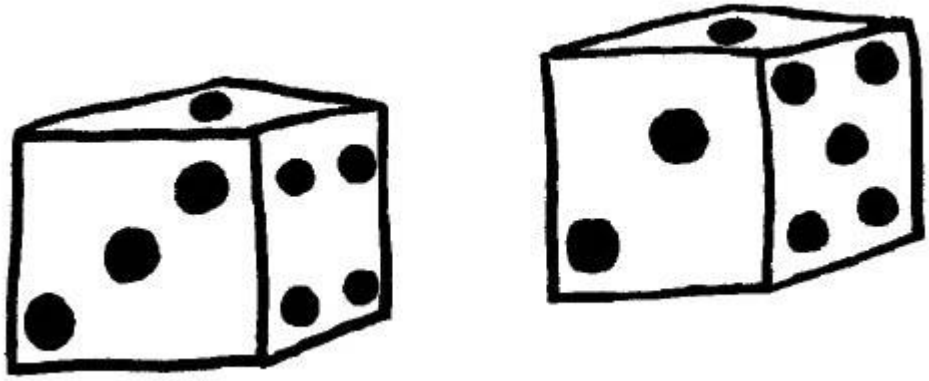
extending herself to the extreme. So I had to let things go for then and let Samantha come forward so we could discuss the juicy tidbits fed to us in that session. Usually when Samantha awakens, her eyes hurt her so badly that she is unable to focus well, nor stand a light to be on for a good 15 minutes.

Then after she comes around, we'll sit and talk about all that was said and if she got any extra insight from her angle. Generally, she can feel what Cafth is feeling as he is talking and get the full intention of what he means about anything said. I like to get the extra scoop on it all if I can, so it's always brought up to see what his perspective was at the time in any chat we've had.

We had a lot to discuss after this session, a lot that we still did not understand. It was a good thing that we had an easily accessible instructor who we knew we could speak to again to clear up our confusion. That is, whenever Samantha felt up to linking with him again, of course. She would conjure up the energy she needed pretty regularly, though, so we could both continue to indulge in the highly unusual circumstances Cafth was explaining to us. There was still so much that needed to be told, and I had an itching to absorb as much as I could for myself and perhaps even for others.

Chapter #6

The Odds:
2 Out Of 3



For the next couple of days, Samantha and I discussed our latest expedition into our world through alien eyes.

Samantha said she felt Cafth was filled with great concern for our safety, as if we were almost in some immediate danger of some kind. She also said that she was deeply aware that Cafth had only dumped a fraction of what he had intended. She knew that we had only begun and felt the dire need to continue on in our discussions with him, so we decided to put together our thoughts and questions to strike up a conversation with him again later that same evening.

Just before we spoke to Cafth, we would usually sit and write down all that we intended to ask him, which I found to be more than useful. A lot of the time I would become so involved in one conversation with Cafth that I would forget all of the other questions I had on my mind. Sometimes it really was beneficial for me to just carry on in one topic, though. Then other times I could just kick myself for forgetting something that had been bugging me to ask him. That then meant I would have to wait for the next time Samantha was able to find the time and mainly the energy to talk to him.

Both of us were fulltime college students, at the time, and worked to pay the bills. So it's easy to imagine how hectic it could be for both of us to get a chance to even speak to each other, let alone, fit time in with Cafth. I have to admit; in the beginning this was not as much of a problem, though. We still had the "awe factor" going on where we were just amaZed that we were having the contact that we were with such informed words with firm conviction coming forward from Cafth. So, honestly, we really were just going at it with all our might for a month or so in the beginning.

Just as a note on this, though, there was no way we could ever get bored in having this kind of contact. But as time passed, we began to dwindle down in our contact time when we kept running into blocked responses. It was like Cafth had said all he was allowed and the rest was off-limits and up to us to find out. We understood that and later just had sessions where we would try to clarify our memory on something he had said before.

Even then he would say, "I have told you that information already."

He wasn't being testy or mean; I just think he did not completely understand the limits of human memory and understanding. But he would repeat his messages for us still with an added note for us to seek answers within ourselves and to most importantly ask and pray to God for the best answers.

It would have been easier if he had allowed us to tape our sessions, though, but he said this was for our ears only and that it could possibly fall into the wrong hands. So I am replaying this whole book from mostly mine and some of Samantha's memory and minor notes I took here and there. I should state that Samantha's long-term memory does not always serve her very well when she is in her meditative state, so I've had to rely on most of the information from my own recollections.

I could not even save this book on my computer while typing it up because Cafth said that our government and others could look at my files without me even having an Internet connection and with my computer turned off, even! He wasn't too fond of the government folks to begin with; being that they liked to take cheap shots at UFOs for the heck of it. So I know that he had some good reasons for not wanting them to see what I was learning from him.

I must say I am accurate with the accounts shared here, though, since most of this is pretty darn unforgettable. My biggest concern is that my

words are fluent here without much error because this book was also not to be read by anyone else until its publication. So, all of the contents in the first edition of this book were edited by none other than myself over a few years time. It took me only two months in 1997 to write this book while being a fulltime college student, but four years to get this published in 2001. It was a huge struggle and a growingly hard secret to keep all of what Cafth told us, only between us two!

I of course had to send the manuscript of the book off to potential publishers and agents, though.

Many publishers said they loved the book, but just had never heard of these Shadow People or even negative alien experiences, for that matter. Some of the judgmental things I heard in regard to this book, even from other authors who owned publishing companies and wrote about aliens themselves—it was all just simply astonishing to me! One extremely popular author/publisher even told me to trash this book and start all over again! This person felt that I had observed our experiences wrong—there were no such things as bad aliens! I will just say that there is a whole lot of ego out there on a topic that needs as little conflict as possible (we get enough of that from outside sources) and should be driven on passion and not big heads.

Okay I've said my piece now, but it breaks my heart that I hadn't known of a method to get this information out to the public sooner. I am proud to say now since the initial publishing, that this book and my speaking out has helped thousands and has been heard by millions of people around the world! It's been overly satisfying to know that this effort has helped so many discover and know the name and weaknesses of their enemy that has taunted them. I am also super glad that I didn't let the opinion of others stop what I knew was hugely important—down to the soul of me!

I began writing this book only a few months after the initial conversations with Cafth began, and as time has passed I've grown and recalled much more than I could even fit here into this single book. I think all of the details to absolutely everything that's happened to me is not what's most important. Peeling back the top layers of me in hopes of exposing the bigger picture so it can truly be seen for what it is, this is my main concern. I want people to "get it" and see that there's more to this life than what's ever been re-enacted in a docudrama on television. Just to let some gravy

drip unto some people's mashed potatoes (or brains) to see that the world is big enough to fit other realities into it without making them into the latest religious craze or fad.

Sigh. Well, anyway, onto my next conversation with Cafth:

When we finally got back to talking to Cafth, I started right from where we left off about the Shadows and the whole torture thing that he had mentioned before.

"What kind of torturing are we talking about here? Are you speaking about the way they abduct people and perform experiments on them?" I began.

"Yes, that is a form of what I mean. But it goes much further than that." Cafth started off saying quietly. "The Shadows are enslaving humans just as they do the Gray beings."

"How so?" I asked.

"Once you welcome these beings into your life, you are a part of them and work for them. They control you and influence you in your choices throughout your days and life and they are not a positive influence."

Once again I had to think of the imagery that was taught to me in Sunday School class. I was told that there is an angel on your right shoulder and a devil on your left, fighting to tell you what to do. So I made mention of this to Cafth to see if this is relative to what he was saying.

Cafth answered, "Essentially yes, there is a battle going on with that."

"Then if that is true, that proves also that if a person is being influenced by these Shadows that person is not all bad, either. I mean we all have a dark side. So these people can pull themselves out from under this control thing you're talking about then, right?"

"Yes, but they cannot be loyal to both sources. If that is the case, they will still be under the influence of the Shadows to some extent. Any amount of their influence is not a good thing."

"I see. Huh...so these things just like to do this to make sure we make the wrong decisions in our life? I could never really quite understand the whole concept of a devil-like deity going around doing rotten things just for the mere pleasure of saying they had the control."

"Not just control—***power*** is what they are truly after," Cafth said.

"Power. But why?"

“That is just what they do and seek. This is not the first planet they have done this to, but I cannot speak further on that topic. It is truly a sad thing.”

I got a little clearer on some of the general ideas and agenda of these Shadow beings, and I decided it was time to nitpick a bit at some specifics.

So I asked, “Could you elaborate on some details about the Shadows, like where they live on Earth since earlier you implied that this is their home too?”

Cafth paused briefly as if to think about whether or not he was allowed to say, then said, “In the center of your planet.”

Yipes!

That response reminded me about something I read somewhere. I used to read a lot on any topic of the unordinary to let myself know there were stranger things out there than my life. For some reason, knowing that seemed to calm my suspicions on being a victim of a bad reality television show or something like it.

I once read that starting back in the times of Assyro-Babylonian King Gilgamesh, there was a speculation of inhabitants living in the interior of our world. This notion became modernized with the addition of Edmond Halley’s findings, the same Halley that predicted and discovered the showing of the Halley’s Comet. It seems he was quite accurate on that comet coming back around.

Halley found that the magnetic north was not always in the same place and its changes could be predicted. The only way Halley could explain this phenomenon away was to speculate that Earth was a twin, which meant that the Earth had an outer shell with an inner nucleus. He then suggested that they both had their own separate axis and magnetic poles to do what his findings were showing.

For Halley to prove any of his theories back then in the 17th century was quite a feat in itself. The Christian faith was undoubtedly the predominant force when it came to “other-worldly thinking”—that there was nothing in the center of Earth but Hell. I thought that Christian idea of where Hell is was interesting, too.

Here we are in this day and age with all of our technological gizmos to look most anywhere we want on and around our planet, and we still referred to Hell as being below the Earth’s surface? I wonder if scientists will ever dare to try to take a physical peek deep inside the Earth to see what we

really have there and actually let the public know about it. I got a kick out of the way Halley backed himself up in his convictions, though. He explained to people that since God had stocked up the Earth's surface with life, he would most certainly have done the same with the inner world. Nobody said there were nice residents living there. So is it just a coincidence that I am hearing from an alien, that some sinister beings reside below our surface, too?

Makes sense to me now, but I wonder if all of this was fully God related to make these negative things live inside of the Earth—then again that is Biblical where Satan was made to reside. It only took an alien to tell me directly to drive it home in my head on the possibility of Hell, but at least I understood it at some point in my life. I was eager to learn more from Cafth on this inner world commotion, so I asked him to continue on explaining this place:

"The inside of your planet is very much like the shape of the human body, but it is a place of misery." (Note: After the publication of this book, I had a reader send me a book they felt I should read that claimed the same thing Cafth mentions here. That the inside of the Earth is shaped like the human body and that books is called "A Divine Revelation of Hell" by Mary K. Baxter. It floored me to read the very same details that Cafth had told me of in this conversation that took place so long ago.)

"What is so awful about this place?" I asked.

"Darkness lives there and they torture their enslaved there. Their physical and spiritual bodies (humans and other enslaved aliens) are put through terrible things for mere pleasure. They are even eaten alive by the Shadows or their pet creatures, just to inflict pain and show who's in control. A soul can be made to feel the same pain, if not more than the physical, but lasting longer in duration."

Once again, I couldn't help but to think about references to the Bible and the imagery of Hell. I was truly still having a hard time accepting that there was something as horrible as demon-like creatures and now Hell, too?! This was all *way* too much. How could this be that an alien entity speaking through my friend was schooling me on so many excerpts from the Bible? I had tossed so much of that out of my mind for years now, and here it was staring me in the face again, this time with big black eyes.

I would often catch myself testing Samantha just to see if she was still just trying to mess with me with all of this "alien channeling" stuff. I know it sounds stupid, but even with all I have seen and known to be true, it still gets hard to trust your senses. I cannot help but to be my worst critic, and I think I do that every once in awhile just to try to make my life simpler—even if only for a few moments. A few moments is all it lasts, too, because my awareness is too strong to even let me try to fool myself. Sad!

So, of course, I had to make mention to Cafth that this all sounded like Religion 101 to me again, like straight out of the Bible. Then, before he even answered me via Samantha, I got the answer personally in my head, "Who do you think helped inspire the Bible?" It was like a repeating echo from the previous conversation I had with Cafth, just resonating through my head.

You know, I think he knew what was going through my head, too, because he never made the motion as if he were going to answer me. Besides that, he was probably too busy focusing on putting that echoing thought in my head in the first place, which was fine. No, I don't believe an "alien" sat down and wrote the Bible out or that they are responsible for the content of the Bible. But as I've mentioned, God's creatures come in all shapes and sizes and can inspire change to help others in various ways if they are of God. By the looks of all the strange looking creatures that we know about living on this planet, it shouldn't be a surprise to know that God's palette can widen in ways that we have no idea.

I always say, don't limit the limitless, which is God!

Well with that answered and out of the way, I proceeded to go on to find out more about the torturing of the enslaved in this inner world.

Cafth continued to speak again, "Those that are there let the Shadows influence them, not knowing what would be the end result."

"You mean that there are mainly regular people down there suffering at the hands of these Shadows?"

"Yes."

"How many are we talking about here?"

"Billions, 2 out of 3 will go to the Shadows."

"2/3rds....2 out of 3...," I just kept repeating over and over aloud and in my head. How could this be? That was **way** too many!

I blurted out, “Something’s got to stop this, that’s crazy—those are horrible odds! What are they doing with them down there?”

Cafth knew I was upset by these revelations and understood that I was getting way ahead of myself and said, “We know the pain this must cause you to know. But, imagine how we feel when we look down upon your planet and see this with our own eyes. Something is being done, this is why we are here and why you two are there.” He started to indicate some of the varied and even spiritual training that Samantha and I received.

“We’re a part of the solution?” I pondered to myself. “What can we do to help? This sounds like an ancient-old battle going on, so what could we possibly do now that would help turn things around?”

I just couldn’t understand what could Samantha and insignificant me do that would just foil such grand plans of doom!

As I sat there imagining what our role could be, Cafth interrupted again and said, “Others have been sent there as well to do what we have sent you for. 715 from our ship alone have been sent, and 64 for your particular mission.”

“Oh—well, that’s good then! Are they getting things done?” I kind of fumbled along in saying this since I had no idea exactly what was to be done.

“Some are doing well, yet most are having problems dealing with their connection to us. They do not always seek to understand things fully and can drive themselves mad and ignore everything, and some even kill themselves.”

Cafth seemed dismayed and saddened that most do not make it. But he did go on to say, “I am very proud of the way you two are handling yourselves. You are very strong, keep up the good work.”

I felt I hadn’t done much but keep my beliefs straight on where I stood on the alien topic, so I remarked, “Thanks, it sometimes has been tough for me personally to remain confident on the subject at times since it’s not the easiest thing in the world to relate to others or live with. But I have always bounced back somehow.”

Saying that really took me back. I have had some hard and humongous plunges in my understandings in keeping an open mind on the alien and UFO topic. I couldn’t help but to flash back onto the time when I really

came close to giving up on all of this UFO business after so many years of being alone on this odd voyage:

For a short time between college semesters, I was living down in Iowa in a very small town along with my friend Lisa and her family. Lisa's family was highly religious and were constantly picking at me about following the UFO topic and reading too much on the "devil-aliens." One night Lisa's family had really gotten to me with their badgering comments and I stormed out behind their home into a large, vacant parking lot.

I stared up into the evening sky with an anger in my heart so strong, it felt like an anger of betrayal. I felt as if I had been misled in following my instincts on this UFO topic. This drive I possessed that was unlike anything else, which somehow led me to this negative and unacceptable thing in space. I still had quite a bit of religious upbringing in my blood, so the possibilities of following a negative entity was still very conceivable and not something I was wanting in my life.

I asked strongly in my mind and muttered under my breath these words as I gazed up into that night sky, "If you have anything to do with the devil or anything like that, I am through with learning anything more about you! So you had better show yourself now, or this is it!" I think I even had some clinched-fist action going on when I spoke those words. I was really peeved and quite young, even, to talk to an empty sky like that!

I meant every thick word of what I was saying, though. When I think about it now, I have no idea to whom I was directing my demands to. I just knew that I needed some proof *now* that I was on the right path, or I was done with "them" whoever they were.

After muttering my words, I stared impatiently at the darkened night sky.

Only a few moments passed when I saw what looked like a couple of shooting stars, including one that did zigzags. They were so high up, though, that there was no telling exactly what was doing these stunts. So, I said quietly out loud, "That's not good enough!"

Boy—did I have my nerve!

I was really in a desperate and vulnerable state and feeling fully alone in my convictions, so I really needed all of the reassurance I could get. Luckily, no sooner had I said those words aloud did I get my response.

Immediately, I spotted a small, fully lit, saucer-shaped craft that appeared at one end of the parking lot just above tree level. As soon as I caught a glimpse of it, it streaked across the entire length of the lot, lighting the whole thing up for a few moments!

What the heck?! I couldn't help but to burst into tears with utter delight!

"They heard me," I said to myself as I continued to tear a bit and shake in awe.

I felt such a comforting feeling fully engulf me from whomever just brushed over me in that craft. Then suddenly, I do not know how, but somehow I knew that "they" were always near and that I could call on them again when in my most desperate moments when concerning them. What a strange thought and feeling to know that someone seemingly so far away, could have me feel their concern and be there for me.

I kept gazing up at the beautiful night sky for a while, almost in hopes of seeing more of that brilliant light that came from the ship. I knew that they were still there. I also knew that *they* knew, they had done enough to convince me that I was not wrong in following my gut and that I was not alone in any sense of the word. I then promised them in my mind and heart that I would never doubt their reason of *being* again.

These initially unseen beings, had totally blown my mind with their sudden appearance. I felt that nothing could ever knock my convictions again, or so I felt at the time. I was also sure to let Lisa's family know where I stood, as well. Lisa and her family saw the look in my eyes and change in my stance on their heckling me for believing aliens existed. Their silly smiles across their faces and my once slouched posture had all changed. Things got really quiet after I relayed what just happened, as I stood taller with more conviction as they sank and stepped backwards.

The conversation got changed and I turned-in early to ponder the wonders of what I had just bore witness to and the change it created in me. The next morning the family seemed to reconvene and came up with some sorry story about a meteor shower having occurred the previous night, essentially trying to take my moment of conviction away from me. Nice try, but there was no weight to it.

I searched out all of the weather and news broadcasts I could and never heard a mentioning of meteor showers happening that night. I'd also never

heard of a meteor fly so low and parallel to the ground, show up on cue—oh, *and* be in the shape of a saucer! People are so quick to put down anything you come to grips with if they cannot relate. Well, that was just too bad! I got the answers I needed to regain my strength. You would think that strength would last a lifetime, but still I have teetered a bit here and there. What can I say? I am human, so far ☺.

I then turned my attention back to what Cafth was saying about the 715 beings sent from his ship.

"What happens when these other 715 beings that you have sent down here come back to the ship and they weren't successful in doing their mission? Do you guys—uh, put them down for it or anything?" You know I was really asking for myself, just in case I did not live up to my end of the bargain, whatever that might be.

"No, they are not punished, they are taught more lessons. But sometimes they do not return," Cafth said.

I remembered Cafth had said this about one of my sisters, whom I knew to also have some alien connections. He told me that she had strayed too far and may not be able to return home because of it. I remembered he mentioned how truly sad he was about it, but it was up to her to change that fate and said she would be missed dearly if she didn't.

"So there are others here at work to do the same thing we are here to do and that is to...in your distinct words...?" I was really reaching here.

"Tell people about the reasons of our presence."

The *reasons*? Heck, I could write a book just listing my speculations of the reasons from what he has told me already!

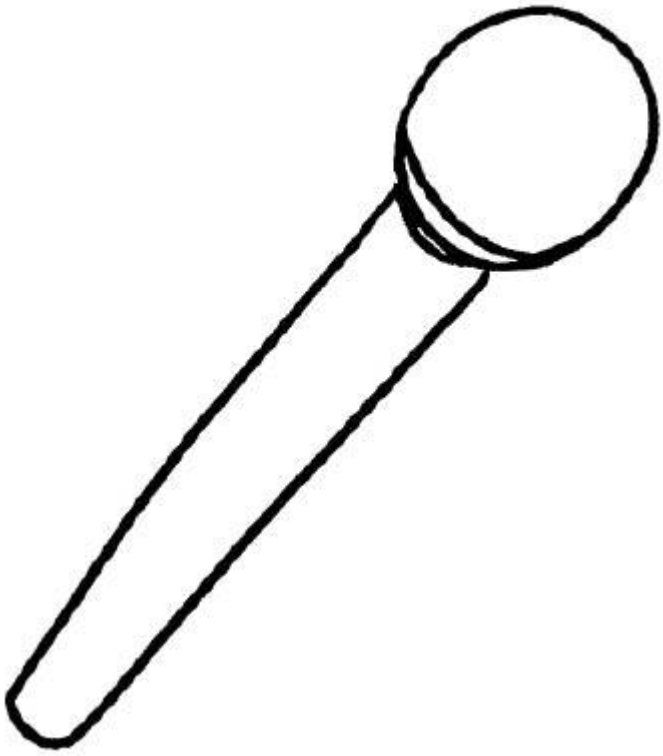
He went on, "People must understand who we are and why we are here. Be sure to tell them, that is important."

"Okay, sure."

This was the first time he had outright dictated something to me as if it were absolutely dire to know. He did not need to worry, he had my full attention for whatever he had to say. I suppose it was then that I began to understand the legwork that Cafth was meaning for us to do. Certain things had to be let out and be made known to the public. It seemed there was only one sure way to do this, I had to write a book, I suppose.

Chapter #7

Scattered Thoughts:
Speaking Out and Finding the Courage



Writing a book, that would make sense for me to write one. I especially got the idea to do one after Cafth said something like, "Your book will turn out nicely." This was the subtle hint he gave to me right after I asked how Samantha and I were to let people know about their agenda for being here when we were asked not to speak of what Cafth was telling us.

Even after Cafth said this about writing a book, I really just wanted to start up a new UFO and paranormal discussion group. I always knew I had a book in me, but I still didn't feel much like a writer. However, I was a

sociable person and thought that having a group was the best way to share and relate some experiences with others. I had always felt comfortable attending various groups in the past, so I figured others would be, too. Unfortunately, my timing never seemed to be right to put a group together for what seemed to be a long time.

My life was full already, so I didn't think it would be fair to start something that I could not dedicate the proper attention to. It wasn't until a little over a year after meeting Cafth, in July of 1998 that I started a group called UFO2U. Samantha suggested I use that name since it was my screen name on the web and I was stumped on what name to give the group. It seemed that every paranormal group out there had an acronym that spelled out something cool. It was kind of fun to have a name that left people scratching their heads to figure it out!

At the time that I started this group I still didn't feel that I could be totally open about the new bits I had learned on the alien subject. The whole, "this is for your ears only" routine from Cafth had sort of put a cramp in my sharing anything. I just wanted to be able to be done with this book so I would be free to speak on its contents already. I was just so driven to start this group, though, so I put it together before publishing the book anyhow. I found that it didn't matter about just me and where I stood. It was all about creating the opportunity for people to meet and share, and that is exactly what UFO2U has turned out to be. The group still continues to go strong and it serves its purpose to many people who attend the meetings, or browse the website: WWW.UFO2U.COM

UFO2U—Relating To Everyday People

I started this group also because the groups I had been involved with in the past seemed to be somewhat limiting in one sense or another. There was always some kind of path each group went down. There were the groups where you either had to be an experiencer of UFO phenomenon or possess a good attention span so you would be able to sit through a few hours of informative lecturing on the UFO subject.

Both types of groups were good, though, and served their purpose for me at the times when I needed them. But I was certain it would be more thought provoking to have a group where anyone who was an experiencer

or simply had a curiosity about the subject could just stop in to discuss, or lend an ear to the conversation at hand. I wanted people to just get involved and be made aware of what is out there and have the opportunity to question some of the people who claim to have "been there and seen that."

To me, that was the whole purpose of having a group based on UFOs and the paranormal. I felt I needed to get to the everyday people and not limit it. I had always felt there was nothing good becoming of information that was just hoarded. Besides that, surrounding ourselves with only other experiencers just isolates those like us more and more. Then that single-minded perspective gains us space in the "cult category," although undeserving of that title. One little Heaven's Gate UFO suicide act and we all get branded, that's like branding all politicians and priests as being corrupt for the acts of others with their same titles. Too many of us UFO interested folks do that isolation thing, as well, though. Before we know it, we look around and we've alienated ourselves from longtime friends and family since they refused to or couldn't relate to us.

It's a shame.

Yeah, it's going to be a rough start to break through to those around us. But if we want to keep the people we love in our lives, I think we need to be understanding that the paranormal phenomenon is a hard thing to ingest. Not that we should hide it either, though. There's got to be a meeting ground, where if our friends can talk about their crappy day at work, that we can talk about some crappy aliens! They might not ask to hear about it, but what's so inviting about hearing about crap at work that we didn't have to deal with either?

It goes both ways.

Personally, I never planned on being shy in telling about my experiences to people around me. As soon as I began recalling encounters with odd things, I immediately felt it important that others see and hear it come from my mouth. Just as long as I didn't have to tell too many people at once, that is.

I also have a Facebook group and website online where I ask people to make a pledge, a Paranormal Pledge (www.PararnomalPledge.com)! This is where we all pledge and promise to start opening up about any extraordinary event in our lives and start sharing it with people close to us

(at least one person) and others. The group online is now serving as a cozy place where people can share their thoughts and experiences and get advice from other experiencers, or at least have a place to vent. It's not about judging whether something that's being shared fits into a mold of belief or not, but essentially taking the pledge seriously enough to come out of our paranormal closets! There are so many fine nuggets of information out there in each of us, and the only way we can learn about all of the pieces to the puzzle is through sharing each piece.

Stepping Up To The Microphone

Way before Cafth came along, my friend Bonnie and I were asked to be a part of a panel presentation to discuss our alien and UFO experiences at a huge science fiction and gaming convention called Gen Con held in Milwaukee. I love these kinds of conventions, because I'm an avid science fiction lover. It's also kind of fun to see adults being big kids there having the time of their lives—I love their free spirits!

This was my first time I was to speak out to the public on the topic of anything alien, and this sci-fi convention was no little event, either. Before I really knew what I had gotten myself into, I agreed to be a part of the panel. Of course, I felt honored to have been one of the few from the UFO group I belonged to at the time, to speak there. The crappy thing is I really had quite a deep-set fear of speaking in public. And I mean it was a nasty fear! During the month prior to the convention, I went to extreme measures to try to overcome this fear of mine.

The measures I took and the results I got to overcome this fear is a book in itself. To be brief and to the point, the methods did not work in the least! But somehow I managed to get through the talk. In fact, I really got the ball rolling, which surprised myself and others on the panel who knew of my fear. One of the members of the panel happened to be a researcher and author on the topic of UFOs. After the panel, the researcher was impressed with the comments I made during the discussion. Later on he came to ask me if I would join him on another panel he was going to be on that same day. I was of course shocked, but agreed to join him.

It was kind of funny how I managed on that panel since it was made up of scientists and researchers all discussing the scientific details of alien

technology. Then there I was. I sat there listening to all of the nuts and bolts of how they suspected alien crafts worked and all. Then I would kind of straighten up in my seat and blink a few times and just try to break things down to the audience in plain English. To say the least—it was a blast!

It really felt good to present to people a face they could place some of the UFO stories and speculations. I think most of the people who sat through those panels really appreciated my on-the-level approach, rather than the stuffy-science garble. In fact, the audience members swamped me after the talk, while the researchers were darn near left alone.

Go figure...

"People really wanted to get more of this information." I thought to myself. "Someway, somehow, I need to find a way to reach out more."

Well, later I did get my wish and got to do a few more panels here and there. It just felt like the right thing to do even before the info from Cafth echoed my way. Now with Cafth's connection, the urge grew even more so to expand my horizons. At times I've felt as if I was just going to burst from the seams to tell people about some of the extraordinary events that I have witnessed with Samantha.

Yet, with the understandable restrictions that Cafth laid out for us not to talk about most of what he told us, I really had to be discreet in what I said to anyone. Only when my book was written and in hard print, would I be able to speak freely about the crucial tidbits. These bits mainly included the information on the Shadow People and other being's agendas. But when I did speak at events or to the media, I still eluded and hinted about there being a bigger alien threat out there that no one had spoken of yet.

It really wasn't easy to keep my lips buttoned; especially with something I felt was so dire. Cafth mentioned that if certain people caught word of the information we had, that some might want it to end with us or influence it to go in a direction it wasn't meant for. So, by having a book written and out, it would be a tad bit too late for anyone to stop us from letting out this information or putting distractions in the way. This was some heavy stuff he was laying out to us, and I really thought it was important for people to know what was going on as soon as possible. As I'd mentioned before, with the many failed attempts to get this book published over the span of four years after only taking two months to write this book —it was oozing from my soul to speak fully finally.

What To Say

So here I am writing down all that I know and aching for others to know, too. Sometimes I don't know what I am going to focus on next, but I just let things flow to lead me to wherever it should. If there were a point to be made at this moment if I were speaking out to an audience, I would probably faint and scramble away. I still don't have an affinity for public speaking. Seriously though, I would probably say that the first step had already been taken in the right direction for whoever came to hear about such things as the alien agenda. Even for a person to have an open mind to these topics shows there's a willingness to learn more about the world and cares to know what others experience in it.

I truly understand that it's difficult to let some of the wild theories and research out there enter your mind as a possible truth to things on the whole alien phenomenon. But to even consider what's being presented here in this book, if people only knew the magnitude of what that means. I don't have the full lump of answers here, but if any of what's mentioned here is true, I'd rather people know than not know. Then just maybe, a dribble of concern might get aroused towards what Cafth is saying.

If there were anything that I have learned through my lifelong interactions with people, it is that they just are not concerned enough about all of the right things. We can't put a yellow sticky note on topics that will stand out for people to pay attention to when it floats by. Yelling out what's important seems to get a negative reaction, too.

You can't make people care about anything if they don't want to. I personally am not aiming to yell what I know (although I feel like it at times) about negative aliens and their agendas. I just want to put it out there, so if someone gets an inkling to look this way, they'll find what they need.

"Hey, what's that yellow fog coming this way?"

I don't think the topics that I share on are to be taken lightly, or gone overlooked for too long, either. If that does indeed end up being the result, I don't think I want to even fathom the outcome. There are a lot of good

examples of matters that get sidelined, only for us all to try and catch up later when the final destination is realized.

One example of a real world issue that drew a lack of interest for far too long, is the shape our planet's environment is in. We walk on the surface of this circular giant, clawing at it inch-by-inch and destroying it while on our path. Without the Earth, we are nowhere. Yet, we still tore at it with little regard for it to recover. How could we dare ignore all that has been going on with this planet for so long?

When I sit and listen to Cafth, I feel such somberness in his voice that tears at my heart when he speaks about the shape the Earth is in. He simply does not understand our neglect. Then when I stop to think about it I don't understand it, either. To make it all even more shameful, humans have been so bad in keeping up with their housecleaning that their neighbors are even starting to complain about the mess!

There are many people out there who believe that the Earth has sent out a distress signal that some aliens are responding to. It's believed that the aliens will fix up the problems we've created here, and then be on their way. But, from what Cafth has told me, this assumption is only partially true—but not as some may think.

At one time, beings like Cafth (I should say the good guys) did try to steer efforts in us to clean the planet up. However, now the destruction has gone beyond the Earth's capacity where it is too late for that. The bad guys (i.e., Shadows, Grays) have been influencing some people to clean up the Earth as much as possible. This didn't make much sense to me at first, being that this was a positive act and can outwardly still seem as such.

Cafth indicated that these negative beings are influencing these cleanup efforts to help themselves. If the planet goes to waste then all life will die here and the Earth will become uninhabitable. There would then be no point for part of the negative ones efforts to dominate humans, and it would surely be less attractive for any foreign life to make this a home, either.

What's Cafth Here For?

Then what would be the main focus of the good guys presence here if it's not to help the Earth? What would inspire me personally to feel that I need to speak out so much to the public in such a dire-felt manner when I

still can hardly take the pressure of speaking publicly? It is because now, with all that has been said and done by beings like Cafth, there is only one thing worth their continuing presence here—to save our very souls!

I have heard from several people that some churches are preaching that UFOs are flown by demonic beings. That the UFO occupants are working with the antichrist to confuse the followers of Christian (and other) beliefs by creating a new following, so that they will be worshiped by those who do not have a faith.

Sadly, there really is a problem in our skies.

There are a lot of crafts being flown out there by beings that are under the wrong influences. Would I call them demons, though? Not outright, but I am sure they are the very ones that acquired the name in the first place. I just wish that I had a better word for them, though, but calling them Shadows does imply their true nature and their characteristics.

Finding The Words

There are so many ways to have this message be spoken of, but it's so very difficult to translate and modernize similar old teachings to make sense in today's world. I sometimes imagine how I might first present the material I've written here along with my recollections. I sometimes think: "Maybe some parts aren't important, or maybe that part might weird people out too much. Nah, I'll just skip that bit."

I wonder how I might make clear examples, how people might see me and of course, the many arguments I will have come my way in the face of these seemingly odd truths. I speculate how I'll respond when met with the guaranteed static from people when I talk about these things, and it hurts for me to even think of this at times. But, I wholeheartedly remember the light of The Source and I recall my dedication and my purposes too clearly. So planting my feet firmly, I now know that no amount of hate-filled saliva flying from a naysayers mouth will fly as high as my passion to keep me from doing what I feel so drawn to do (I apologize if that that was too graphic of an imagery ☺).

Seeing "Them" For What They Are

On this peculiar quest of mine, I've got some pointers in my mind already that I see today that need to be addressed. One that just eats at me is the ever-present depictions of Gray beings on everything from movies to t-shirts! It's as if all they are is cute or entertaining. For many, it's like glorifying their rapist, abductor or killer, as if all was accepted that was done to them. How'd you like that done to you after you've been victimized?

Not mention, what has happened to the Grays can easily happen and is happening to the human race. The more people get into their material worlds and pretend all alien talk is fictional; the more the wool gets pulled over all of our eyes. People are getting tangled in the fabric, and they remain blinded and in limbo without even realizing it.

The Shadows are the puppeteers to the Grays, and I do mean ALL of the Grays that are performing odd experiments and examinations on people. No room for wiggling out for those that may consider their Gray friend as being one of the few good ones that Cafth has mentioned before. If they are taking any part in an experimentation being done now or in the past, that's no friend that I'd consider "positive."

Most stories that are around about aliens involves the Gray beings, and now I've learned that they have ties with the Shadows. Then if these beings are under Shadow control, how are they able to access people of this Earth? It's assumed by most that human people are made in God's image, and evil beings are influenced by or come from another source. So then how could it be that such a thing of darkness can touch the likes of beings from God?

The only answer that I can reason out, is that we are falling to the Shadows, as well as, the Grays did. No one is perfect, we all have our weak moments, but these beings are able to get at *so* many people a lot of the time. That just is not a mishap or coincidence; it is a part of who you are if the contact continues to be intrusive. I know a few people who would question me about why I would say that they welcome such a thing of horror into their lives, especially since it is usually something that gets passed down to their children.

The Ties That Bind

Don't worry, it's not as clear-cut as it may seem—but then it is in a way, too!

I'll explain with more clarity: There are choices being made to allow these kinds of contacts to happen. How that could be, only you know your true essence and if you can be persuaded to some extent to think or do something a little off-center that is not very positive. Sure, we all do some things that are not always approved of, but we do know ourselves and whether or not we catch things quickly or are easily fooled.

I myself have even been held in the presence of Grays and others, so I am not totally void of their contact either. I know I've visited this notion before, but these beings cannot actually control or physically experiment on me. I'm lucky that I wake up, have Guardians helping out, and my prayers rattling off in my head to work on my side. I wish I were strong enough to always have the negative beings far away from me, but the one thing these negative guys have going for them is sheer persistence! They just never give up; they seem to always be looking for a crack of weakness to crawl in towards a person.

So to be totally void of having dealt with these beings at some point is hard to come by, and I mean even those people who have no apparent recollections. But if these beings are actually getting from you what they want, and it's reoccurring, that's when they have a hold on you and it needs to be dealt with.

The Children

As for children getting this "gift" of experimental abductions, I have already explained part of the reasons behind these occurrences. There is a thing called innocence that is being intruded upon at times by the Shadows. But I also have to state that children are evolving and making decisions for themselves much earlier than in previous generations. This may add to their commitment to the Shadows early on.

As adults and parents we like to try and compare today's kids to ourselves when we were children, but we really cannot. They just aren't the same, physically or emotionally. Why would evolution cease now when there's evidence of it occurring in the past with different ethnicities and how their bodies adjusted to the regions in which they lived? A recent study has

even found that our youngsters are going through puberty as young as eight years of age! We think kids are acting like they are grown—when actually their bodies are telling them they indeed are!

Kids today know more, see more, and act on more things than most have done in the past. One can tell this is true by just looking into a child's eyes or turning on the television to see what today's children are up to. There seems to be two sides of the spectrum to what's going on with children lately with their faster maturity rates and growth spurts.

Some kids are using their keener senses to become more primal and instinctive in creating victims to their impulses in doing vindictive things. Every day it seems we are seeing more and more crimes and cruelty occurring among our most precious resource, more than ever before. Often we look in the cute, round faces of our children today and watch them open their mouths and spew forth such garbage to where we can hardly believe our ears!

Then there are the kids who are using these newly evolved talents to become some of the most intelligent, creative, and caring human beings we have ever seen! There are tons of kids out there who are pretty hip to what is going on around us and are taking action to correct what we have neglected for far too long. So not all kids can be grouped or categorized, just as no soul should be.

I Don't See Any Aliens—Do You?

As one can see, speaking out on the alien and UFO topic cannot be solely spoken of without involving so many different factors. There are too many ways in which alien intervention has had the opportunity to be involved. It's not such a foreign idea if people know how to address these modern day happenings of alien abductions and compared them to the tales of centuries past of demonic harassment, possession, incubus/succubus, angelic encounters, visions, positive and negative influences. Traces of the more negative influences can be seen everywhere if you think on why so much has been allowed to go so wrong for so long.

The Earth is just filled with toxins that we put there, but the toxins are there because we didn't have a heart in the first place. Where were our hearts? Was this the beginning of the negative influences in our lives on

this planet? If so, then this must mean that it has continued in some form from the beginning of our very existence with the tempting of the serpent in the Garden of Eden.

Getting back to children again with their bodies evolving prematurely, perhaps darkness is setting off a chain of confusion in their new lives. Maybe some choices may have been made quickly and poorly, and the Shadows easily gained some new ground. There's also the possibility that these children recall ties before they were born, as well, but those ties were not with the positive side of things.

Whatever it is, it's easy to see currently that we are losing the battle going on, and Cafth and others like him know it. I don't think you have to be an alien to see that revelation smack you in the face. We are right in the heart of it all, just shaking our heads wondering what the world is coming to.

A Few Good Men

I always hear the thoughts that a few people can change the world, and that's a great thought to have. There are some movers and shakers out there making a difference, and we primarily do have a great new generation of kids coming up. Many people don't always care to recognize their young voices, but there are hidden angels and helpers among them who will shine brightly when needed. Most importantly, if people want to see the age of a new dawn and overcome what we are facing today, all people need to make the effort and not stand idly by.

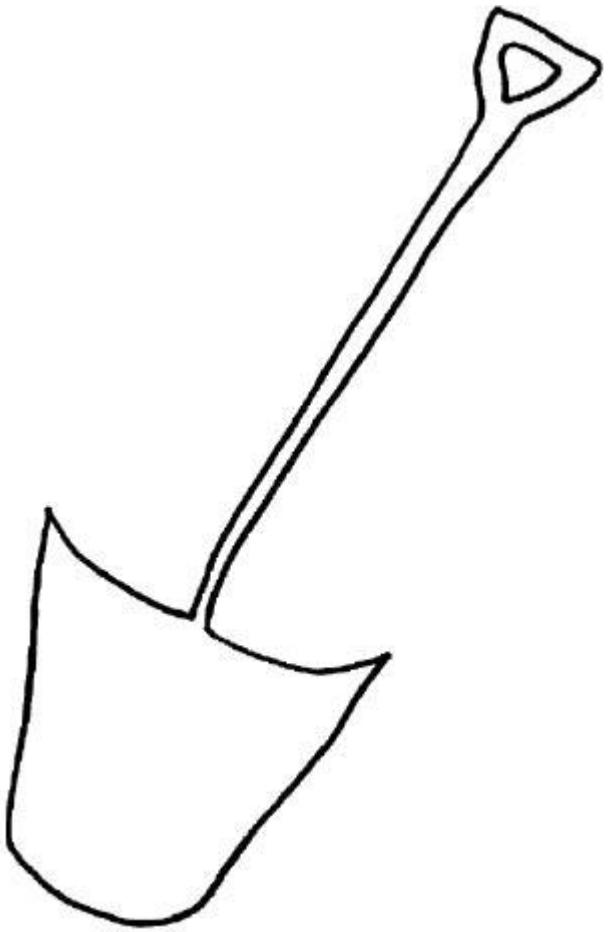
I have worked in servicing customers for years, and I have dealt with good and bad customers. On some days, no matter how nice and sweet the few customers I would have, it never made up for the several rude ones I sometimes had compressed in a day. But I tried to convince myself, anyway, that my days were really great because of those few who pulled me through. I really needed to focus on the good things so I wouldn't have to think too long on the bad. Thinking that way really helped me to see a brighter day, but ultimately, I was not seeing nor dealing with the real problem at hand: Those bad customers really bothered me, and it bugged me that they had a negative disposition and that I let it get to me instead of clearing the air somehow.

That's a similar attitude that I see all too often, people let things that bother them continue. I mean, of course, one can't go at every person who rubs them the wrong way, but a change needs to be made if something is truly an important issue and it eats at your soul. We all think, "Let those good-natured people deal with the hungry people of the world. Yeah, they'll take care of it—that will ease my conscience." I've been there, too. I almost have to think that way to be able to fall to sleep at night.

Now when I speak on a scale of billions at risk of losing their very souls, I think a bit more concern should be given to this problem. I hate to sound like a preacher, and it is always my goal not to. But the fact remains that a place that resembles the likes of Hell is not only a possibility—it is a threat! It is because of this threat that I can't help but to attempt to awaken others to this reality as much as possible. I do this not to strike fear into anyone's heart, but to help inspire the courage for people to take this problem head-on.

Chapter #8

Mission Impossible?:
Getting Down To It



When I first got the notion from Cafth that I was to write about my experiences, I admit that I procrastinated only a tiny bit. I was just a busy student, with a lot on my mind and really didn't even have a clue on where to begin. Besides, I really just needed the time to think long and hard on the implications of this whole "alien talking to me" thing. During my stalling period, maybe two and a half weeks after the intent to write a book was in-place I had an odd, yet powerful awakening.

I was working at my part-time job at a local grocery store in the bakery department doing my usual tasks. It was a peaceful enough job, worked around my schedule, paid the bills, and gave me the health insurance I needed with just 12 hours a week! Absolutely perfect for my class schedule and various other ambitions I liked to pursue.

On this particular day at work, nothing truly stood out to be on my mind. As usual I'd gotten to work a little late, which remains to be a bad habit of mine, and thrown on my apron to help out some customers. I remember at about an hour into my shift, I grabbed at a bag of rolls to throw a twist-tie on it when I had a strange and strong feeling come over me. I had the unmistaken feeling that someone was watching me, not just one set of eyes either, but many—more like billions!

I remember looking around with a squinty-eyed look on my face, trying to figure out what the heck was going on. A few moments passed when almost immediately, I heard the screams echo ethereally and felt the immense sorrow behind those watchful eyes. It was as if the very foundation I was standing on was a big, pane glass window.

"They can see me!" I exclaimed to myself in the front of my mind as if an immediate recognition flew in my face.

I felt totally uncomfortable and grief stricken! Pain and concern darted my way as my own thoughts multiplied and reflected the same emotions I felt come from outside of me. These odd vibes and tensions were so overwhelming, and yet I was understanding of what was going on at the same time. The rest of my work shift continued this way as my mind flooded with anxiousness to get home to share with Samantha what had happened.

"It was like the souls of the people who have been dragged down with these Shadow beings are wondering what's taking me so long to get started on my book! I never felt so pressured and saddened before in my life! I know it was them, it had to be, and they really needed us!" I rattled on to Samantha, filling her ears with the tremendous revelation I had that day. I know it was hard for her to fully understand what I was trying to relate while I blurted out chunks of insight with little details.

It was apparent that Samantha and I both needed to talk to Cafth about this matter, as soon as possible. Samantha can contact Cafth on her own, but she can do so more quickly and easily if I help by leading her into

relaxation. So we quickly moved our junk off of the living room futon so she could lie down and get comfortable enough. I then began to instruct her on relaxing her body, inch-by-inch. She has always meditated by envisioning herself on a beach with the Sun shining brightly. So I take it a step further by having her imagine the light engulfing her and as it does, it allows her to relax from head-to-toe.

Cafth popped- in, "Yes, you called?" He then spread a smirk across Samantha's face.

"Yes, we did. Practicing your jokes on us again I see."

"Yes. Human humor–you have taught me well."

"Cafth, I really need to talk to you about something that happened to me today. While at work I felt as if there were billions of eyes watching me and..."

"You know that they can see you..." He replied candidly.

"Oh my God! It was those people, their souls or whatever, watching me and wondering about my intentions on doing this book!"

"Yes. They are able to see what is going on and it saddens them. They try to warn others not to follow their same path, but most do not listen."

"How are they able to influence people?" I asked.

"You felt their presence today, did you not?"

"Okay. I see your point. But why exactly do they have such an interest in this book I'm supposed to be doing? I mean, I see what you are saying that they are trying to warn others not to follow in their footsteps. But hey, there is no guarantee that I will ever get a book done, and if I do who knows if it will ever get published!"

"So many meanings in your questions, one at a time (sighs). Always getting ahead of yourselves."

Cafth then took a deep breath and began saying, "This book will be as a warning for those who comply with those negative beings. People will be made aware of what is going on and what may happen to them. It pains those who are suffering at the hands of these beings to see that their loved ones, or even mere strangers being at risk of joining them in their misery."

"This book is important for all who are concerned for their souls and well-being." Cafth concluded.

"In actuality, though, how could such a book help those people who are already there? Those people got there because they lacked a little heart and

soul in the first place. So why such a loving concern now for people here who don't really directly concern them?" I thought this was a smart and logical question to ask.

"They now realize how they were misguided and yet are still trapped. Writing this book is one of the first steps to ensuring their freedom."

I thought, "My writings can have an impact that large on an age-old situation?" Self-doubt always creeps into the picture, because who in their right mind really thinks they can make much of a difference in this world as a whole? But at the moment I knew that I needed to redirect those feelings into actions and more helpful questions instead of having an argument in my head. So I pressed on with Cafth and tried to keep out other odd thoughts.

"How can all of this being written down help them get out of their situation, Cafth?"

"Humans are not alone in their struggles with these Shadow beings; we are at war with them to stop their mission. It is making people aware of what is going on that will let them know not to run from our help."

I interrupted him to clarify his meaning, "What? That we should know who our enemy is and who our knight in shining armor is?"

I suppose if we do not know the face of either, how would we know what direction to go toward when it comes down to it? Almost sounds like a choice between good and evil. But we make choices every day that can have a negative or positive result on things.

Cafth went on to explain that once they are successful in forcing out these bad guys, Cafth and his companions that work for The Source will release those souls who are trapped. Then, even these trapped souls will have their day to learn and perhaps live again in another form. That is, if they look to God for guidance upon their release. Not exactly Biblical from what I recall, but I do remember something about the end times and even the dead rising for some sort of judgment. I don't pretend to know about the whole Bible or the whole scene of things to come, but this all sure seems to ring with similarities in what was written and what I've now learned.

Cafth said that there is a dark crystal that needs to be destroyed in order for this release to happen, but it has already been captured. I don't fully understand what is meant by all of that, and he pretty much said that we are not expected to—so I left it alone.

Cafth continued to reassure me, “We already know the impact that your book will have, so do not concern yourself over minor things. I wish I could tell you, but I would get into trouble. If you only knew where all of this will lead you.” He then made Samantha squirm with delight.

Okay, so I was not to worry, everything would fall into place. That sounded simple enough. But oh-I was still dying to know! It was nice to hear that they had so much confidence in me, although I still had a hard time understanding why they were so sure of all of this.

Yes-I knew more about this mysterious role in my life now, but I was still a person with lots of human doubts and emotions. I have always had this dire fear of becoming successful since I was a child. I somehow felt that if this were to happen, too many people would follow my lead, or something crazy like that. I know what it sounds like; having such high expectations of this sort, but this was something different. It was a feeling that I was almost born to be careful not to allow people to look up to me. At times, having this predisposition was really a distraction for me because it made me painfully shy as a child and still continues to persist in certain situations.

So, at a young age I decided that I would avoid having any kind of standout role. While in elementary school through high school, I did not hang out with the “in crowd.” I felt most comfortable with those who did not go out of their way to be noticed, but used their minds instead.

I was in the accelerated classes where students were more in-tune with their capabilities and those were my friends. The only *outstandish* thing I engaged in was forensics and a couple of plays, but it didn’t take me long to lose the nerve for that, too. I had mainly done those performances to express my humorous side and that was about it.

Cafth knows all of this about me and I wanted to purposely address this feature of mine, so I asked, “Why would people believe me, anyway? I don’t have any direct proof, and I don’t want people to look up to me as the “all knowing wizard!”

“You have done this before,” Cafth said patiently.

I was stunned from his response. “I have? Where?”

“In Yugoslavia. You influenced many people there. You were very successful in your mission.”

“Yugoslavia?” I thought aloud. “Who was I and what did I do there?”

“That is not important. All you need to know is that people will recognize you for who you are. That it is our message that you are relaying and not a mere individual’s opinion.”

Just then Samantha herself broke into the conversation, which she does time-to-time. She does this whenever she wishes, or is shown something interesting and wants to interpret it better.

“Oh my God, Heidi! There’s so many!” Samantha exclaimed.

“So many what?” I was confused and startled by her sudden outburst.

“He’s showing me you, standing and giving a presentation to a lot of people, and behind you are rows and rows of spiritual beings! Oh my God, I can’t believe how many there are,” she ended.

I didn’t know what to say to that. Cafth popped back in after her last statement, and he came forward and defined what he had shown Samantha.

“She has an army behind her,” he asserted.

“An army?” I said, and then was silent. “They tend to throw hints my way sometimes-don’t they?”

Something clicked inside of me that seemed familiar and awakening at the same time when Cafth mentioned that. I suddenly remembered several instances when I was talking on the subject of UFOs or aliens to someone and I would sometimes feel lightheaded and find it difficult to speak. So much information would be filling my head on the topic that it was like a thick soup in my brain. Words, instances, facts, and emotions all in one felt like they were being brewed in my skull.

I used to think that I must have hit something sensitive on the subject that awoke spiritual or alien ears who would try to inhibit me to prevent the discussion. Then while I was inhibited, my thoughts would just build up into that soup or something. Then I thought it must be something similar to how it is when people gather to talk about ghost stories. That’s when you can get super sensitive and jumpy where all of your senses are heightened to what’s going on around you. So I thought maybe that was related, too. I didn’t know, I was just trying to explain it all away somehow!

But now I had a better clue at least as what it was, this *army* of beings were just trying to help out (perhaps the same as guardian angels). I explained to Cafth that I now had realized that they may have stepped into several of my conversations and what would happen when they did. They

would just flood my mind with so much info that it became difficult to direct my words smoothly at a good pace and focus.

Cafth immediately responded that he would tell them to be more subtle in their approach next time so I can speak easier. But he also mentioned that it was up to me to speak with them and work with them. This was all kind of a weird notion relayed to me, which I did accept in some ways as an explanation for my mind tripping up at times. But again, I do tend to think if I'm meant to recall or know something, it will be revealed in its own time.

However, I admit it was comforting to have an inkling that I was not alone on this journey, outside or internally. Nor were any of the people who reside on Earth alone in this secret battle that they were not fully aware of. I understand that people have held tight to the belief that the devil was just waiting for them to fall, and I have learned to respect that belief more so than ever thanks to some of the teachings I have received lately.

No, I admit that I haven't always believed in the exact ways that these "devil beliefs" have been taught in church, just because I have seen otherwise. But one thing that I have been taught in my theology courses and in being a logical human being is to always respect peoples' beliefs! I had a hard time swallowing that one at times though, because I know what I know. I cannot retract and pretend that I don't have a clue about direct spiritual matters from my own experiences and memories. What made this all easier was to know that even though some religions had very different practices, they still had similar goals.

It seemed to be that the general religious goal was to shed light on the dark things around them and find their true-essential selves so that they may some day return back to God, or their source. That is my same goal, so I am not so different after all. I don't claim my beliefs about the aliens existence to be a religion or anything. In fact, it just so happens that my beliefs more closely resemble the beliefs of the Christian faith where the Bible is held in high regard, so I identify as being Christian and Jesus is truly a personal hero of mine. I mean that in the most literal sense there is, as in, I wrote my book "Jesus Is No Joke" to tell all I could about Him and His intervention in my life.

If most people's spiritual seeking is aiming for the same goal to get back home, then it's just baffling why we are not working together on this more as a world community. With the varying players of the light and dark,

angels and demons, jinn and dybbuk, aliens and Shadow People—there seems to be a confused line about what to believe in. It makes me feel like I *have to* choose sides and be a believer in the Church or a believer in the round (or triangular) ships. But I refuse to acknowledge one topic as being truth while the other is not even regarded. At times, I just want to stand on a milk crate and scream that both of these topics have more in common than most people realize. There's no need to make a religion out of admitting UFOs and aliens exist, or even combining Christian beliefs in it to make it work out in ones' head. If only more people felt secure in their beliefs they would not feel so threatened and be able to be integrate otherworldly thoughts without a problem in their faith.

I think it's almost a necessity that people learn to respect each other's ideas and backgrounds so that we may gain strength in our numbers as a community. One thing these Shadows and other negative beings would hate to see in us is unity; they don't even practice it amongst themselves! Ever hear of a band of criminals working in harmony? Then imagine how these beings work together.

These beings are placing their bets on us to not figure them out, but I have the download on them that I am willing to share if people keep their ports open to a different view on the situation. The Shadows are not to be taken lightly, nor doubted for their power. They are a power with many faces, some faces that you may have heard about and others that you may not. Nevertheless, it is a forever-changing face that everyone should be made aware of—if you choose to survive their advances.

Chapter #9

The Faces:
The Reptilian Beings

The game players who are involved in all of this negative alien jargon are important to know. However, there are actually quite a few involved, so it is nearly impossible to even cover how far this all goes. Yet, I don't want to inspire a witch-hunt for those whom you may suspect of being in conjunction with these negative beings I am going to mention here. It's kind of funny how people can react when it comes to fear of the unknown where they may even make up rules and rituals to help cleanse, or remedy a situation.

Take note: None of your direct actions would make much of a difference, anyways. Especially, since it is an inner battle that a suspected participant must come to terms with on their own in relation to their involvement.

This whole thing has all been going on way before any of us were born, so this is an ancient, rotten dilemma that we cannot fully deal with on our own. I've said it before and I will say it again, my goal is just to make people aware, not to pass judgment. There are so many varying degrees of people's involvement and the direction they are heading in that there is no way any judgment would be just or fair.

I mentioned earlier how these Shadow beings can take on many faces, come in different shapes and forms, and have other beings work for them. One such being that works with the Shadows in addition to the Grays are the reptilian-looking aliens. Cafth has informed Samantha and I, that their first given name by some ancient culture here on Earth was "Dadish" (DAH-deesch).

These Reptilian beings stand anywhere between 6 to 8 feet tall. They are varying degrees of green and have a scaly appearance with yellow, snake-like eyes. Their encounters are frequently reported as being quite violent and sometimes sexually focused. Oddly enough, some that have reported having sexual relations with these beings say that they even enjoy these conjugal visits—which makes me want to vomit a little.

Then there are those victims who say they fear these nightly visits so much that one of their main goals is to get rid of that fear. Some people involved with these beings have found that once these Reptilians see their victim has lost their fear, they make their exit. So it's apparent and obvious to victims of these beings that they feed on the energies of our fears.

Not only can that be concluded, but they also play upon sensitive issues and our weaknesses. Sex is one of them, our sense of control is another. What these beings are doing is the equivalent of a rapist. It's popularly known that a rapist's actions are all about control and power over another individual.

I found it odd at first that these Reptilians would have to find pleasure and power in such a human way. But later Cafth would explain to me, "They are interested in taking away what humans value. They take it any way they can—power is their goal."

“Just power? They do this and all of this dirty work for and with the Shadows, just for the heck of it?” I asserted.

“What drives humans?” Cafth slipped out cunningly.

Well, he had me there. That statement alone prompted me to explore the subject much further. I later concluded—Cafth was right!

We are a power-driven society that is always looking to get ahead. We may claim to be on the same side of something, or have similar enough ideas to label us to be one way or another. But in retrospect, we are essentially out for ourselves. Unity? Perhaps in name and gesture, but we are individuals who cannot all be defined under one definition.

Cafth said that there is no unity among the Shadows and their workers, which makes it hard for me to understand if there is a single “devil head,” or leader-as we may define one. But if there is something close to it somewhere, you can bet that leaders’ hold on their workers is on shaky grounds.

These Reptilians or Dadish might be working for a source, but they are out for their own personal gratification, as well. If I didn’t know any better, I would say humans must be related directly to these Reptilians with all that they have in common. Heck, maybe the Reptilians serve as some kind of mentor or tutor of sorts, since I rarely leave coincidences to just chance!

I have heard some people refer to these Reptilians as having nothing good in store for mankind. One researcher I heard presented an idea at a conference that the Reptilians were at one time, angelic guardians for the people of Earth. But then they grew weak and lusted for humans and somehow became damned by God. It was also pointed out that the idea of a serpent, or snake is always referred to in the Bible as being something of evil.

With caution against stereotyping still in mind, I think it’s a good idea to not classify a whole race. As with the Grays, the non-abducting and non-intruding Reptilians do not work with the Shadows and their dark mission. In fact, I had an encounter with a Dadish that was quite pleasant, yet nothing short of being unusual.

My biggest fear before I met this Reptilian, was that I would see an alien eye-to-eye and would freak out or something. At the time, I’d had several encounters with partially-visible beings and the ones I bumped into

while in a dream-state. But to have a real good look at an alien, face-to-face while fully conscious was something I just wasn't so sure of. Yet, I had a feeling it would happen one day after all of my curiosities in researching the paranormal for so long and having had other odd experiences.

The following incident happened to me as a result of an attempt to get over my awkward fear of public speaking at an event, which was to take place at a science fiction convention I mentioned earlier. My friend Bob, who first recalled the Shadow People's purpose with me, also happened to be a licensed hypnotist. So I asked Bob for his help in possibly putting the suggestion in my head that I would not be nervous about this presentation. He suggested a less persuasive route in where he would find the underlying cause of my fear so I would face it and possibly get rid of it. Yeah, right! Still, I agreed and we headed on our merry way to relaxation and searching for the cause of this social pain in the butt.

As we began the hypnotherapy session, I fully remember saying to Bob that it wasn't working. I didn't feel "down" while in this supposed hypnotic state, but I told him to continue talking to me anyway to see if it would help. Bob had a little talk with me about what my fear was and after about 40 minutes of talking we ended the session.

After I sat up**,** Bob asked me how I felt about my fear of doing the talk. I remembered everything that was said in the session, since I did feel fully awake and alert. I answered coherently when he asked me a question, and so I began to tell him about doing the talk and how I still felt petrified about it.

Then suddenly I remembered something and abruptly stopped talking about the event and exclaimed, "I saw aliens!"

Needless to say, Bob hadn't a clue what I was talking about and lightly chuckled. I went on to explain, "I saw something hiding behind a dark doorway, or archway. I almost overlooked it in my mind's eye, but then I went back and I told it that I saw it. Once it realized that I had seen him, he stepped forward and out of the shadows to show me who he was. He was a large, bright-green reptilian creature, who was maybe eight feet tall! He had yellow eyes like a snake, and he had a deep pinkish-purple stretch of skin that went behind his neck and around his shoulders. His entire body was full of large folds of loose skin that hung so much I could hardly tell one leg apart from the other.

“He stood there with his neck and chin up so high in the air, that I could sense his pride and conviction in himself. I know how strange this must sound, but all I could think of was how absolutely beautiful he was,” I confided to Bob as he sat there in amaZement.

I remembered that I did not receive any telepathic message directly from this being, but I was given the sense of why he was there. His “presence” was that similar to a loving father who is very strong, but lacked the “know how” to show his love. It felt indicated to me that his presence alone should suffice in letting me know that I was not alone, but that he cared enough to be there.

After his image went away a whole slide show of different types of aliens were shown to me in normal motion in my head (except for a dead alien that was shown to me lying propped against a wall in some cluttered warehouse or airplane hangar). It was not like a memory or anything, either, this was something that was going on right then and there. I was being given a tour of some of the different species that are out there, and I wasn’t afraid of them! There I lay and I met with several beings that seemed to be directed to show themselves to me, and somehow I was at peace the whole time! They all seemed so outright solid even in this relaxed state—it was all just simply amaZing to me!

Immediately, I got over my fear of ever seeing an alien eye-to-eye and I think that was the purpose of the whole contact. The strangest part of this whole experience was the Reptilian face of that being stayed with me for two weeks afterward! When I say that, I mean his face was forever just to the left of my normal view with my eyes wide open! It appeared like a clinging image you can stick to a window, but still see through it. A fascinating thing about that phenomenon was that his image was somewhat comforting and welcome. It’s a shame all of this didn’t get rid of the fear I was aiming for, but it still worked out for the best.

Cafth later told me that this being was learning to know humans, that he was one of the few that Cafth and his people rescued from his planet before it was taken over by the Shadows. So this Reptilian was not ever exposed to the ways of the Shadows, showing that there are some of his kind out there with good intentions, but they are apparently quite rare.

A characteristic that should be dutifully noted, though, is that Reptilians also have the physical gift of deception just as the Grays and Shadows do.

They are capable of taking on other animal and human forms, or at least give the mental suggestion that they are one thing instead of their natural state. The thought that there are beings who are capable of doing something like that should really start the hair on the back of one's neck to rise!

What on Earth are they capable of doing if they can look like everyone else? I can hardly imagine, but I see the possibilities are endless. Who knows, perhaps that lone person who strikes up a riot on the streets does not have anyone's best interests in mind at all. How could we ever be clear to determine whether or not the face of a person is even a person?

The answer is that there is no answer.

All I can say from my experiences with these types of "people" is that they are not to be fooled with. At a later date, I actually had the misfortune of being in contact with three individuals who I, and a couple of friends have concluded to be one of those hidden beings. Two of these people have been identified as being a race of Reptilian and the third was never quite figured out.

To say that these few reptilian people knew who they really were, there was no doubt in my mind. But I also know that as in my situation in recalling my ties, some of these hidden beings are still not fully aware of who they are, either. Some of them play a role of being like a double agent, where they are not fully intact with their memories so they can't be spotted easily for what they really are. These beings may feel inclined to get closer to some people, like myself, who are on opposite ends of this battle. Unknowingly they are storing what they learn and reporting it when they do their routine visits to home base. Some might recall their visits, and others might not be privy to the information where their memories are wiped to protect their contact and location of them.

Reptilian #1: Lying Lynn

The first hidden being I took note of, I encountered through my two friends Jim and Bonnie. They had introduced me to a woman whom I will call "Lynn." She was someone they had recently gotten to know through a small group in their town where they discussed metaphysical topics and the like.

I went to one of their group gatherings at Jim's house where I met Lynn. Several people attended, a large group discussion ensued and mid-way through we all took a break to munch on some of the goodies we all brought. Lynn took the opportunity to come straight to me right away and started asking me questions. To this day it tops my list as one of the weirdest conversations I have ever had!

Lynn knew where I lived and asked me an oddly worded, yet leading question, "So where have you lived in Milwaukee that you liked the most?"

I started saying, "Well, I really liked the one place I lived on the Eastside..."

She then cut in and said, "You know, I used to live in Milwaukee, right on Knapp street."

I said, "Really? So did I—that's the place I liked the most!"

Lynn then went on without making any reference or motion to what I had just said, "So what high school did you go to? Ya know, I always used to drive by this new high school that they were building called Crestwood."

I then stopped and looked at her and said, "That's exactly where I went."

Lynn still showed no response to my reaction when she named the very high school I had gone to.

This conversation seemed to go on forever and it continued on in the same fashion. Just before I was about to say or answer something—she would answer it for me! As you can see she wasn't being vague, either. When a person knows specific names and pronunciations; feel assured that they are not just shooting around in the dark!

After each revelation she told me I would remark by saying something like, "Yeah, me too!" Then she'd follow up my statement with a big blank expression. It was as if she were looking right through me, stealing what was on my mind and ingesting it! She showed no pleasure or personality for that matter in what she was doing, either. She just did what apparently came naturally to her.

At the beginning of the conversation she had asked for my phone number to discuss some paranormal topics, which I saw no problem in giving. By the end of the conversation I wished I had not given it to her after she said she would be calling me. She said it with almost a smirk on her face as I stood there totally dumbstruck as to what had just happened there!

After everyone left, Bonnie and her daughter came up and showed concern for me, asking if Lynn had done anything weird. I told them how the conversation went and how strange I felt. They apologized for not warning me about her and her odd abilities. They also went on to describe some even stranger instances they had with her that made my experience seem small in comparison.

Jim and Bonnie both had conversations that sounded a lot like the one I had with her. They also had odd instances where they called Lynn's home and job where someone would answer in a very deep, scruffy voice, which is a commonly reported characteristic of Reptilians. Whatever the voice said neither Jim nor Bonnie could decipher what it was.

Then one time, instead of hanging up, Bonnie asked, "Lynn, is that you?" The voice then changed and became recognizable, and Lynn's voice surfaced to acknowledge Bonnie. Just a little too odd for my taste, and not too normal of a response—again!

Out of curiosity, Bonnie had Lynn's license plate run by a friend to see if that would shed any light on exactly who Lynn was. Bonnie had her fair share of meeting odd beings and having stranger things happen, so she knew how to go about figuring some things out. Well, her findings didn't help to solve who Lynn was, but it helped to decipher who she wasn't. The plate came back being registered to a different last name than Lynn indicated, and she had a record of changing her last name frequently. One can only speculate why someone like her must be versatile.

Reptilian #2: Low Mark

Another interesting character that was of the Reptilian sort was someone I will call "Mark." Mark thought he was totally together in fooling those around him that he was like everyone else, but he was mistaken. I had met him briefly only once before, and the next time was to be on a road trip that I was not very happy to be taking with him. Several others along on this road trip were also highly uncomfortable with the idea that Mark was coming along.

It was hard to identify, but we knew that something just wasn't right with that man and he would later prove our assumptions to be correct! He was a very tall man with an upright posture and he had this odd "twitching

thing" going on with his neck. After spending more time with him on the trip, we noticed that his neck twitching would happen only when he got physically near us. I don't think it was a nervous condition like Tourette Syndrome or a bad habit, either—it was much stranger than that and it was not consistent.

Once we'd arrived at our destination, those we came with were anxious to see what it was that Samantha and I had come in contact with. At that time Samantha had just started communicating with Cafth, and we had mentioned the mind-blowing news to all of them. So we all got together the night we arrived, I got Samantha in a relaxed state as we reached out our hands to Cafth. I should mention that this was the first time she had ever communicated with Cafth in front of others, too, which is something she still doesn't feel comfortable doing very often.

Cafth started off by moving Samantha's head around as if she were looking at the different people in the room, but she always had her eyes closed and covered to keep out all light. Once she began, Mark made odd movements with his hands as if he had an invisible ball in his palms. One of the people there then asked him if he would stop because it might interfere with Samantha, and he obliged. After the contact with Cafth it was explained by another that Mark was able to draw up energy between his hands, for what purpose I am not sure of.

The first thing Cafth did after looking around was tilt Samantha's head forward in the direction Mark was standing.

Cafth then muttered, "I know you."

Mark replied slyly, "I know you, too."

Cafth quietly uttered, "Who do you think you are fooling? We can see through you, and they will see you for what you are soon, too."

That was all that Cafth had to say about Mark. I didn't see Cafth as outright attacking Mark or anything. Cafth didn't raise his voice, or stress anything about Mark. I just didn't know what to think about what he meant by his statements, though. Most especially since at that time Samantha and I didn't know much on the subject of the Shadows and their companions.

After that session of introductions with Cafth, he said that he would try to have a craft swing by for us all to view. Immediately afterwards we all went outside to check the cloudy night skies in hopes of catching a glimpse

of a craft. So there we all stood when Mark came up slowly behind Samantha as she stood alone at one end of the parking lot we were all in.

Mark then leaned his six-foot plus frame down and whispered gently in Samantha's ear, in a nasty tone of voice, "I think your friend is devil-isssh!" Samantha later told us all how he gave her the most awful goose bumps, as it did to all of us when we heard what he did and how he drug out his words like that.

Well-we didn't get a clear view of a craft that night, but Mark later would prove that he was indeed the *devilish* one. He showed a friend, while we were there at the hotel, how he could make whirlpools in the hotel swimming pool with the energy he could conjure up between his hands. That talent was not what made him devilish, but his purpose in doing this trick was. He was trying to impress upon my friend to lure her into his "greatness," I suppose you could say. This is how my friend felt and described it.

Mark also was a being who liked to elicit sexual vibes, which was something Lynn was reportedly doing towards men and other women. There were instances when Mark would walk into a room and several women present would admit that somehow a sexual thought would pop-up in their minds about him. To these women, these thoughts were totally foreign to them as if they were not even their own thoughts. He'd also been known to approach women and men alike in a sexual manner, and in at least one instance he went after a teenager!

While on this same trip, one of my friends had a waking dream of seeing Mark in his true form—as a Reptilian! He was in front of the hotel room meeting with another Reptilian with whom he seemed to be discussing his situation! The situation being all of us on the trip with him, where he stood with us, and what he was doing.

After Mark finally became successful in hitting it off with one of my friends on the trip, he revealed something about himself that was totally remarkable and I would suspect not a common practice among many of his kind. He admitted that he was involved in a "secret war" going on, that he was in charge of teaching aliens how to act and pretend to be human! Well, with that neck thing going on, I think he needed some refresher courses himself. Then going after men, women, *and* children to flirt with? I'd say he was not too bright, either!

No boundaries, he had none—what a scary thought!

I could imagine that if a being like this saw a wall in their way that they wouldn't see it as a boundary. They might see it only as a spot to give them extra leverage and a boost to leap over and into our lives! The characteristics I have just spoken of are major indications as to who some of these horrific beings are that are among us. But I am sad to state there is another touchy characteristic that is undoubtedly pronounced in their behavior—high interests and involvement in the UFO phenomena and research.

Once again, let me make myself clear that this does not mean everyone who is interested in this subject is some kind of odd creature. I want to keep some degree of integrity on this topic, but there truly is a pattern with Reptilian beings taking high interests in people and groups who research UFOs. To my knowledge, there are also several of them who are in the "forefront" in supposedly uncovering facts about the UFO phenomena and related topics.

What a coincidence that Lynn and Mark both had an interest and were involved in attending and arranging group meetings of this sort. Are these beings really out to help? Some people swear that there is a conspiracy of disinformation out there about UFOs and the related topics. Maybe it isn't all the government's direct doing after all!

I am not pointing the finger at any person in particular, but God knows that I could. However, my goal is to share information, not to use it to rip others down. Alas and though, it is still so tempting!

Reptilian #3: Researching Reptilian

I will try to be as thorough as I can in telling my next story of a certain individual without disclosing his true identity. I can say only that he is somewhat of a "has been" in the UFO researching community, but again, could be considered by some as being quite known. I guess that depends on who you talk to, but anyway. I secretly hope he sees himself in this writing and discloses who he is on his own. I think darkness likes to take credit for their work, which reminds me of terrorists fighting over who is responsible for the latest terrorist attack. In all honesty, it just shows the true stupidity

of darkness hurrying to get something done when they know their time is short.

Now then, as for this Reptilian encounter, what name shall I call this "man" for the story's sake? "Damian," that's a suitable name I think. That name, of course, reminds me of a particular movie that spoke of Satan's son being born on Earth and causing havoc.

Nonetheless, Damian appeared to be professional, presented to have some common sense and be decent company to hang around with. Besides, he also had a similar passion as I did in being fascinated with the UFO phenomena. Once again, he was tall and had an upright posture—one that I would depict as looking very anal and uptight! I say these things about posture because these beings, including Mark, always looked very uncomfortable in their bodies, to say the least. Perhaps it is a tight fit for them since these Reptilians are generally six feet and over.

In the beginning, I just could not understand why Damian considered me as being such an asset to keep in-touch with when he was in town giving a talk, or other events nearby. I mean here I was, a typical college student with nothing much to offer and there he was a known UFO researcher and author. I knew that something was up with him. He wanted something, but I just could not put my finger on it.

Being curious, I hung around to find out what he was after, but I didn't hang around silently. I was continually mentioning to my friends from the UFO group, that I felt somehow he was trying to benefit from my being around and associated with him. I had no proof, but I would get my answers later. Damian wasn't being a pervert or anything with me, either. He treated me fairly. But then after knowing him for more than a year, he did ask me out to dinner in a roundabout way.

He asked if I would ever go out with a guy like him. I literally laughed out loud in his face the first few times he asked, because I really did not take him seriously. Then a couple of years passed and the question arose again and persisted for a few months. By this time I did realize he was serious, so I could not laugh it off so easily.

After a problematic relationship had concluded for me, I finally did agree to meet Damian for dinner with honestly no intentions of even starting anything with this much older man. On my end, it was more like meeting a friend for dinner even though I knew he was interested in me by

then. I still saw no harm in meeting him. To be honest, if I avoided all the men who even had a remote interest in me, I'd have few male friends. Not that I'm some sort of "hot commodity," it's just one of those things that single ladies tend to go through.

Anyhow: The day before Damian and I were to have dinner, Samantha and I had a poignant discussion with Cafth. It was a discussion that took a dramatic turn, which ultimately may have saved my life! I barely had begun to get in-depth in conversation with Cafth when Samantha suddenly fell silent.

She still seemed to be receiving some kind of information, so I waited patiently to see what was going on behind her closed eyelids. Samantha soon started breathing heavily and seemed to be almost in a panic. There was only one other incidence when Samantha had trouble breaking contact. That was with an odd-looking being that suddenly got in the way of her connecting with Cafth. In that incident she appeared agitated, also, and I helped her back away from that being by guiding her to push her way out. In having no training in meditation or anything like it, I did the best I could on that occasion to help my friend out.

So when Samantha began showing agitation this time, I immediately thought that something else had barged in on her. I offered to help guide her out. But this time Samantha did not say a word and instead waved her hand, telling me to leave her be. She then continued to huff and puff and even choke. She appeared to be trying to communicate, but every time she tried, her words choked her. It was a strange choking sound, too, because there was no voice in the choking at all! It was if she had no vocal cords to choke with as someone normally does.

This went on, it seemed, forever. Every once in awhile I would ask her if she were sure she didn't need my help, and she would still wave me off. After what seemed to last for 15 minutes or more, it finally ended.

Samantha sat up immediately and said, "Oh my God, Heidi, I gotta tell you...(choke)...!"

Her words and voice vanished into thin air. She continued, "Oh, I was told I wouldn't be able to speak to you about this. Here, give me some paper then."

Samantha began to scribble down what was the most incredible account I had ever heard.

She wrote, “I was shown the restaurant where you and Damian are going. You got up to go to the restroom; he ordered wine and put something in your drink. This was to make you fall asleep so he could take you to his world—underground! Heidi, it’s horrible, it smells like sulfur, it’s ugly, and there are several Reptilians there. One of these Reptilians was Damian! He feels he is so successful in getting you since you are a part of those he considers to be an enemy. He has killed you by taking you there and you are trapped!”

Samantha stopped writing and I read it, and as I did she kept repeating, “Don’t go Heidi! Don’t go!”

What do you say when someone tells you something like that? So many things were rumbling through my mind, but I wanted to talk with Cafth to see what that was all about. Samantha went back into meditation a little later, and we asked him about her vision:

Cafth said, “That wasn’t me who showed you that. I do not show futures. It could have only come from one thing—The Source.” Cafth would at times interchangeably use the name The Source and God, so I understood his reference of The Source to mean God. Not in the sense of what I remembered to be The Source, but instead the one true God, the head of The Source that I recalled seeing.

“Whoa, you mean The Source was in direct connection with Samantha and it was to warn me about Damian and show what Hell is like?”

I really didn’t feel worthy to have *GOD* come outright to warn me! I went on to ask, “Is this purpose of mine that important that The Source would take the time out to help and warn me?”

“You are there to represent all of us and our mission. We often warn those like you. Sometimes they listen, sometimes they don’t. It is up to you if you want to listen or not,” Cafth said.

Well, I was one to listen! I called Damian almost immediately the next day.

I told Damian, “I really don’t want to ruin our friendship, so let’s just keep things the way they are.” Like I said, I knew he was interested in more, but it wasn’t mutual.

I’m sure most of us have either heard or had to say that one before, and Damian was really cool about it. There was silence at first then he said, “Oh, that’s fine. I completely understand.”

Suddenly there was a beep on his phone, he clicked over to the other line then came back to me. He said that he had to go. A friend was on the line, but that he would call me right back.

If I had any doubts about what Samantha had related to me, they were all completely gone after what happened next. As soon as I hung up the phone with Damian, a force hit me *so* hard in the stomach and chest that I flew backwards—halfway across the room and collapsed! It felt like a ninja had gotten a running start and launched a two-footer kick on me! All I could do for a few moments was embrace my stomach and chest while I sat on the floor—slouched over in a heap! Soon, I lifted myself off the ground-slowly. All of the wind had been completely knocked out of me and my lungs! Being that I don't play tackle football, this was a sensation that I wasn't familiar with, so the shock to my system ran deep!

Samantha was standing in view of me and ran over asking me vehemently, what had happened. I really could not speak right away because I had no air in my lungs to speak with. With the first wind I got, I think I muttered something like, "That son of a @%&*#!!! He hit me!!!"

I really don't know why I said that because I did not see him or anything else hit me. I just knew he had something to do with it—the timing was just too darn perfect not to have been him at fault. To top it off, he never did call backand that was not like him. I guess I spoiled his plans and he put a dent in mine, as well, since I was highly sore for a few days afterwards. My stomach hurt so badly that first day that I could barely even stand upright!

After an incident like that you would think that I would run and hide from this snake of a man, but I didn't. In fact, I went to a gathering I knew he would attend and smiled right in his face as if nothing major had happened. I wanted to tell him so bad that I knew who and what he was and that I would continue on in what I needed to do. But, Cafth had told me that it would not be a good idea to reveal what I knew about Damian, that it would jeopardize me even more.

Cafth said, "Damian knows that you know, and that is all that needs to be done."

I still did not fully understand why I was a target for so long with him, there are others like me all over. At the time, I hadn't a full picture as to what all my purpose was or anything like that.

With the right questions and persistence I finally got a clearer message from Cafth, who said, “Damian saw that you did not see who you were yet or your potential. He could see the army that surrounds you. He knew if he could control you or your destiny, he would control your army and purpose as well.”

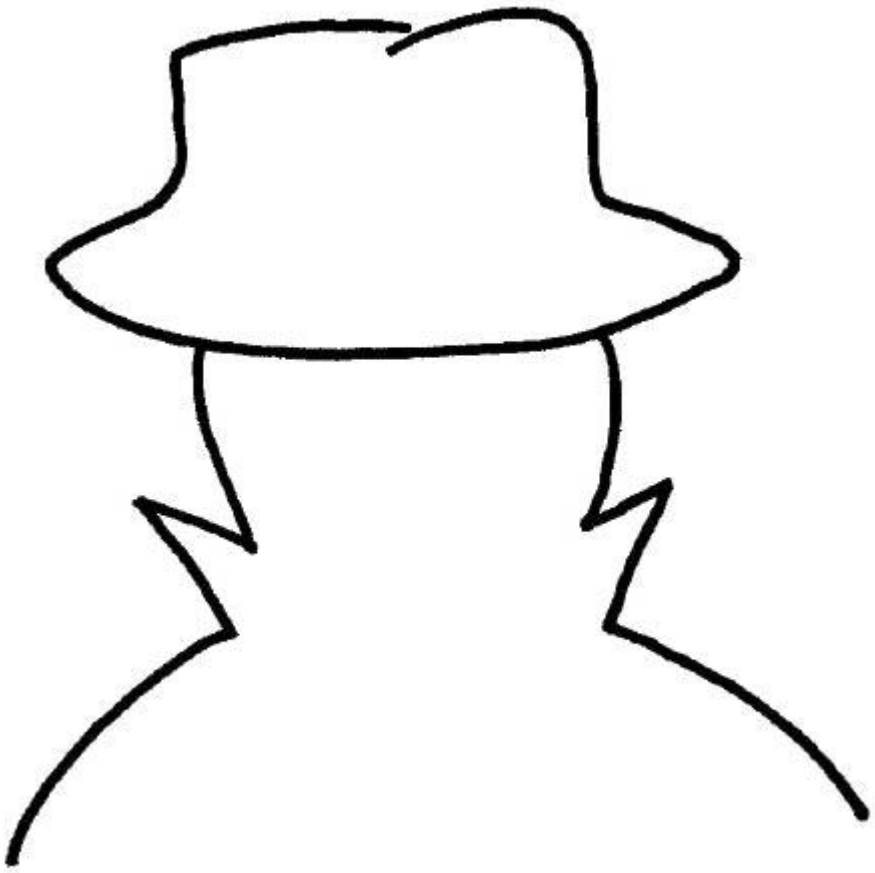
It’s always about control and power, isn’t it? How sad.

To look on the brighter side, it’s good to note that there are plenty of other beings around that are not malevolent. It’s also important to know that Reptilian beings are not to be trusted or messed with. I later found out that this Damian is a sort of commander of some of these Reptilians. That he is very powerful in the underground world and above ground, as well, especially in the UFO community still in the mostly “has been” category.

I was lucky to have had a higher power to save my skin, but others may not be so lucky. If one suspects someone not being quite as they appear to be, don’t confront them. Instead, keep the knowledge you’ve acquired on them and steer others clear of the individual on the sly—or heck—put it in a book as I have! There will be a lot of people who fit into the physical characteristics I’ve described here, but they also may have odd body language due to various, actual impairments. But do know this, that for those who wished they’d get the opportunity to meet an alien, odds are, that wish has already been granted. So do tread carefully when you are uncertain about a person’s true skin and loyalties. Above all else, without sounding too preachy but in all honesty—higher power protection is advised!

Chapter #10

The MIB =
*The Most Incredible Bullsh*tters*



Thanks to the movie "Men in Black," MIB's have been a big topic in more recent times. Hollywood has had a ball in making a comedy out of something so serious once again—which really shouldn't surprise me. Don't get me wrong; I've enjoyed the movies, too. I just think another movie needs to be made to show what the MIB's role in our society really is.

The real story is this:

Many victims and witnesses of the UFO and alien phenomena's have been threatened and intimidated by these mystery men and their signature suits. These MIB's will come to witnesses' homes and tell them it would not be beneficial to their health to reveal what they have experienced or witnessed. Then they will sometimes say outright what harm they will do to the person, or shove them around to make sure their message is clear.

So there is no doubt that these MIB encounters are associated with the UFO phenomenon since it is they who mention why they have come. They sure do go through a lot of trouble to convince regular citizens not to get too ambitious in spreading the word on this alien stuff that *supposedly* has no proof to back it up. Maybe there is some fear that the public might actually start trusting each other's word more. I'm sure a lot of those people who are bumping into these MIB's feel as I do in that they are not personally worth the bother for such a big fuss.

The one thing the MIB movies did get right are the threads these dark invaders are said to wear. These men always dress in black suits with black ties, white shirts, and sometimes with fedora hats and sunglasses to match. The color of their skin is said to be somewhat of a pale-tan color. If their eyes are seen, they are said to be somewhat slanted, larger than normal and at times are seen as being completely black showing no whites of their eyes. Their voices are often described as being very deep, rough, and sinister sounding. Their trademark vehicles are large black cars that appear to be brand new. That is, new looking, but about twenty years outdated. These cars always have tinted windows and are often classified as being a Lincoln car model.

One question everyone asks those who know about the true phenomenon, is if these MIB's are human or not. I really wanted to get some answers to this one myself, so naturally I resorted to Cafth for a little insight.

What I got from Cafth was a big, "No."

I needed a little more elaboration than that crisp tidbit, and so he went on, "These are nonhuman beings."

I responded, "What do you mean by being 'nonhuman?' What kind of beings are they then?"

At first I thought that they were human at one point and were somehow made to do the work of the Shadows. But after thinking about it, it made

sense that they had never been human. These MIB's were often described as being very stiff and irregular in their movements. The idea that they did not move normally made me think of the "uncomfortable feeling in an ill-fitting suit" like the Reptilians who also posed to be human.

Cafth interrupted my thoughts and said, "They are of the Shadows and are enslaved by the Shadows."

"Do you mean these MIB's are the form the Shadows take when they want to come around to bother us?"

"They can come in any form. These are Shadows themselves and they take the orders that are given to them."

"They are enslaved by their own?"

"Yes. That should not be surprising. I have told you before that they spare no one, not even their own."

With a policy like that, it is no wonder that we have not fared well against these beings individually. They did not even value their own kind, so why would they care about us?

The next thing I wanted to touch on with Cafth was what these guys were up to. "What was it that they were trying to accomplish by seeking out witnesses and harassing them?"

Cafth went on, "They are here to stop the truth about us and others. If no one knows about the Grays, or us, then the Shadows' mission with the Grays can be a success. No one will look for help from us or fight them. Silence—that is what they are aiming for, and if they have it they can move around more freely on Earth."

I added, "Silence? But they threaten and do whatever else to get that silence. But still, I have not heard of too many stories where they have actually done something to the people they threaten. Why do they bother to threaten people if they don't follow through?"

"They do. But why should they do it themselves when they can have someone do it for them?"

"You mean they get someone else to do their dirty work?"

"Yes. They influence someone else to do whatever it takes, whether it's to give that person static about everyday things, or even if it means to kill that person. Then that person who allowed himself to be influenced and continues to throughout his life is indebted to the Shadows. The Shadows then get their soul when they pass."

Un-freaking believable! These MIB's want to take down as many people as they can at a time. I suppose if that *is* your goal, it would make sense to not actually follow through on the threats yourself. Why do that if you can get someone else to do it and get an extra side-order of "soul" to take home?

The next thing that popped into my mind was about the government's knowledge about all of this. I wondered if they knew that citizens were being threatened and executed at times at the hands of these beings' influences. I somehow thought for sure that this particular phenomenon might not be fully understood by our government, or maybe, I was at least hoping that. Besides, if they knew about any of this and did nothing about it —that would be a total outrage and absolutely treacherous of them!

"Does the government of the United States know about what is going on with this MIB thing?" I asked.

"Oftentimes, it is someone in service to the government who is influenced to follow through on the threats of the Shadows (MIB's). Part of the government knows about it and other parts do not."

So it was treachery, indeed, but still I felt I needed to clarify what he was saying. "Okay. But I remember your saying how these Shadows deceive where a person unknowingly falls victim to their schemes. So does the government know about how deep they go in taking our afterlife as you just mentioned?"

"Some parts know and others do not." Cafth reconfirmed.

Cafth then began to discuss the extent of what some government people know, which I will discuss in more detail later. The important thing to relate now about these MIB's is that they are a force of influence at all levels, even in government!

I wanted to know more about how these beings have been getting by in doing this influencing trickery. Personally, I would think they would be hitting a brick wall with me. So I find it hard to imagine that they are so successful in "leaning in close to someone's eyes and putting a hypnotic suggestion in them." I am sure that is not what they do exactly, but it still had that hypnotic vibe to it.

Cafth projected, "The Shadows have been here for a long time, influencing is what they do. That is their power, but if you listen to your true inner voice, you will not even hear them."

"Not hear them?" This was an interesting revelation for me to consume. I really thought that these MIB's were much more of the brawn behind their threatening words, but I had heard that they would pretty much scare a person half-to-death and then make their exit. Now I knew that words were their main weapon, which could be out loud to one person and deep inside another, which could in-turn cause harm.

I know that I would be shaken if one of those tan, scruffy-voiced MIB's came to my door! But for some reason these guys are seen as being comical, or something similar since those movies came out. People seem to think that this and other references to the MIB's were all just the creation of writers with great imaginations. I wish that all were true. But heck, now these MIB's are so popular they're responded to with great affection. There's even been a cartoon and comic book series for our kids to idolize them and know them as the "defenders of Earth!" Heroes, of all things! Darkness termed as "beings of the light," isn't that Biblical about Satan being able to appear as something of the light? It's not really a question, because I know that it's in the Bible.

Television and the media have a way of making us all numb to what is really going on in the world. But I will tell you one thing, if one of these guys comes to your door and it isn't Will Smith—don't open it! There have been way too many people claiming to have had a run-in with these guys for this whole MIB thing to be discredited. All of the evidence is out there to prove this to be a real phenomenon. It only took one comedy to hush it all up and lessen its chances to ever be mainstream knowledge, or news. The visitations by these beings have not stopped, though, and the stories are out there for whoever cares to listen.

One of the most incredible stories I've personally heard about the MIB's was one I heard from a friend at work I'll refer to as "Mike." Mike knew that I was into this UFO business, so it was not an odd thing to mention something to me on this matter, although, he had never done so previously. He related an incredible story to me this one afternoon that I will never forget:

Mike told me that he was watching the television program Unsolved Mysteries one summer evening in 1997, and they were doing a report on the true mystery surrounding the MIB phenomenon. Mike found the show

interesting and informative and continued to watch the report. The next day it was really rainy out, but Mike still wanted to go apartment hunting and check out a place in his neighborhood in Shorewood, a suburb of Milwaukee.

In driving around looking for a particular address, Mike came across a peculiar scene. He watched as two large, black, older model, Lincoln cars pulled up in front of a house.

Mike started, "It was the weirdest thing. As soon as the cars pulled up, it was like everyone counted to three and they all opened their doors all at the same time! There were four guys in each car, and all eight of them opened their doors at exactly the same moment! They all had on the black hats and suits, and they all wore sunglasses. Here it was haZy and raining outside, and they had sunglasses on!"

Mike continued, "They all walked up to this house and about half went to the back of the house. The way they walked was in perfect synch with each other, too. I was just slowly driving by looking for an address, and I wanted to get another look at these guys. So, I went a little past that house they were at to turn around and come back. Just as I was passing the house again, they were starting to pull away. I was kind of blown away by all of this since I had just watched that show about the MIB's and there they were!"

I think Mike's account is really unique in that he was not the target of this MIB visit. He just happened to be driving by and spotted exactly what he saw on television the night before. Perhaps the media can be helpful in bringing some things to light so that people know when to take notice of something that's a little out of place. Oftentimes, I wonder if the sharp increase in television shows documenting UFO phenomena are specially targeted to slowly make people aware of what's to come. Putting out "feelers" to inform people of previously unknown and odd instances is actually something that I was even responsible for, according to Cafth.

Since the first version of this book was put out, I had a lot people writing me about an experience that I had listed on my site at UFO2U.com. This experience entailed one of Samantha's run-ins with a man who appeared in her bedroom one night. Samantha awoke suddenly because she felt a presence in her room. When she sat up in bed she saw a man standing

next to her bed, dressed in a black suit, with a long-black trench coat, wearing a flat-rimmed gaucho hat!

She could distinctly see this man's face and saw him staring directly at her! He had a pointed nose, intense eyes, a goatee, and pale colored skin. Being Samantha, she did her usual night terror scream when she saw things she didn't understand. I am not saying that she just did a little holler either. I am talking about an outright "death-call" like her world was coming to an end!

Her response was always to scream first and ask questions later, whether it was good or bad. These night screams became the usual for me to hear as her roommate, so I hardly ever responded because it was generally one shout and then silence. When I would respond she would usually just wave me off and tell me she was tired, but that she'd tell me all about it in the morning.

On this particular night, however, Samantha screamed, and screamed again and again. I thought, "My God, someone must be killing her!"

So, I high-tailed it through the kitchen, past the living room and into her bedroom, panting and nearly out of breath to go see what was up with her. As soon as I got into her door she excitedly explained through tears about seeing this man in her room and how he had just vanished when I opened the door.

"He wouldn't leave, Heidi! Usually when I scream, whatever it is just disappears. But this guy, he just stood there and kept staring at me and I could tell he was just pure evil!"

Samantha was beside herself and shaking, and I was bewildered by it a bit, but I just wrote it off as a typical Shadow. She really didn't seem to think much more of that incident beyond it being a Shadow trying out a human form, either. It was just another one of those odd things in our lives, but I wish we had asked Cafth about what this guy was all about. In thinking on it today, I am baffled why we never brought this particular guy up. I can't recall what else was going on at that time, but maybe it was final exams week at school, or we had other more important things to discuss—for all I recall now.

On my website, I had this story of Samantha's written out with a graphic she drew of what this man looks like. I have now received reports from all over the world of this very same man in this distinct clothing and rimmed

hat, staring at people at all times of day. I have even been in a car where another one of my friends was driving and she saw this man in her rearview mirror, sitting in the backseat of the very car we were riding in!

People have seen him in trees, standing at their bedside, lying in their beds, walking out their front door, or through walls! All of these experiencers of him ask me who is he and what he wants! First off, they can hardly believe that another person has seen him and placed his drawing on a website, and then they want to learn more about him. There is also a distinct *feel* that comes off this man. Witnesses feel he is something more evil than anything they have ever been met with.

I am certain to say that this man that I have now dubbed "The Hat Man," is not an MIB. He also does not present to be a typical Shadow, either. Due to odd and reluctant circumstances, I've had no opportunity to speak to Cafth prior to the publishing of even the newer edition of this book—so I don't have the opinion of Cafth to share. But I am and will be bold enough to make my own assumptions on this phenomenon in book form quite soon, in fact, that book may be out by the time you are reading this. Now after being responsible for bringing yet another name and phenomenon forward —this Hat Man will have my pointed attention with my research and all of my guts and heart in it ☺!

There's so much more to this phenomena that I need to look into, being that it is a rather new and shocking revelation all due to my placing this one graphic on my site and giving him the Hat Man name. I am happy to say that I have never seen this Hat Man myself. But he has been close enough to me and others in my life, where I should have been able to smell his breath! I have sensed him nearby, watching, intimidating, and angry, however. I just wonder what he is up to by showing up the way he does as a solid person and then vanishing into thin air. As I learn more about him, more bad luck seems to come my way—not a coincidence, I'm sure. But still, the book is coming and nearly complete to address this Hat Man more fully and properly.

It is odd but understandable that some of this stuff is just too weird to be believable until one witnesses these things personally. I don't know if people keep topics like this at a distance just to protect themselves or to hide from the truth of other realities. But what if people do open up to truly understanding some of this scary stuff as a whole? Perhaps if we all do,

there will be fewer stories to be labeled as an “unsolved mystery.” But instead they would be seen for what they really are—as a “fact” of what exists in our universe.

Chapter #11

Angels Everywhere:
People Are Not Alone

There has been evidence of unearthly beings visiting us for centuries, if one cares to take our history seriously. But it seems that some of the lore has been around for so long, people have just become accustomed to the old stories they have been told without really thinking about them much. It's so wild to think how conservative this society can be, but then think nothing of it when something outright paranormal has been staring them in the face for so long like angels?

I hope I am not the only one who has thought of how ridiculous it is that people believe in human-looking entities fluttering around with wings. I say it's "ridiculous" because these angelic-spiritual beings are so much more acceptable for the general population to believe in than a being like Cafth. I don't see much more of a stretch for a person to believe in one over another, really. But I do know that there are indeed beings with wings out there, and I also know that there are beings with varying body types, sizes and colors who are just as helpful as angels.

Some say angels were once humans that did good deeds and earned their wings. Others say these angels were always messengers of God and nothing less. The funny thing is why do we accept these truths as if they

were our own? I don't recall anyone I personally know researching if angels really existed.

Out of curiosity, I often ask people how it is that they came to their conclusion about the existence of angels and how God runs things. More often than not, the response I get is, "Well, the Bible told me so." That's a good answer and I of course do get that and believe that myself. But is the Bible believed by some only because it is tradition and passed on as such, or because their faith relies on the words of men inspired by God from a couple of thousands of years ago? I truly hope people are following with their hearts full of faith and not from memorized verses or mere tradition to only *show* they are faithful.

In the times before Jesus, the main religious beliefs were not that of the same Christian beliefs we know of and cherish today. In fact, Jesus was a Jewish rabbi who had a heck of a time convincing people that His views were clearer than the beliefs of his time. His efforts in trying to reveal the truth and save others' very souls is, of course, part of the great reason He was sacrificed at the hands of others.

God works in many and mysterious ways, and He governs the Heavens and the Earth and all that live in them. In many of the great faiths in our world, there is talk of change to come in various forms. During that time, God would then be sending messages and messengers to warn and guide people, right? But as history has shown, often time's new information falls on deaf ears.

What I don't get is that people actually do believe that God did indeed inspire the words of the Bible. But now, He just doesn't have the time to give any inspirations worth the time to pay attention to? I'm no prophet and would never profess anything I write to be gospel and I think anyone who would should at least get a concerned look sent their way. I personally have felt guided, and I mean by God (not Cafth), where I know I wouldn't be able to do anything I am in even writing this book had it not been for Him.

In my college theology classes, I often liked to spark conversation towards this type of subject, too. People in my class would love to talk about something they saw on television where someone claimed to have had a vision of Mary, Jesus, or angels. They were *so* content that the people who spoke of their holy encounters, were fully authentic—they were on

television after all. To some of my classmates that proved the existence of angels and whatever else their religion permitted them to believe.

Personally, I felt they believed it all because it was safe and within a normal acceptance range that is built into our society and religions. They believe in the words of someone so far away from themselves, but when I spoke up in class and said I saw The Source that God controls, heads turned away. I wasn't saying it to sound "all-knowing." I was just sharing as everyone else was encouraged to do, in a humble and orderly manner. I even went on to describe The Source and everything about how it appeared to be a swirling mass of light.

A much later lesson in that class taught us that the number one symbol of God across the globe in assorted primitive cultures before the teachings of the Bible, and before communication linked different parts of the world —was a spinning Sun! What a coincidence. It was just as I described it to look like in my memories of The Source. So I know I am not the only one who has seen it in this day and time, or any other time. I never got a glance from anyone during that particular class period, and I don't know if it meant that they didn't make the connection, or chose to disregard it. I suppose it's easier to believe the Pope or some little kids in a remote area that they might have seen God, Jesus, or Mary—but not the person sitting next to you. No, it's not surreal, or unreachable enough to be believed, as I've now learned from this experience.

What a crying shame.

Now how ridiculous does this all sound? I am boasting if I claim to have had a "God experience," but it is gospel if someone on the opposite side of the planet claims the same? I suppose it was because I have this UFO interest going on that made me less believable, and some of my classmates were aware of this. But then again, I don't think that was the true issue of their disbelief.

I did not describe this part of God or The Source as a big man sitting on a throne, floating in some clouds. I told my classmates just what it was; a large and beautiful light with billions of individual souls that equaled one will. I did not have any preconceived notions that had stuck with me of what any part of God should have looked like, so nothing clouded my judgment. I did not need to see a cover-up that was easier for me to accept, so I got to see part of God for what He is partially made of.

This thing about winged-angels being the only messengers of God and God sitting on a throne is neat, too. But as Samantha once said to me, "First people thought God was in the sky, sitting on some clouds. But once we could reach the clouds we saw that nothing was there but clouds. Then we reached the Moon and nothing was there, either."

So where does God reside, then? I always get the smart-aleck response from different people saying, "Why—He's everywhere!" But that was not the case in the Bible when people praised God. Their hands and faces were turned up towards the sky, and they even built a tower to reach Him. He was known as the God from above and that has always been known, but now it's going to be taken back? Now He's just everywhere?

I, of course, concur that His Presence is felt in every crevasse. But if God's throne is not in the clouds, then what are we saying? Does God reside on another planet, or float around in outer space? Where I saw The Source, it was actually surrounded by beautiful stars against the darkness of space. For me that is where part of God is and-yes-He is everywhere, too! If people want to still envision God as sitting on a mighty throne—then so be it. But even various churches acknowledge that some of the concepts of their traditions and beliefs are a bit outdated. Much like divorce now being an almost acceptable remedy where divorced attendees are still welcomed, though they weren't not too long ago.

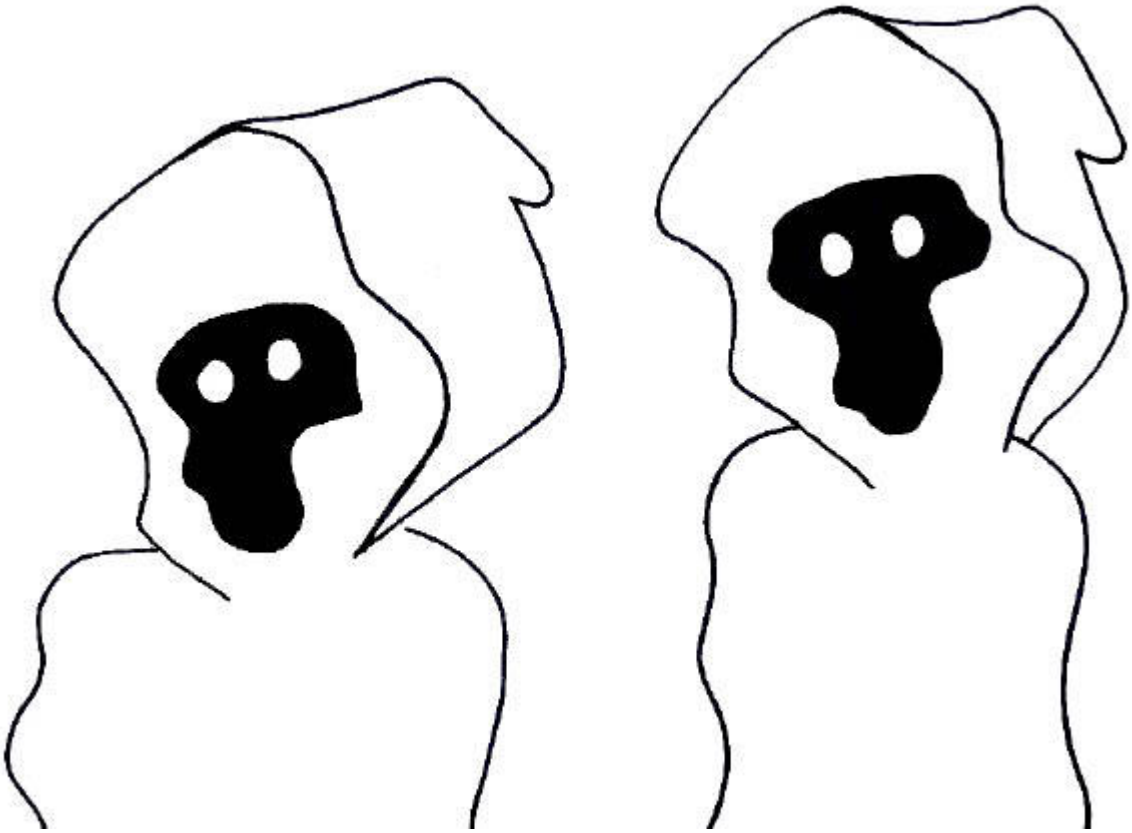
Back to the idea of angels with wings. There are some beings who have wings that I have heard about in the UFO community, namely the Mothman. Yet, not all of these beings are too angelic-like, some have even been described as being a kind of Reptilian.

The beings that I have heard of and seen as being closest to the description of angels are the aliens that some call the Nordics. As a note, not all of these beings are positive beings where some are quite negative (some have been conquered by the Shadows-others are forms taken on by Shadows). But, they just aren't ugly enough to be depicted in the movies of actual alien abduction cases that involved them. These beings are generally six feet or taller, male and female. They are said to be strikingly beautiful with blonde hair and glowing, blue eyes. It has been reported that sometimes when these beings move, they kind of glide along, slightly above the floor. Now, if I had seen something moving around like that back in

Biblical times, I would suspect it had wings on its back whether I'd seen them or not.

I did ask Cafth if he could tell me if that was how the idea of winged men, called angels, came about. He said something like, "Yes, they were seen then and they are the ones we call Guardians. Sometimes they do appear with wings, but often not."

"Guardians," that was a name that Cafth has used on several occasions to describe who or what was in mine and Samantha's apartment, protecting us from the Shadows that hung around. Samantha has not been as fortunate to see these beings as much as I have. I have usually seen these Guardians as streaking masses of light, and they vary in color. They are usually pastel colors in yellow, pink and blue. When the Shadows came around, Samantha could spot them right away, but I was usually so amazed with the pretty Guardian lights that I could barely see the Shadows when they were near. Samantha, on the other hand, was so terrified by the Shadows that they were all she could seem to focus on at times. Sometimes they weren't always Shadows she saw, but workers for them who at one time I called the "Hooded Shadows." However, I now know these to be alien beings. These are solid, non-transparent beings who are about four feet tall, who simply follow what they are told.



Once called "Hooded Shadows," these are aliens. These beings are short and wear black hoods with no visible facial features to be seen, except for their round and glowing red eyes.

The Guardians pure form, I was told, were these multiple colored, pastel lights I'd see. Yet, I did not know for sure what solid form they usually took on until I decided to bring it up with Cafth. To make sure my assumptions were correct, I asked Cafth what these Guardians looked like, and he said, "They often take the form where they appear almost to be human and have blonde hair and blue eyes."

So perhaps the title "Guardian Angel" came into play that way and why angels have often been portrayed by artists as blonde and blue-eyed. I later asked Cafth if these Guardians were just as people have always depicted them as being protectors, since they were for me.

Cafth responded, "Yes. They are amongst all people on Earth. They influence good things and protect against the Shadows."

I was told that Samantha and I are heavily protected by the Guardians against the Shadows, that at any given time there are at least five of them around us. On a bad day, when we have been bombarded by Shadows in our shared space, we have had as many as forty Guardians around. Days like those could be really stressful at times. We were not always aware of what was going on until we both would have trouble falling asleep and wake up to find massive shadowy figures in our rooms and streaks of light seemingly attacking them. It sometimes looked as if there were a mini-battle going on before my eyes, and again, something that I know is hard to conceive of. But after an evening of experiencing seeing this sort of thing, myself and Samantha always had a hard time falling asleep. It wasn't always that we were so freaked out by what we saw, but that we would feel highly energetic. Cafth said that was because the Guardians would keep us filled with energy so we couldn't sleep!

He said we are weaker when we sleep, and the Shadows can influence or have greater access to others and us at those times. That "filling us up with energy" was no joke, either. I noticed that whenever those eventful nights happened and I tried my best to rest, my heart would suddenly start racing. Sometimes I would hear my heart pounding so loudly that I would wonder what that noise was. It wouldn't be long then that I would get a huge adrenaline rush from all of that beating, which would perk me up to be wide-awake. I wouldn't be short of breath, or anything like a panic attack sufferer (which I've never had-luckily). I'd just get a surge of energy almost like I was charged up on caffeine.

These Guardians are said to be around us all, but to see their light, or them as a solid being is a rarity. I have seen only one of them as a solid being before, and it was at my job. This is when I saw a young woman, blonde and blue eyed, standing at the end of the aisle in the grocery store bakery I was working in. I was busily waiting on customers, but for some reason I felt her presence and looked down the aisle straight into her eyes.

I was surprised to see this woman just standing there gaZing right towards me. My attention had to turn back towards the customers, so I just brushed off whatever it was I felt about that woman. Before I knew it, that same woman was standing right before me, just behind the few customers I was waiting on!

Once again she had a locked stare on me, and I tried to glance back every chance I could. I was walking up and down the length of the counter I stood behind, helping out the customers, when I saw that the woman had stepped right up to the counter. In between my pacing I stopped to ask the woman if there was something I could help her with. In getting within a few feet of her, I was just in awe.

Her face was completely flawless where it seemed that there was a light glowing about her face. I don't fully remember what she was wearing, but for some reason I had the impression that she had on an odd, one-piece jogging suit. The one thing that truly stood out were her eyes. They were of a distinct blue that had a light of their own that I have yet to see since. Her eyes were also a bit larger than I have normally seen on any person.

When I asked if I could help her, she shook her head lightly, still staring at me, and then backed away slowly to the other end of the aisle. She then stood there a few moments more, still staring at me. I turned away to finish my customer's order for just a moment, and she was gone! It was an odd but wonderful experience that I would be lucky to have repeat itself. She radiated such peace, love, and patience all at the same time that it was just incredible. This happened to me about a year or so before meeting Cafth, and I asked him if she were one of the Guardians, and he did confirm that she was!

It's funny that we never see or hear much about these beings. It seems that the media only likes to focus on what is strange, odd, or traumatic. Even most UFO researchers don't seem to regard visits from kinder beings to be legitimate contact, or contact worth looking into. Then there's the other side of the spectrum where more spiritually minded researchers have never come across bad alien contact—that it's all love and light out there! It's as if, just because they are not from here, they suddenly get the undeserved brand of being better than us? Yet, for the most part it's all about the hype, which is why you mostly see pictures of the more sinister beings such as the Grays and Reptilians everywhere. Even Hollywood likes to disregard anything that might be too normal and accepting like the Nordic aliens.

The movie *Fire in the Sky* is a perfect example of how some important facts are left out. I went to a UFO conference held in Springfield, Missouri

where Travis Walton spoke on his abduction and disappearance experiences that the movie was based on. His story relates how he went missing for several days after he and his co-workers came across a UFO out in the woods where they worked as lumberjacks. His friends were suspected of his murder until he unexpectedly reappeared several days later, dehydrated, starved, and confused as to what happened to him after walking up to the craft days earlier.

It was disappointing to hear that the meat of the movie, when it came to the aliens, was made up. Travis said the makers of the film, "Hollywood-ed it." I know I should be shocked here somewhere that this was done, but again, I am not surprised. But I admit that I was disappointed that the movie never mentioned the aliens he had the most contact with, which were the Nordics!

Now why cut that part out? Is it too unbelievable that a very human-looking being was involved in this odd abduction? Is that the reason that when people ask me if I have seen the "creatures" that fly the UFOs, they have a smirk on their faces because they only think of the anal-probing, big-headed Grays making visits?

I suppose it is easier to laugh at and poke fun of something so odd and unfamiliar to them. Say for humor's sake, that there is life out there on other planets. How silly would it be for one of them to think that Earth had *way* too much oxygen to support any *intelligent* life? Sometimes I still ponder that possibility when I hear the uneducated remarks I encounter at times!

I don't want to say with certainty that the beings that Travis saw were, or were not the Guardians, only because I think people should make their own judgment. But from my perspective, I will say that I am not aware of the Guardians taking people against their will and starving them. It doesn't fit their purpose, nor correspond to what they do. They are also a more spiritual being like Soforus, who do not require the use of a ship to get around in. However, the Nordic beings do need ships. Negative and positive Nordics need ships. Let's also keep in mind that there are some Nordics not conquered by the Shadows. These would then be more positive Nordics who don't abduct or harm people. Did I help make up your mind about who does dirty deeds?

"Then why were these beings in the form that the Guardians usually take?" I wondered.

Well, I knew that the Shadows took on different forms—any form to get their job done. I also knew that some of the actual Nordic aliens were workers for the Shadows. How perfect for them to be in the form of something so positive looking, and gain a lovely title like "handsome human being" to complete their costume! Imagine being taken onboard a UFO and find yourself surrounded by small Grays, totally not what you are used to, and you freak out a bit. Then you see this practically angelic-looking being walking towards you, and you find yourself calming down. Having another "person" be with you in that situation, could surely reassure you and make you feel better and even more accepting where you are easier to work with and manipulate.

Cafth has said that the Shadows liked to take and use that form to place blame of some abductions on other races that look similar. That helped add to the confusion as to what may have happened to you, thinking that some super blonde humans got a hold of you instead of aliens. You might just relate it all to a dream and not try to seek out answers to find out what's hiding in the shadows of your bedroom. That lack of realization would be to your disadvantage, but help out a great deal in the grand scheme of the Shadows.

I've put it here a bunch of times and I will say it over and over again; any beings (no matter how cute they are) who are working with abducting aliens—they are NOT the good guys! To watch the Grays take a person against his will, fill him with terror beyond belief and sit idly by? I'd lean more towards them not having the best of values if that is their stance.

In relating back to the Travis Walton case, I cannot ask Cafth specifically about others' experiences—not unless there is a lesson to be learned. If I have permission, or if that person is present when I'm speaking to Cafth, then I can ask about their experiences. So I could not get direct information about his incident and I think that's best, which again lets people define experiences on their own that they read about or have seen firsthand.

This next story about a positive alien being is especially interesting, because of the fact that Nordic looking beings have not been advertised much in being related to the alien phenomenon. This story will also throw into the mix the furthering confusion about there actually being a very

human looking alien being, that also has the title of being a Nordic. Samantha's uncle, who resides in Puerto Rico, related this account to me in-person. I was lucky enough to go there to experience island living for a three-week vacation in the summer of 1997 along with Samantha and friends:

One evening we went to visit Samantha's aunt's home, and I got a chance to start talking on my favorite subject. I had heard there were a lot of UFO sightings in the area, so I first asked her cousins what they had heard. At the time, the Chupacabra stories were just starting to die down a little.

Chupacabra means "goat sucker" in Spanish. These were small (approximately three foot tall), hairy, red-eyed creatures that roamed Puerto Rico, killing animals by sucking their body fluids out through small puncture holes. There's another piece of hard-proof of aliens existing where doctors have no explanation for what's happening to these animals, and still this information doesn't hit the mainstream. Can you spell "cover-up," or how about "the blind leading the blind to remain blind?"

Many people on the island were terrified of these Chupacabra sightings, and it was a critical topic on their news for a while. I did ask Cafth about these creatures and he said briefly that they were a mistake that was being handled. Essentially, these Chupacabra got away and were now being rounded up and captured to stop them wreaking havoc.

Samantha's aunt related a story to me about a Chupacabra sighting near her work that had happened sometime earlier. Then one of her cousins spoke of a UFO sighting she had with her boyfriend up in the mountains. Their stories were interesting enough, but nothing topped what Samantha's uncle Joseph had to say about a visit he had one night.

Joseph had a separate house built behind his wife's home where he would go when they had a quarrel; it was a hide-away I'm sure most would appreciate to have at times. The night he had a visitor, he was staying in his house alone, which was something he said he did quite often. As he was sleeping, he said a tall alien with blonde hair and blue eyes sat on his bed and began to talk to him.

He said, "The alien told me that I was sick and needed to go to a doctor. Then he said that my son had a serious problem with his blood and that I

should take him to a doctor right away, too! So the next day I went to the doctor and that was when I found out I had a bad blood infection and that my son had leukemia!"

I was shocked that her uncle knew to call this being an alien. Here he had lived high up in the mountains of Puerto Rico all of his life where religion and cockfights are more commonly spoken of. But he still thought of this being as an alien and not an angel as the Bible so often depicted these kinds of helpful beings! I asked Samantha to translate for me to ask him why he called this an alien.

Samantha then looked his way and related what I asked. He answered her back, and I was astonished to hear his answer. Samantha was, too, since she could hardly stop laughing.

His response was, "Well, when he came in the room and sat down on my bed he said, "Hello, I'm an alien and I am here to help you."

Well, there's no mystery there where he got calling him an alien from! I had to laugh at the response and so did Joseph, but he still was quite serious. I would be, too, since this encounter saved his child's life and his own.

Angelic-like beings, but this time it was an alien and not a Guardian. They looked just like the ones written of in the Bible who can be known by their actions and not their appearances alone. They don't have to look the role to play the role. That's according to what Cafth had told me about him and his companion's roles. I once asked Cafth if he was like an angel then, or something similar, too.

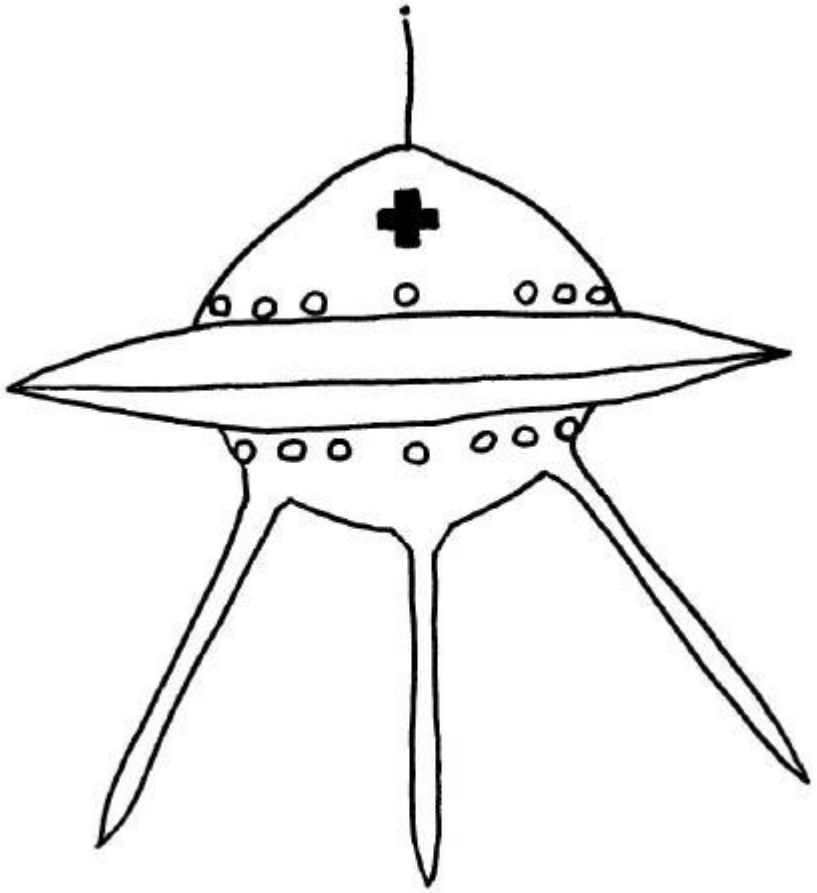
He smiled at that remark, but said, "That is a human term. I am alien. But we have been called many things."

I think the lesson to be learned here is that when we think of some type of "man-bird" being the only messengers of good—we just might be wrong. We have a lot of sayings that allow us to escape defining the truth of our reality, like, "If the shoe fits, wear it." I don't think the design of our shoes are even flexible enough to fit everything that might be in our universe that does indeed help us.

It's said in the Bible that God made us in His own image. But somehow we got that mixed up to mean that all intelligent life must look like us then, too. I'm positive that part is not Biblical for us to think that, but our heads are big enough to believe that—obviously.

Chapter #12

AIDE's =
Angels in Disguise and Evolving



(Uh-by the way, that's a First Aid symbol–not a Cross ☺!)

Cafth has made it clear to me that his companions personally are not able, nor allowed, to directly interfere with what happens on Earth. This is one of the reasons why they instead send down beings like themselves to be born into human form and/or spiritually prepare people for the problems to come. It's done in these manners, because in order to more accurately

encourage change. That they themselves must be experiencers of the Earth and life process in order to inspire change in the most needed manner.

Cafth explained that a bit: “It is against the rules to come and impose something to change from an outsider’s perspective, which is why I am not to influence you directly in the choices that you make. You are not under my control, you have the right to choose to do what you want with the information I tell you.”

Samantha The Angel?

Through Cafth and our own memories, Samantha and I knew we were here to complete some tasks that were connected to the more positive side of things. For Samantha to hear and recall that her tasks more closely resembled that of an angel on a mission was no surprise to her. For years, Samantha depicted herself as a “fallen angel” in several of her artworks. Not “fallen” like the devil, but more like where she had to leave the heavens to accomplish something. She told me that she had always felt as if she had come here for a reason to assist in helping people. But previously she could never figure out how she came to be here and the exact mission she was to accomplish.

In seeing some of her artwork, it seems as if she felt the same way I did when I remembered coming from The Source. She always depicted herself as being a little sad that she had to leave where she came from, but joyfully took on the duties given to her. In one large painting she shows herself as a winged angel looking back sadly from the blue tunnel she passed through to get here. Another huge sketch shows her as an angel retrieving a star God sent her and other angels to search for.

One incredible revelation about Samantha’s possible angel connection came Samantha’s way in July of 2000 when she went in for some chest x-rays due to some odd health problems she was experiencing. She did an array of other tests, also, and they all came back normal.

“Except one interesting thing,” her doctor said curiously. “You have some extra ribs, and they aren’t in the usual area either.” He then showed the x-rays to Samantha who described to me the extra ribs being between the 4th and 5th ribs approximately and angling up to her collarbone as if for extra support.

The doctor continued, “Yea, they are curved differently and are formed odd. Almost—bird-like. I’ve never seen this before, or ever heard of it. It’s very rare—if it’s written about at all.”

Now what that all means, I’ll leave to the imagination. But, when I heard it I referred to all her drawings of herself seen as a winged angel. When the doctor first told her this, it didn’t even dawn on her about her angel perception of herself until I mentioned it. Personally, I don’t see how she could have overlooked it! To me it was staring us right in the face, screaming at her since her giant drawings and paintings of herself as an angel adorned our apartment walls. Perhaps her memory served her better than she even knew, or wanted to know with all of her drawings.

Adventure Awaits

I know when I recalled agreeing to leave The Source, I was overly anxious to do so. Upon exiting, however, I immediately wished to go back. I was saddened that I was no longer in this warm pool of love and voices of deep thought. Cafth said that upon my first meeting him, that he had given me a warning.

He went on, “I told you that you would not have all of the energy you once had (once you go to be born). But you are the adventurous type, so you did not listen, anyway.”

He said he told me that I would be stripped of my energies where I would be more on my own here. I can envision myself being like that; all ready to just go for it since it had such great purpose. But, I usually do listen to good advice, as myself now, anyway. I cannot say that my own memory serves me to recall all that Cafth mentions to me. I fully feel that if I were meant to recall it all then I would, but it is still interesting to hear. Often, times it all sounds like distant stories of someone else. Then other times they feel slightly familiar.

All I know is now I am proud to say that I gratefully accept the challenges that are here for me. But I admit that there have been several instances where I have just wanted to give up on trying to open up anyone’s eyes. I used to be so anxious to talk on the UFO subject to let people know that aliens were really around. I now know to be more patient, that it’s not as effective, nor always important for me to be the one to prompt a

conversation on the topic. Still, sometimes I do bring it up to serve as some sort of example of normalcy in the face of the stereotypes out there. I go more by the vibe of whom I'm speaking to. More often than not, those who I share with also have a supernatural story to share with me in return. So, sometimes I feel that I am just supplying the means for people to know the truth just in case they care to find out, or can be a vent for that person to share.

Freewill and free range of thought is what most successful societies are built on and that is how it should be. There should be no one who feels they can dictate to another, or give them ultimatums if they do not follow through on something or believe as the next person does. If people ask for an opinion on what they should, or should not do while facing anything (even aliens), that's called advice. So, I may be caught in giving advice when it comes to these sorts of topics, just as anyone would do on a topic they are informed on. But one has to beware of some advice givers out there, because not everyone is in your corner to see you through anything. Advice may be given or hints of why some things may be the way they are just to see to it that you are thrown off the trail of the true agenda at hand.

In-Fluence Season

Cafth once stated, "The Shadows are playing by the rules (of no outside influencing without permission), but they are cheating (go figure)! They are making a hybrid that is half-alien and half-human so they are a part of the Earth and its occupants and the darkness. They will be made to follow the orders of the Shadows. They will not be able to make their own choices. It will be an enslaved existence."

Essentially, Cafth is saying that us humans "are what we eat" (I think most of us have heard of that saying before) where we are basically made up of the same elements found on the Earth. Aliens are truly not of this Earth, where their bodies were not made to live in our environment with ease. They simply cannot move about as freely as we can without needing to make modifications, or adjustments. So if they want to take over the land, they need something that is native to the land they want, yet be under their control. So, why not do a little experimenting and build quite a unique army of sorts?

Cafth had also always stressed to me that no one could be influenced, or harmed by the Shadows unless they were weak at some point and somehow allowed it to happen. That some people had even given their permission to be involved with them before they were born—just as I had, but for the other source! Then here it is revealed that permission will no longer have to be sought since a being can be created and taught to be a servant to their cause from the beginning?!

I almost felt sorry for these hybrid beings. I have heard stories of abductees who have had alien children and how they got to see them periodically when they are abducted by the Grays. (These aliens are often thought of as being like the "little doctors" in creating these hybrids.) These alien children often have stringy hair, pale skin, and large heads with big, but often human eyes.

It seems that the Grays do not know exactly how to handle these children. So, often times the abductees are sought to teach the Grays how to care for the children and hold them. Sometimes the person abducted is even made to judge whether or not these hybrid babies have enough human characteristics. As I was told by one such person, as she was passed individual hybrid babies, she was asked if they "passed or not." She felt it was horrible how the babies were wrapped in what felt like black garbage bags, nothing soft to the touch in such a drab color.

Hybrid Happenings

My question is, what would happen if these babies did not "pass?"

Another friend of mine, Susan, happened to stumble across that answer unknowingly. Susan has a daughter by the name of Hope, which are neither of their real names. Susan had been suspecting that her daughter was having some kind of abduction experiences, because odd marks would appear on Hope's body and then vanish. This mysterious occurrence was even witnessed by their family physician, who had no explanation for this happening.

Susan got in touch with a mutual friend of mine I'll call Karla, who was a licensed hypnotist and involved in the UFO phenomenon. Susan wanted to find some answers about Hope's odd markings. After seeing a television

special speaking of something similar, Susan was certain it was somehow alien related. Susan agreed to attempt to have her daughter regressed by Karla to find some answers. At the time Hope was only 5 years old and proved to be a challenge to regress, so not much got accomplished through that route.

Susan then volunteered to be regressed to see if she recalled anything ever happening to her daughter during the night hours. Susan was a bit skeptical that she would be able to recall anything because she thought she was too sound of a sleeper. She actually claimed to have never been able to recall having a single dream in her entire life!

Skeptical or not, Susan was put into a hypnotic state with ease by Karla. Susan then began to relate the unbelievable fate of some of these hybrid children that did not "pass" by some sad standard:

Susan started by saying how every night she found herself leaving her body. She would then go to somehow guard odd-looking children to make sure they didn't leave the city they were confined in. (Which easily explained her dreamless sleep, since she wasn't present.) Susan said that she recalled volunteering to be born here on Earth (sounds familiar) so that she may give birth to a child who would rescue these children—Hope.

Susan said, "These children are very thin and small. They are not really children, they are older, but they are still small like children. They won't grow any more than they already are. They don't look right, so they are kept here. They are too weak to escape on their own, but Hope will guide them (she begins to sob). I don't want Hope to leave me, but I know she has to. This is what she was born to do, they trust her."

It sounds as if this was some kind of dumping ground for those hybrids who did not pass certain breeding standards. It is good to know, though, that even those beings will be spared at some point and be rescued from the holding they are kept in. Hope was to be their guardian and guiding light, which leads me to believe that these hybrids are not necessarily born loyal to the Shadows. I could see that as being a possibility since they were half-human, after all. So these hybrids must be groomed and raised to think that they have no other choice, *but* to be the Shadows' workers.

When I first heard of the information Susan recovered in this session, I really could not understand the meaning of her recollections. I was still in a

state where I did not know what this alien thing was all about, because Cafth wasn't in my life yet. What really amazed me was Susan's reaction to what had happened in her session. She didn't even want to know what she personally spoke of, or revealed—not ever!

Before awaking she asked Karla to make her forget all that she had said, because she couldn't bear the pain of knowing her child would have to leave her someday to help those children out. Her session, which was done about 16years ago, was actually videotaped. Karla was then given a copy of her session if she felt the need to watch it later and this is what I watched, as well. From the last that I have heard only a couple of years ago from Karla herself, is that she has yet to be able to watch the tape in its entirety!

The new question is, what has become of the hybrids who "passed?"

There is a phenomenon coming to the surface recently, called Black Eyed Children or Kid encounters. These are pale children, that are a variety of ages, who have solid-black eyes. They often beg people to help them out in some form, or ask to simply be allowed into a person's home or car. When people reject their request, these beings often become very angry and insist even more on the favor. Worldwide these "children" have shown up and sent vibes of terror into the very souls of the people who have encountered them. Experiencers claim to feel something deeper than mortal danger even as they are approached. What are these beings and could they be the alien hybrids?

If there is to be any sort of goodness in the purpose of the Grays creating another race, I would like to see how. I am sure I am ruffling a few feathers out there of those who are involved in the abduction experience and aid in creating these children. Some of these people are my friends now and who knows, may not take too kindly to me afterward. I can't help what it is that I now understand about the hybrid creations going on. I can only hope that some of this makes sense and might go further than just being blown off as judgmental babble.

I don't prefer to be judged unnecessarily either, but I am often categorized as being an abductee, due to the lack of knowledge of other alien stories even existing outside of abductions. So I have been there in taking offense in what gets related to being my personal story, as well. Yet, it is not an offense that I am aiming to create, just awareness still and always.

Abduction Stuff

Time and time again I have heard women claim to recall being raped or impregnated by alien visitors, only to have the small life growing in them taken away. The movie called *Intruders,* based on a book by Budd Hopkins by the same name, depicted a story of a woman who experienced her unborn child being taken away by Gray alien beings.

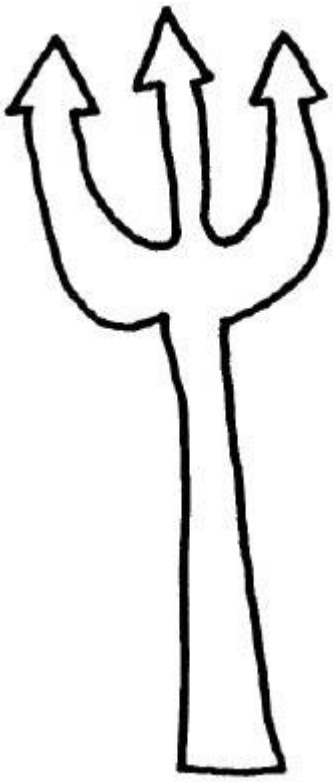
She was noted as being pregnant, the placenta was still intact, but the baby was gone. The woman was horrified to have her doctor explain to her that her body supposedly reabsorbed her baby—what a horrible explanation to give a grieving mother! Why don't our scientist just say it like it is, that they haven't the slightest clue? But instead they blame it on mother nature as they often do when they cannot explain something. Bones can't even be digested fully by my dog Alien where acids exist for digestion to take place! But a uterus can do this so easily without a trace of the baby being left behind?

Personally and common sense in thinking, I see nothing beautiful in losing a child to some sneaky creatures in the night. If it's for the greater good, as some of these hybrid creators would have some believe, then allow that individual a conscious choice to help out or not. If people knew all of the facts, I wonder how many takers the Shadows would have where people would allow their bodies to be used as baby machines to give up their children to help create an army for evil.

I can't see from here, but I am hoping that no one has their hand raised out there!

Chapter #13

Positive Reinforcement in Abductions: *What's Behind It?*



While attending several UFO groups and conferences, there has always been the question, "What are these aliens up to, already?" In the pits of our stomachs, I'm sure most of us felt it could not all be good. But then there was that certain benefit that would come in different forms that would make some people think that it couldn't be all bad, either.

Some alien abductees claim to feel refreshed and enlightened after an encounter. Then of course, some are simply left in a state of shock from the terror they just endured. Then there are others who claim to have been blessed with gifts like psychic abilities and healing powers. Some feel so empowered that they become Reiki Masters, psychic healers, environmental

activists, and even spiritual leaders. Yet, don't we all have some of these gifts to a certain degree that are naturally God given?

I too have some keener senses where I can sense things around me, or even get hints of future events to take place. For me, however, it is never something I have been able to control–it's spontaneous like a déjà vu. More recently I have come to feel that some of these senses may be more like guidance given to me—as God would do for anyone in answering prayers. I believe this may be the very reason why I have run into so many seemingly everyday people who have helped me to learn and grow from and even meet others who have had oddly similar experiences to my own.

Naturally, I wanted to try and find out additional information on this topic of alien gifts via an alien perspective. I went to Cafth to ask why it was that some abductees were receiving some psychic and healing gifts, if practically most of these Grays were supposedly evil.

He said, "They have their own agenda in mind for doing that."

There's always some kind of secret agenda at hand that my mind can't go low enough to envision. Then I began to think about when I asked Cafth if there were something he could give us to help us prove to people that the experiences we were having with him were real. Cafth was firm to say that this was not how his people worked. He continued to say that they are not into intervening where they would shock people into conforming to believe in and follow them.

Cafth shared, "Those who are to see the truth will realize it and see that we are the force behind the words (you are quoting) and that we work only for The Source (God)."

For some odd reason his humble response to not create convinced converts with magical feats, made me think of the thoughts I had as a kid about how God used His powers. In Sunday School I remember being told that God used His resources to create miracles. That God did not always just make something happen in a flash, as I'm sure He could indeed do and does for some instances. My teacher then gave the example of how God parted the Red Sea for Moses by using the winds; that He was a humble God in His approach to make things happen. Not to compare Cafth to God, but he did work for Him, so lively tricks were not to be a tool of Cafth's.

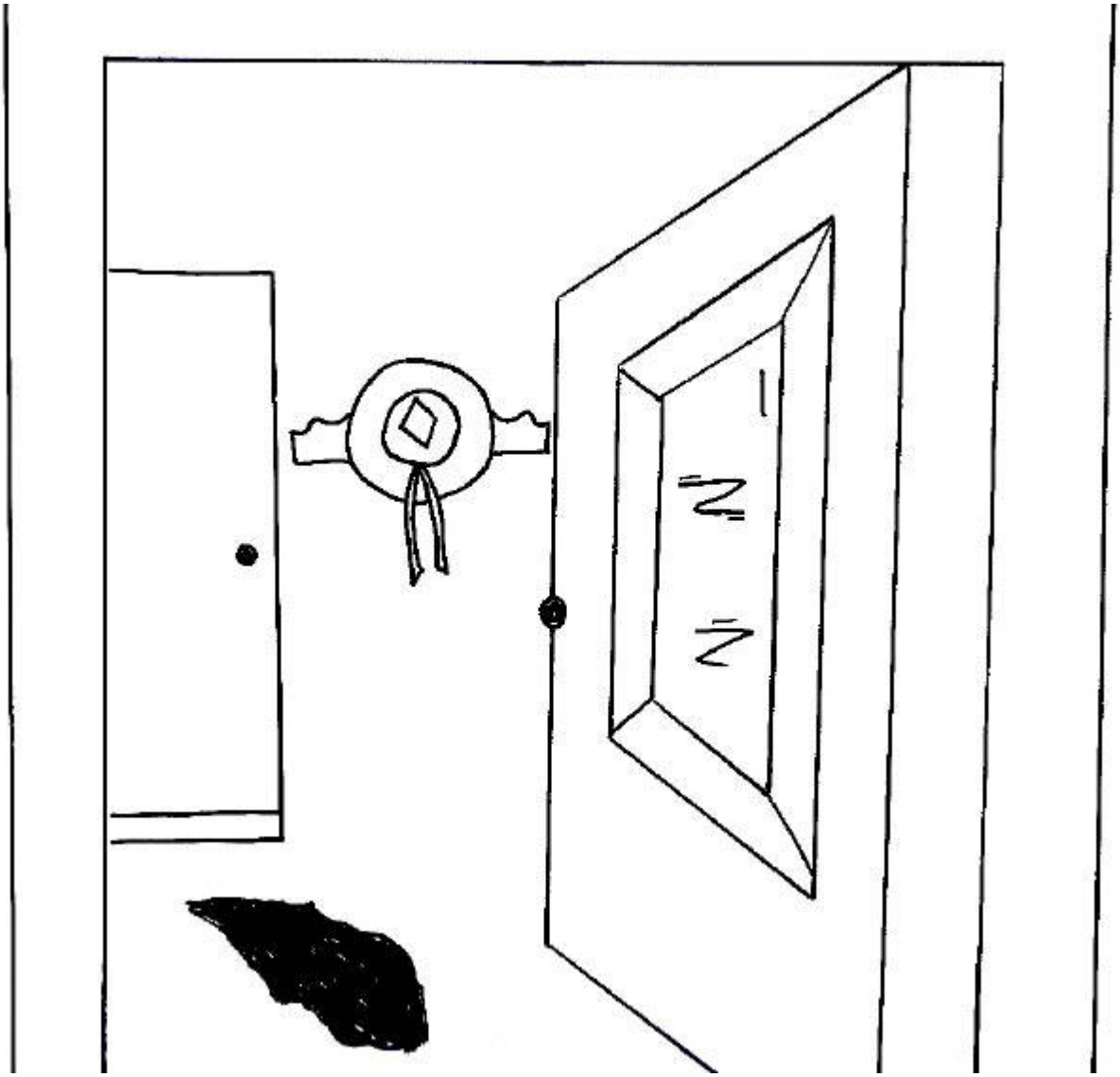
But here, the Grays are giving the appearance that their abductees are given gifts of healing because they are in touch with them! From what I

have learned directly from some of these people, when they go to lay their hands on someone to heal them, they personally see Grays come right through the walls to assist in the healing. I thought maybe some of these Grays were the good ones, but Cafth said they do it to make themselves look good so that people would follow them. It is actually the beings who are doing the "healing work" and not the person or abductee. Of course, everyone cannot be lumped into one category to be able to heal only with Gray alien assistance. Some people are given the same gifts by another means like from another type of being, or God. I say this because God can do whatever He wants with whomever He wants.

So I asked about those other gifted people who had "other" alien contact and how they came across their psychic and healing powers. All of these "gifts" still didn't make full sense to me as to why they came. It especially didn't click in my head for those, as myself, who have had predominantly positive experiences and possess tidbits of these kinds of abilities. Although, I acknowledge that all people have similar capabilities with sixth senses abound, but I know mine increased a bit seemingly due to some of the odd experiences I've had.

Cafth began, "The Shadows always try to influence those that we are in contact with. That is why some people will have questionable experiences at times where that person believes them to be negative (beings or experiences). Then other times you are at peace with the encounter you are having, those are experiences with beings like us. There is always a constant battle going on. To answer your question more directly, those that work with us also possess gifts that are sometimes taught to them or that they possessed on their own. There are gifts that you two possess (Samantha and myself) that you have yet to discover, as well."

A battle, even in the experiences that we have?!



Shadow Rodents are Shadows that appear as black blobs that streak closer to the floor.

Things really started to sink in my head better now, since I had a questionable experience here and there myself where it didn't feel all that positive. I never felt as if I had been experimented on or harmed because the negative beings never really seemed to be able to touch me. But I knew that something wasn't right with them, and I knew that those were not the same positive beings I had the most contact with in all of my experiences in seeing nonhuman beings.

I truly haven't gone into a ton of detail here about the various experiences I have had over the years in seeing odd things in my home or

beyond. But suffice it to say that I have seen Grays "try" to rattle me, crawl in front of my car while I'm driving, morph from a Shadow Spider into a Grays' face and quite a few other odd experiences. I haven't directly seen a Reptilian out of their human camouflage—thank God! I have had glimpses of an array of various beings that I have never seen drawn anywhere, but they emitted a ton of warm regards without doing anything intrusive or limiting to me. I've seen the Nordic types; angelic types wearing white robes who I believe are truly angels, Guardian balls of light and the Shadows in all forms. So to say there's been a spread of alien jam across my slice of the world bread—that's an understatement!

I think the variances in aliens and experiences will explain a lot to others, too. I have seen many people puzzle over the meanings of some of their encounters. It is one thing to come to the conclusion that you are at all connected with some aliens. It is a whole other issue to realize that you are having totally opposite experiences from night-to-night, as well.

Imagine being taken into classrooms, being taught miraculous things, shown serene beauty, and having wonderful conversations with a particular group of beings, as some people do. Then the next night you find yourself strapped down to a table having some skin scooped out of you by some other beings, or ones making themselves look like the ones from the night before. I would think that scenario would be quite puzzling, and outright bewildering. Then to make matters worse, when the more negative beings come around, you might allow what's happening because you think it's the friendly beings from the night before! This all sounds a bit like "permission granting" to have access to a person, in a strained and cheating form, of course.

A good friend of mine, I'll call Will, had a situation that leaned him into a muddled understanding of his personal alien encounters. Will had some involvement in UFO discussion gatherings where Samantha and I got to know him quite well. He always had a smile to spread, jokes to crack, and alien encounter stories to share.

As we all grew closer in friendship, individually we all opened up in greater degrees about our alien encounters. One evening while dining at a neighborhood burger joint, Will decided to dump a mother load of

information on Samantha and me. “I’ve been really disturbed by some of my experiences lately with a female alien,” Will began.

I continued to lean into my sloppy burger, which needed special attention to keep all of the pieces aligned and stop the grease from escaping. However, I was still sure to keep looking up periodically to hear the rest of what Will had to say. I could tell he was a bit distressed, but I truly would have never suspected what came out of his mouth next.

“Yeah, well I have been having sex with this alien woman. More like, I’m being raped by her.” Will softly laid out his affirmation.

My burger suddenly lost its greasy momentum and got lodged in my throat! I looked up at Will in what must have been a most sorrowful look. I knew what that meant and I could tell that he didn’t think it was a good thing, either.

I thought to myself, “Should I tell him what he was experiencing was tied to his soul and some kind of agreement he made at some point with these beings? But I was asked to not speak on what Cafth has told us yet. I can’t say anything, I just can’t!”

I battled back and forth in my head, looking up at Samantha, seeing if she felt like giving in as much as I did. Then I just said it, “You know you don’t have to let them touch you—don’t you?”

I could tell Will was perplexed by what I sputtered, so I went on, barely explaining the details. “Somehow, at some time, you agreed to let them come to you like this. You have to break that contract and know that you can.”

Will was my first attempt at informing someone else about how to stop the advances of Grays and other negative beings. I was too torn in allowing a friend to continue to be victimized. I didn’t tell him the full details of what was going on between the races of beings, only enough to hopefully get him through to the next level of understanding more about his personal situation.

Will had told me before that he had several wonderful experiences with what he called his spiritual guides who happened to be Native Americans. He knew they were fully connected to who he was and his alien contact. Still, he couldn’t figure why he would learn so many wondrous things in experiences with the guides and then be preyed upon by Grays that knew of his other contacts with the guides.

I went on to explain to Will how he could rid himself of these beings and keep them at bay, which I will go into detail in Chapter #21 on how to do that for oneself. Later that same evening, as if they had overheard our conversation, the Grays and the female Gray came back to see to it that Will was still under their control. Well they were in for a shock, because he knew how to protect himself and how to get out from under their paralyzing glare now.

I am more than happy to report that Will was successful in drop-kicking the Grays out of the door that night. The finer details of this tremendous stand-off between him and the gang of Grays that came for him is a story for Will to tell when the time is right. The important thing to note is that Will got the upper hand on these guys. These negative experiences were halted which made way for him to have more contact with the more positive beings, or guides he said to have. Every now and then, he still had negative beings make attempts to gain some ground on him—with no success!

I also learned some great lessons with the success that Will had, too. For one, what Cafth had taught me really did work! Once Will had found his strength to get rid of these guys, he not only had more positive experiences, he also got his memory back.

Will began to recall bits and pieces of his connections with the Grays, and actually recalled agreeing to be a part of the Grays' mission, "I was sent in to be a spy on you and Samantha, Heidi. But I also recall that I was actually not a part of their kind but a double agent sort. It was like I was sent to pretend to be working for them, only to later recall who I really was and mess up all of their efforts."

Once again, someone else was sent to see to it that Samantha and I were not successful in informing people. At first I thought that I had made a mistake in revealing some of what Cafth had told us, because right after we did, holy crap did we get bombarded with Shadows in full force! That was another lesson I learned, that speaking too soon about this stuff really did put us in more danger. I now see that it was meant for me to speak to Will when I did, though. Otherwise, who knows what kind of information Will may have gotten from us to report to the Grays had he not been told how to break his ties.

Cafth has always said that I would have it in me to know what to do with various information that he'd shared with me. Cafth had asked me to

not reveal anything to anyone about the information he gave until the book was printed. Yet, he also said that I always had the freedom to make any decision I wanted. It is of course common sense that I always knew I had that freedom, but by going against his stated request I found even more strength in myself. My intuition tugged at me to speak up, I did, and it was for the better.

As for the case of Will, we all have to make a choice and make an effort not to allow any room for the negative beings to get too close to any of us. We have to conjure up the courage and let these beings know that our bodies and our lives are not their playground for experiments. People have to know not to let any persuasion or explanation from these beings move them to agree to their unwanted advances. If a person's experience is uncomfortable and these beings do not stop what they are doing, that is not one of the good guys.

Maybe if I put it another way, the scenario might sink a little better:

Say you have a friend that likes to just show up at your house without calling—ALL of the time! In fact, when he comes to your house, he doesn't even knock, he just opens the door or crawls through a window if he has to. Once he's inside, he might rustle through your stuff a little bit, and casually throw a smile your way to hardly soften your state of shock towards his obnoxious behavior.

Then you go to yell at him and tell him to get out, when he smacks you upside the head! You wrench a little, and step forward again when, "Smack!" Yet another pop rattles your head.

"Who do you think you are?!" You scream. "You have no right to come into my home and pull this garbage on me!"

When your friend calmly replies, "Oh yes I do, you agreed to this. I'm your friend, you've known me for a long time. Don't you feel the love pulling you towards me?"

"I would never agree to you doing this. I know you in some ways and for some reason, I still feel I care for you. But this just isn't right!"

Your friend acts like he doesn't care what you are saying and continues to nose through your things, passing you by with a smack on the head whenever he's within reach. "Well, this has been fun. Now where are your

wife's things so I can look through her things too and take what I like. Aw heck, you might as well point me in the direction of your kids' things, too. I want to be sure to get all that I can out you and your family. Hmm, I might just smack them around while I'm at, too. I haven't decided yet!"

Nice friend. It almost sounds comical if it isn't happening to us.

Now, if any one of us had a friend that was that obnoxious sneaking around our home, I doubt that person would remain a friend for long. However, this description is not that far off from what these negative beings do. Yet, there are some people who sway and call them friends still. If my "friend" cannot see that I am uncomfortable in what they are doing, then that is not a friend of mine! Feelings might be hard to get over, but the ties would be broken. Access to my home would be off-limits, and I would look into better protecting myself and my family from such people.

It's difficult to process that intrusive aliens are coming to take our dignity away *and* our souls, especially when it just appears to be speculation. The hard facts are that these Shadows are here to influence people to allow their deeds to develop. I think it's near genius of them to garner people to have such a strong affinity for them that the abductee will overlook their private parts being probed and robbed constantly of their genetic material—along with their babies!

Dr. Gray greets, "Hi Heidi, how are you doing today? Don't mind me as I throw this mental harness around you to hold you down as I gently place you on a cold-metal table with no cushion. Why lookie there…is that your baby I see? Well you won't be needing him anymore, or the next baby for that matter! Be sure to mate with the one I appointed to you. Make it quick, too, I have a deadline to meet! Now be on your way and don't pick at that dog tag I put in your nose so that I can find you at all times of day. Next time, I'll teach you how to read some of our words so that when we try to take over your world, you can show others how great we are so that they'll obey as well as you do. Ta-ta for now!"

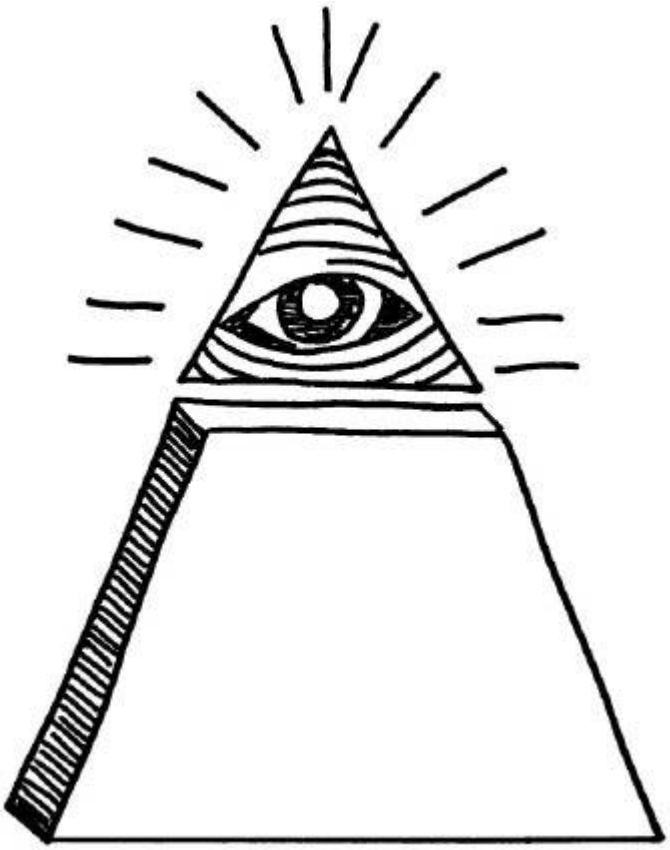
If something like that happened to me and all I had to complain about was, "What? No cushion?" Something just isn't right here. Yet, this is what is happening to many people who are abducted by the negative aliens under the control of the Shadows.

I know Cafth is not perfect, but it's very cool that he does speak to and of God regularly to keep him straight. In fact, he mentioned how he saw it as a necessity to always keep a line open to God. He and I spoke at length about praying in regard to how it was a great tool and one of the main ways to break loyalties to the other source of the Shadows. Prayer is a call for protection, guidance and a source of strength for everyone.

Cafth may not look like your typical "angelic being" written of in the past, but his heart is in the same place. There's never any pushiness, bragging, convincing or preaching coming from Cafth . He never tries to sway me or Samantha to allow for his presence to come through, or his words be heard. What a huge contrast from what we have now learned about the opposing forces who steal, hide, cheat and lie. With enemies like these it should be a huge comfort to know that Cafth and his companions of various species, are here to help. It would seem that we can use all of the help we can get!

Chapter #14

WWW:
What Web gets Woven by our Government



There have been so many debates as to what the government really knows about the UFO and alien debacle. Cafth has spoken on many topics indicating what the governments of our world do know and what they are doing with that knowledge. But this chapter is putting that aside for now so I can give a more personal account of what the government has done in my case and in all likelihood, is doing to others.

I personally have known for some time that the United States government knows a heck of a lot more than they are telling. Before I even realized I had some kind of role with aliens, the government knew about it.

I don't know exactly whether they got their info via some aliens or just simply saw UFOs on radar hanging over my house once too often. Either way, some government goofs knew something was up with me and this whole UFO business, because they sure did take the time to visit me as they saw necessary.

One year during the census when the United States was tallying up the population of the different people living here, I had just moved into my first apartment with five other roommates. That sounds like a lot of people, but the place we had was big enough to fit all of us quite comfortably.

A few months after moving in I got a visitor at the door who claimed to be from the census bureau. She was an older lady, late 60's, who promptly put her hand out as if to congratulate me for being chosen for a rare census. She said only one person is chosen out of some thousands of people (I can't remember the number) and I was that person, Heidi D. Hollis!

I didn't see any harm in it, so I invited the lady in and agreed to answer her questions to complete her little questionnaire. She said it was some kind of survey to see if I utilized any variety of government programs, or not. So she began to ask me some questions out of this fairly lengthy, survey pamphlet relating to that sort of thing. The questions did ask things like if I had ever been on welfare, how much money I had in my bank account, and if I used food stamps. But then some of the questions seemed a little odd. There was the question asking what were my religious beliefs, my view on particular world events, who I was dating, and what were the names of the others I lived with!

Believe it or not, I answered her questions. I was young—what would you expect? Her questions went on for what seemed like an hour, or so. Then she surprised me when she asked to speak with each of my roommates! I was just glad to be done with the questions, so I went and got whoever was around at the moment.

I wasn't particularly concerned about what my roommates were asked since I really didn't know them (I answered an ad for a roommate)! But my best friend at the time was staying there with me for a while and she got questioned, too. I just assumed she was asked the same stuff, so I just didn't bring it up again.

In time, the roommate thing didn't work out very well. I ended up moving out with one of them, though, named Jenny. She and I found a quaint little apartment and moved in only a month after the visit from the census lady.

It seemed like only a day after we had moved in and gotten our phone connected, that we got our first call. It was the census lady! "How odd," we thought that this woman was able to locate us like that so soon after moving.

I was the one who answered the phone, and I asked her if she still needed something. She said that she needed to continue to do follow-up interviews to keep up with any changes in mine and Jenny's life. I then said that I felt that I had given enough information in the first interview and thought it would end there. But the census lady went on saying that I signed an agreement for her to continue. I told her I did not remember signing anything, but I figured that there really was no harm in all of this anyway, so I didn't argue with the woman. Again I'll reinstate—I was young!

I told her nothing had changed with me and then I passed the phone to Jenny to update the woman on her status, too. I just didn't think much on what this woman was about, but she did get annoying since she would call or drop by once a month! This went on for about a year before I had to move again and this time it was to my sister's house. Nothing was in my name there, so I guess I made things difficult for these "census people" to track me to my sister's place.

My best friend called me shortly after I moved, the same one who had been questioned before, and said that some people from the census bureau came to her house asking about me! She said that they were dead serious in finding out where I was, which kind of made her feel resistive to their questions. She wouldn't give them any information about me.

I was really stunned that they went to such extremes to find out about me since this friend lived in another state. At one time I did go back and forth quite a bit to visit my friend in her home state, but how did they know to go there when they hadn't followed up with her at any other time? A call wouldn't have sufficed?

I couldn't understand why my friend would feel intimidated enough not to answer their questions. The sister I was living with also received an inquiring call from the census folks, but she did not feel inclined to answer

their questions, either. But I really got the chills when my parents called me with their suspicions.

I believe the conversation went something like, "Heidi, what did you do that was illegal?"

That was one of the first statements out of my step mom's mouth. I was baffled as to what she was talking about since I had never done anything of the sort previously to make her think that.

"What are you talking about?" I responded.

"Some people kept calling saying they were with the census bureau and they wanted us to tell them where you were. We asked them what they wanted with you and they just kept asking more questions, so we hung up with them. Then they showed up at the door, two men and one woman, demanding that we tell them where you were. We said we didn't know. Then they got smart with us saying, "You don't know where your own daughter is?" Then they said, "We'll find her—we always do!"

I then told my parents about the strange census lady who kept bugging me with her odd questions. My parents said that these were no census people, that they were a part of something else to be that aggressive. I then remembered a phone number the census lady had given me. I had to do a bit of digging to find it, but I did and called the number.

That number was disconnected!

I then decided to look up the real census bureau to see if they had a census survey like the one I was a part of. When I called, the man who answered said they did have a similar census where they would follow an individual for two years. He said that they did this to see if they utilized any government programs, but he said there is no way that a government office can ask anything about a person's beliefs and personal life for a census. He wanted me to gather more information about who these people were posing as the Census Bureau. I told him I would get back to him later on that and quickly hung up, because I began to feel a bit numb.

I did not even bother calling that man back, because I knew that whatever this involved it was way over his head. In the conversation I had with my parents about those census guys, I did make a joke that maybe it all had something to do with the huge UFO I saw in downtown Milwaukee. I don't know what made me say that, especially because I saw this UFO two

months *after* this census thing had already started. But it is good to note that the census inquiries did end with their visit to my parent's home.

It took three more years before I truly realized that this census thing was indeed linked to my involvement with UFOs. I hadn't been with the M.A.S.E. (Midwest Abduction Support and Enlightenment) discussion group for long when I brought up the topic out of the blue, "Had anyone ever had a run-in with government people?"

I was just curious if there were any others who might have had a similar experience as me. I would say there were about fifteen people at the meeting that night and about four others spoke up after my question. Each of them claimed they had some "census people" come to their home asking a bunch of non-government program questions, too. All four of them were suspicious about who these people were, because these group members knew of their personal connection with UFOs.

My mouth felt like it dropped down to my knees when I heard all of these claims. I then admitted as to why I asked because I, too, was suspicious about some census people who continually contacted me. The question popped up in my mind to ask, "But didn't they tell you that you were chosen out of several thousands? There are only a little over 600,000 in Milwaukee and here sits a big percentage of those chosen? I don't think this is a coincidence!"

The others agreed that the odds were too high, as well. For the first time I felt like I was at that meeting for some of the same reasons everyone was —to find some answers about the government-alien connection.

I had initially joined the group because I had seen a couple of UFOs and had a general interest. Of course, I also had this inner feeling that somehow I was connected just a little deeper than it appeared. But as I have said, having self-doubt is a big issue when it comes to things of this extreme. So I like to explore things fully before I am convinced of something that is to be a part of me or my life.

After hearing the others' claims about these census people, the wheels in my head just started spinning, "The government knew about my connection to UFOs even before I did!"

I really had a hard time relating to everyone in the M.A.S.E. group for a while; only because I felt that whatever my connection was it felt different from all of theirs. Some of the people in the group considered themselves to

be abductees and were disturbed about most of the scary encounters they had. Then there I sat claiming to have only seen the two true objects I was sure of being UFOs, one being the saucer-shaped craft that answered my call in that lonely Iowa parking lot.

Then there was my first sighting I had of a UFO, which was no small event, either. It happened when I was with my friend Roni in downtown Milwaukee. We were coming down Fond du lac Avenue which turned into the 4th and Broadway exit, heading East (which now no longer exists due to reconstruction).

It was around February or March, some of the most frigid times in Milwaukee. Roni was driving when I spotted an odd, orangish-red, oblong object coming closer and closer to the car. When I pointed it out to Roni, it was so large that she thought it was the Moon! When the object came directly over our heads, we looked up to see that this craft literally took up our whole view to the night sky. The object was fully glowing, without sound or distinct edges to the craft, so there was no telling what the surface of the craft was made of. I kept an avid eye on my watch to assure that I had no missing time as a result of this encounter, too—I knew how that phenomenon worked all too well!

These two incidents of sightings were the main things I had to bring up in discussion at the M.A.S.E. meetings. I also had one other incident when I was a child that really propelled me to look for answers not so readily available in today's society. This recalled memory actually happened prior to my coming across any material related to UFOs—and it was a shared experience.

When I was about five years old, my sister and I were met with a "mechanical-toy clown" that came after us and caused us to both lose consciousness. It happened in broad daylight when this clown came down the hallway from our brother's bedroom. This thing appeared to slightly hover above the floor as it smoothly approached my sister and I. We felt such a sudden sense of terror come over us that we quickly turned to run from this thing and we got a good distance before we both passed out! We could never fully explain where that clown had come from and why we felt so terrified by it. Then after it happened, we just forgot about it for ten years as if it had never happened. Then one day it popped back into memory and

my sister recalled the same details. She and I verified each other's memory by separately drawing what we remembered—it resulted in identical drawings!

So I had a few strange events, but still I didn't feel that my strange happenings came anywhere near to the stories other people at the meetings were describing. I always did have a good time going to the meetings, though. I found it easy to begin conversations with people in the group and we all tried to ponder our way through some of the mysteries presented.

The revelation about those census people was what really got me to realize that I had to find out more about my personal involvement. I almost didn't want to find out what it was. For the most part, none of these abduction experiences sounded like they were a treat. But I often found myself listening to stories from the other members and saying, "Yeah, that happened to me, and that too, and that!" Usually they were speaking about things that I would blame on a ghost or poltergeist. Things like seeing apparitions, objects moving, having dreams that you felt were tests, and stuff like that.

I now know that seeing ghosts and having poltergeist experiences are also related to the alien phenomenon. It seems that if you are in-tune to one paranormal thing you will more than likely experience another. Now in learning all Cafth has mentioned, I also know that all of these negative things come from, or are connected to the same negative source. Personally, if I don't like what is going on that is out-of-the-ordinary, I try to ignore it and not pay it any attention in hopes that it will just go away. At the time that I was first attending the M.A.S.E. meetings, though, I really didn't know the true nature behind any of the paranormal chatter.

During the meetings I was surprised by all of my admissions to experiencing so many odd occurrences, but I still didn't feel "victimized" by aliens. Many of the members didn't feel that way fully, either, but for seem reason I still felt bad for them and some of their experiences. But as time went on, a strange trend started to happen. A few of the members appeared to grow fond of their abductors, which reminded me of Stockholm Syndrome.

Stockholm Syndrome is a survivalist act that I'm sure conjures up when a person feels they have no means of escape, but to make the best out of their situation. It was odd to watch terror talk transform into interests and

fondness for some of the actions the aliens did. It wasn't that the aliens stopped abducting and experimenting. It was more like the aliens didn't hurt them as bad as they used to and/or they spoke of how special they were to the aliens. I also found that there were some people who did not wish their abductions to end—as odd as that may sound. To some victims of abduction, they feel "special" on their own somehow, or at least needed in some way. At the time, I didn't know for sure where I fit in with all that the group members were experiencing. I didn't know if I were meant to fit in fully, though I made great friends with them all.

All I knew at the time was that the government knew to make the effort to come and feel me out and see what my views were on various topics. They even took the time to check out another one of my sisters where they pulled the same "census crap" a couple of years after my run with them. This is the same sister who had been present with me during the "mechanical clown" incident and had seen some UFOs, as well. So I knew she had a connection with aliens in some form, not to mention that she had seen some Shadow People, too.

The census jargon was not the last incident I had with some sort of government force, either. About two weeks after I joined the M.A.S.E. group I had an interesting encounter one afternoon while I was mowing my lawn. I was using an old electrical lawnmower when I accidentally tripped over the extension cord, unplugging it. Once the mower turned off I expected to hear straight silence. Instead, the sound of the mower was replaced by a loud whooping and whooshing noise.

I looked around me to see the trees swishing back and forth madly! I then shot my eyes up and to my amaZement, there it was! Just like in the UFO books I've read and television shows I've watched—a big, black, unmarked helicopter!

It was the same ones so many people claimed to come around to shake the inner core of those who have witnessed UFO sightings. A brief moment of fright took over me, because I had never seen a helicopter fly so low and just hang there right over my house! But soon after my shock, I burst into laughter at how ridiculously obvious they were.

I mean the trees were flapping and the helicopter was leaning to one side as if they were trying to get a better photo of me or something. I was in my backyard at the time, so I looked around to see if my neighbors were

seeing this, too. No one was around, though. I wasn't about to give these guys a free show, so I did the first thing that came to mind and flipped them off and went into the house. I sat inside for about twenty minutes before they finally left, but then they would come back to hover directly over the house some more.

I wouldn't even bother to poke my head through the window to see what they were up to since I could hear them just fine. Finally, my college roommate came home and the helicopter came back. I told her what was going on and told her to look and see for herself. She was shocked and exclaimed that they looked like they were trying to land on the house! My only wish concerning those guys is that they have a funny "Wall of Fame" or something with me and my middle finger proudly pointing in their direction. I can't say I'm proud of flipping them off. It's not a level of defense I usually think about to raise a finger anyone's direction, but it was all I had to show them how I felt about their intrusion.

I wish I could say that my brushes with obvious government forces ended there, but they didn't. They let me know that they were aiming to find out whatever it was I knew concerning aliens. They pushed harder and deeper, and I held on tighter with white knuckles and clenched jaw! I like to think of myself as someone who is rational where I'm not paranoid of being "watched," because I truly could care less until the watcher invades my personal space:

This time, the dirty government scoundrels went the farthest they'd ever gone. I was living alone in my own apartment on Milwaukee's Eastside when I had one of those waking dreams. But this time, something was highly different and not very dreamlike at all. In fact, I was wide-awake in the middle of the night in a place that was not my bedroom!

I found myself in a small office with large-paned windows and I somehow knew that this place was located underground somewhere. There was vomit-green paint bordering the room with a pale yellow, or off-white paint on the main part of the cement-block walls that surrounded me. I was sitting in an armless chair in front of a desk where a man in his mid-thirties stood. He wore a white shirt with a navy blue tie and had closely cut hair. He was leaning over the desk glaring at me—pounding his fist down and

demanding of me, “You have to tell us where they are! You’ve got to help us find them!”

I then remember straightening up in my chair, blinking a few times, and glancing up at him in wonder. There was a guard standing directly to my right who was dressed in a typical, military camouflage uniform, holding a rifle.

“Help you? Find who?” It then began to sink-in that something was truly wrong here, and I exclaimed, “Hold on, where am I?”

Immediately following that statement one of them said, “Oh—she’s waking up!” Then suddenly I was out again.

A twenty-second “dream” in a military facility? I find it hard to believe that even in my wildest dreams I could concoct such a story on my own. Unfortunately, I would be met with another experience of this sort in due time, and it cleared up any doubts that these were indeed real involvements of our government.

In May of 1998 I found myself in the middle of the night standing in-line in what appeared to be the same military facility as before. This time I was standing with my head lobbed forward, unable to control it properly due to some type of debilitated state I was placed in. I somehow managed to maneuver my eyes ever so slightly so I was able to see in front and behind me to witness seeing other people standing there in a line with me. All were in their pajamas just as I was, but I appeared to be the only one with my eyes open.

Then as if on autopilot, I automatically shuffled forward when the line permitted me room to do so. I couldn’t believe how my feet just moved on their own like that without *my* controlling them! I admit it, too, that it truly ticked me off that these same guys had done this to me again in taking me here. I stood fully awake in this pretty long line of folks in their jammies, for what seemed like an hour and half or more. With every passing minute, my anger grew and brewed all the while! The situation was instigated even further by having men in camouflage uniform, carrying rifles pacing back and forth along the full length of the hallway I was in.

I later found myself fully able to move freely after I walked over this threshold and into this doorway of an old wooden-floored gymnasium—common stock for an old military facility. Soon after passing over that threshold I was out of the gate, running and quite angry! I mean this whole

while I was fully aware, thinking and waiting to get my chance to vent on my unsuspecting captors, so I was really ready to let loose!

I remember being so enraged and thinking loudly in my head as I stood all that while in that line, "These freak'n @#!%* have brought me here again! They have got their nerve! How and why would they do this to anybody? Then to do this to innocent civilians on top of it all—their own people they are sworn to protect!?" The idea that these soldiers are fully innocent in taking the orders given to them doesn't cut it either. Just look at the soldiers under Hitler and now rethink if those soldiers of his were innocent of their crimes—makes it really clear now suddenly!

Inside the gymnasium there were tables lined up end-to-end along one side of the gym. As the people in front of me in line crossed the threshold, their eyes opened and their head seemed to pop upright. Then just like they knew where to go, one at time, they walked up to the table closest to them. There were men behind each of these tables looking much like the one who questioned me before, wearing a white shirt and navy blue tie.

It now makes me think if an Air Force officer takes off his navy blue, uniform jacket, he is left with the tie and shirt to match my description. So I'm guessing these were Air Force folks just doing some community service that no one knew about. What a loving crime our government commits! Then to do so without even wanting to gain recognition so I could thank them personally for their offenses? I don't think anything has made me seethe with absolute disgust and anger more than knowing what our men in the service are directed to do and get away with it.

It was obvious that they were extracting information from the people as they moved on down the line, herded like common cattle. From what I saw, everyone moved along pleasantly answering what was asked of them, too. But I guess I just wasn't having any of it and let them have *it* instead!

I believe I headed to that first table and started off in saying something like, "What do you want this time? I'm trying to get some sleep for once and here you come again! I'm getting really sick of this game of yours! What?! Do you want to know where the aliens are? Well, I'm not telling you!" Perhaps some profanity may have come their way in the midst of it all, too. In fact, I'm almost certain since it was so well earned for them to receive!

Gosh—I sound like a hot-headed lady don't I? Well, I'm not. But can you blame me in this instance?

All I know is at this point, in some form, I still wasn't completely aware of exactly where I was and that this was a real event going on. In my mind's eye, as I was literally shaking my finger at this navy blue-tied guy and reading him the riot act, I felt pretty aware of all things around me. But it wasn't until an unsuspecting guy in a green camouflage uniform came along carrying a rifle—that is when I found my true calling!

The pajama bottoms I happened to be wearing were extremely large and baggy on me, so whenever I took a step, they slipped a bit at times. I didn't mind them since I only slept in them. But in taking an extended stroll through some military installment where I couldn't move to pull my pants up—the slipping took its toll!

Well, one of the camouflaged guys who walked back and forth in the gymnasium took note of these beloved pants slipping down on me. He probably thought he was doing a good deed by reaching behind me with one hand and tugged my pants up for me. But while he was doing this I was busy telling the guy behind the table a thing or two when, "WHAP!" I whaled on this uniformed guy's arm for touching my bottom!

It happened so quickly I surprised myself more than the guy! I don't recall ever giving a guy a smack in my lifetime, no matter how deserved. I froze then and just stared at the pajama-tugging savior and said, "Oh my God! Not again! Where am I?"

I started to back into a far corner of the gym as several of the military guys closed in on me slowly as if to calm me, saying, "Don't worry it will all seem like a bad dream. You won't remember any of this." I remember telling them, "Oh yeah I will! I won't forget this for nothing! I'm going to remember you, you and you!" They got closer, and closer finally touching me and then "WHOMP!" I was out again. My so-called "dream" ended there.

I only recall these two incidences of being taken in the night by military folk. But it's really an unnerving thought knowing that even people are doing such atrocities to other people. The one connecting thought that I had about all of this is that apparently the military had a similar technology to the Shadows that I was able to awaken when either of them came near me. It was almost like some silent alarm would go off in my head, and I would

wake up with my captors unable to control me fully. Whether alien or human, when I was able to snap out of it like that, I could always see the puzzlement and sometimes even fear in their eyes in response to my conscious state.

Why might they have fear about this?

It is common knowledge that people are afraid to lose control over themselves in body, mind, soul or the direction one's life takes. Having someone take our basic freedoms away can be disturbing and it's quite understandable as to why. I ask then, why would fear emit from an alien or another person, when they are not able to have control over particular individuals? It just escapes me to understand why having that power is necessary, especially if *no* harm is intended and they are working for the good of the situation. I think I am pretty reasonable and am used to the presence of nonhuman beings and speaking to regular folks on irregular topics. So then, if any progress in understanding is to be made, speak to me as I am. That is, if there is nothing to hide!

So many things and so many unanswered puzzles. There is yet another extremely experience I've had involving government cover-up. But it runs so very deep in me about what they did and are still doing, I can't discuss it yet.

"Who am I then to have various government irritants invade my privacy like that?" I couldn't help but to bombard myself with these types of questions.

I now know that my story is not so unique, since there are now many alien connected people recalling these government harassment methods. Myself and others must be onto something in order to have such direct measures taken. But, then why not just kill us if they have us where they want us and we are not co-operating with their grand questionings?

Think about it, no really, go ahead, I'll wait…

I'll weigh these things out loud here too, then, if you don't mind: If the military folks are able to get at alien connected people in these covert manners, and place us back in society without much knowledge of it happening, they can indeed continue to do it without much risk. This kind of thing gets reported as happening to alien abductees, as well as contactees, where the military likes to be rude and intrude. So I'll focus a little deeper on those like myself who are not working with the negative

group of aliens (the abducting aliens), to see what might be behind the governments' reasoning in keeping us types of folks around:

The military-government folks might know that we (those in touch with positive aliens) are not part of the bad guys here. So that in the end we'll be able to help some of them out of the ruts they find themselves in, thanks to their dark dealings with negative beings. Then there is also the possibility they can't tell which of us is with which kinds of beings. If the military guys are asking people like myself and abductees "where the aliens are," they are surely feeling they are being left out of the loop of alien activity. Perhaps they don't fully trust the negative beings they have associations with, so they have to verify through people like us on the whole story.

There's so much I don't fully have access to know about yet, but I have enough to make lots of sense—for me personally anyhow. In living this wavering life of different realities it gets harder for us all to decipher what is real and what isn't allowed to be considered real, so we dismiss chunks of it. The lines are getting fuzzier and it is harder to define what was once considered to be science fiction and to what is now true-life drama.

And then you get the thick-headed person who comes up to people like me and says, "Yeah, sure the government is trying to hide what they know about UFOs, and I'm Captain Kirk!"

It can really get to you sometimes to take blows from people all of the time who are afraid of anything outside of their little realities. For some people, no matter what you say even if the proof is there to back it up, they'll still deny all odd things away. I hear, "Oh, that photo has been tampered with, those crop circles that are radioactive are hoaxed, all the millions of people saying they saw aliens are liars, and your unborn child wasn't taken from your womb by aliens your uterus ate your baby!" Science and data are convenient to ask for to disprove the existence of anomalies, but suddenly the use of science is ignored when it is presented as proof? It's like suddenly people are dumbfounded and forget that faked photos are clearly able to be detected, radioactive crop circles are not easy to create, nor are they cheap, or quiet to hoax.

One friend of mine comes to mind who is a perfect example of this sort of narrow reasoning I know a lot people can have:

"Shelly," is someone I have known for years, and she knew about my interest in UFOs, as we have spoken of it on several occasions.

One time she told me, “I won’t believe there’s life on other planets until the government says there is!”

A couple of years later, government scientists did admit that they found life in rocks that fell from Mars and Shelly heard this report. I then asked her what she thought of life on other planets now and she replied, “Nope, I still don’t believe it!”

She later said that she would believe it if she saw a UFO with her own eyes. Well, would you believe that she got that chance, too? A large, low flying craft with bright lights passed over her head while walking alongside a mutual friend. As the craft passed over buildings it turned off all lights and electricity, including the building they were about to enter. The friend with Shelly said that she personally exclaimed while they watched it, “Heidi was right! UFOs are real!” You know what? Shelly still didn’t believe in the existence of life outside of this planet–she didn’t even believe her own eyes!

I’m telling you—some choose to remain where they are in their understanding of things because it is simply less work!

Just think—all that we thought about how God made intelligent life (us), in His own image—that would have to be redefined. We would have to expand the history books in our schools to reeducate our kids on what other species there may be in the food chain. Our world defenses would have to actually unite and be strengthened against the “threat” of a possible global invasion. My God, if enough people would begin to believe in this UFO stuff there would be a push for so many new bills and laws, Washington D.C. would never be able to spend our tax dollars on their lavish vacations!

To be honest, though, I have really noticed a change in the numbers of people who are open to different possibilities now. People are beginning to realize how small it is of us to even suggest we are the only intelligent beings in this vast galaxy. Finally, what the governments have known for a long time and hoarded is now becoming realized through various forms and intuition amongst the people.

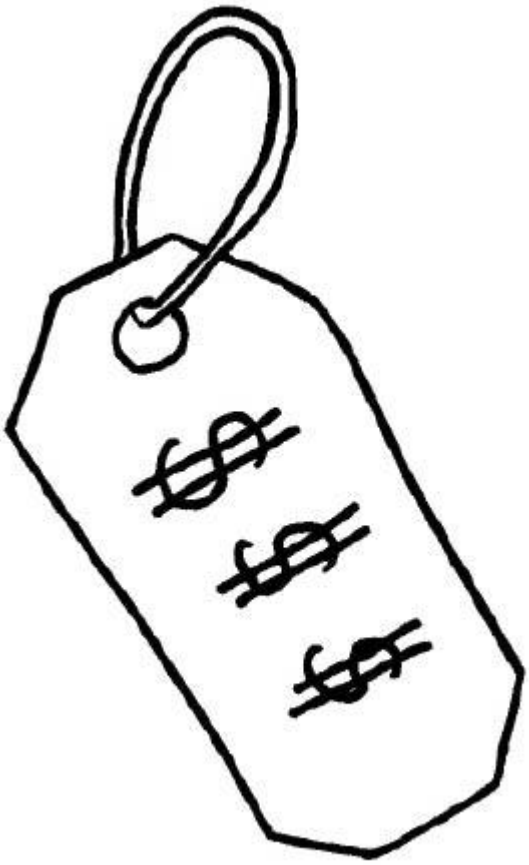
Why all of this silence by the governments to begin with, though? What could be so bad that they are afraid to tell us—we the people of forever loyal taxpayers who put food in the government workers’ mouths? What has the government done that they are too ashamed to disclose to us?

I really don’t think that our government believes that, “The people just would not be able to handle the possibility of life out there!” The people

who work for the government seem to be handling their knowledge of aliens just fine. I don't see any of those camouflaged guys I met with rifles out in the world running around and screaming that they can't handle that aliens exist. There's something more to the governments' silence that keeps their lips sealed tightly. They have done something that any one of us knows better than to mess with on any given occasion! Without knowing any better way of putting it, let's just say that they made a "deal with the devil" and they thought they could win.

Chapter #15

The Price We Pay:
The Ultimate Price Tag



So many people speak of how some of our technology has been taken from downed UFOs. Some even say that some of our super advanced toys are expensive imitations from other races who have taught us how to do some cool meddling with our tools. Interesting speculations and according to Cafth and others, both of these speculations are correct.

To better explain what Cafth got across to me I'll give an example from our own history on how some of this technology trading may have taken

place. So it's said, "You always learn from your mistakes." Let's see if human history shows that we have really learned anything:

When the Native Americans met with the new colonists to trade items, interesting things took place. The colonists gave the Natives guns and gunpowder, which made life easier for them to hunt their prey and fight wars with more success. As a fair trade, the Natives would give the colonists items that were essential to their survival, like foods and skins.

The Natives did indeed find that hunting became easier, where they could kill at a greater distance with the tools the colonists traded to them. Those tribes that became even closer to the colonists traded more frequently and therefore had more guns. These tribes were often more successful in battling and killing off their neighboring tribes, thanks to their trading affairs and relations with the colonists.

The colonists benefited in surviving and having even more land open up for them to colonize with the killing off of the Native Americans during their own battles.

Colonists even traded and gave away nice warm blankets to the Native Americans, just to make life easier once again for the Natives. This gift was not as technically advanced as trading new weapons, but something new, nonetheless. However, these gifts of blankets were given only after having someone with smallpox dance a jig in them and rolled throughout them to ensure that the Natives would get ill. Whole tribes were completely lost as a result of this act of malevolence and deception by these traders and traitors.

Early colonist had a goal in mind when they came to America—they wanted land. The Natives just happened to be there first, so they got in the way. That problem had to be dealt with by any means necessary in order for the colonists to have the land they desired.

Killing, enslaving, and rounding up the Natives were some of the ways they were dealt with. Those who survived were kept on reservations in order to keep an eye on them and not just for baby sitting them, either, as the United States government declared. The colonists actually believed that the Natives were incapable of taking care of themselves, or handling themselves effectively. So the United States assumed the role of being the legal guardians of the Natives, where they overlooked their every move.

I repeat the facts of history in order to show that actually another old saying still holds true, “The more things change, the more they remain the same.” Technology is often traded, but with a heavy price tag. You may think that you are getting a steal by just giving up your simple means for someone else to survive. But in the back of your mind, one would have to think, “Geesch, this is way too easy. I can’t believe they would trade something so advanced just for some simple items!”

The trades that have gone on between human and nonhuman beings are a topic of concern, as well. Advanced technology and essentials for survival are both highly valued, of course. But which of the two categories can we NOT do without? The essentials for survival, of course.

If we do not *need* new technology, then why the trade?

It has been noted that we have a marked increase in our advancement in technology, so much so, that it appears we have skipped a few hundred steps in its evolution. So there is no question about whether or not non-local technology has been introduced to us. We had to get it from somewhere or stole a whole bunch of patents from Tesla and others.

Imagine that a race of aliens came to you personally to offer their services to teach you some of the things they know to help advance you to a higher plateau in every sense of the word. You could be boss over your next-door neighbors or the country next door! No one would be able to come up against you in any war because you had the inside scoop on how to make weapons that could literally blow their minds! As an individual, most sensible people would not find this amusing, or desirable. But as a country, you just might be all for it!

So you graciously accept the new technology that these giving, friendly, new beings have offered. But what do they get in return? Oh, they just want to be friends and show how sincere they are in their extension of friendship. Just seeing a goofy grin across your face is satisfying enough? From what I’ve learned from Cafth and other resources, is that some branches of our government know about these various beings and really think these beings are simply nice in that naive way. Although, there are others in our government who know of the fine print at the bottom of the contract that has the total of how much we all owe in return for the alien services.

Just like those free blankets given to the Natives, someone or something made sure that our use of their gifts would bring grave consequences. The Shadows and their workers are those beings who offered to enlighten our government and guide us to our destiny. Cafth outright said that the Shadows have usually come in the form of the MIB's and various other forms to approach government heads.

In the book, *Men in Black Casebook* by Jim Keith, it is stated how MIB's have appeared throughout history at crucial moments in the United States. It is cited that during the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the designing of the U.S. flag, an MIB mysteriously appeared to add his input and then vanished.

They have always been around to guide and lead our country and others on a road that they helped fashion. The United States is a great country to live in with a ton of freedoms and luxuries, I can't argue with that. But if you have cheated to get to that point, most would think that is not the best route or best reputation to have!

It is common knowledge amongst the decent aliens that they are not to interfere with our progress. Even we humans have learned that we should respect the natural habitats of the creatures on this planet—if they are to survive. I should really say, if we want them to survive at all!

"Survival" is the key word here. We are not wanted by the Shadows to survive, so they gave us the tools in order to kill ourselves and our neighbors more easily and more quickly as the Natives did. The Shadows want this planet for themselves—they want the land. They are looking out for themselves and are trying to have as much fun as they can in doing so.

I once asked Cafth why they didn't just go to an uninhabited planet to live. That way they wouldn't have to fight us and do all of these petty little things to get rid of us. He said that they would have nothing to do then, that they chose to come here to do this to us and to build up their numbers. The Shadows really enjoy being a pain in life to all people—just to see how far they can take it. With that drive to conquer others, it sounded like the Shadows were a lot like us humans.

I would imagine that those of us who would survive an infiltration of the hybrids, would either have to render their support for their cause, or give up their life. What's that idea that the Bible (New Testament) has in it,

something about accepting the mark of the beast or be killed? Where the heck did these ideas come from so long ago? They had to have come from a connected source in order for me to be sitting here getting the same roundabout information from an alien—of all things!

Parts of our government really have no clue about what they have gotten themselves and the rest of us into. But then there are those who are quite aware. It all doesn't end with just technological trading treats. The involvement of our government and use of their dark comrades goes even deeper.

Cafth began telling me about some of the details of our government's sneaky ways, "Your governments call on the Shadows for their ability to influence the citizens. They have taught them how to send influential messages through television, radio waves, and directly."

When I heard about these tactics, I really was not that surprised. I know that subliminal messages were used for simple things as in movie theaters to get people to buy popcorn and soft drinks. Then I had heard that kind of practice was considered to be illegal, and it was ended. Instead, it probably has just become more government regulated so that only they can do it or something, I'm sure.

I always wondered about that subliminal stuff, because how in the world would we know if it were being used or not? The meaning of the word is to put in messages that are unconscious, sneaky, yet, deliberate (garbage). Individually we don't know enough to investigate what is being shoved in-between the lines of what we hear or see. So really, what would stop anyone from using that kind of control technique?

Then it came into my mind, "What are they actually putting into those subliminal messages?"

I asked Cafth that question, too, and he replied, "What are they not putting in them? You would be surprised what they are doing to make people comply with their views."

"Comply?" I thought. "How dare they try to influence anything I want to think about anything!"

Cafth would not go into much more details on it because he felt he had given me enough info to understand the magnitude of what he was saying. He sometimes says, "You already know the answer." Well then, if I am following him right, this can mean a whole lot of things. Who knows,

maybe we are made to support a new bill that is trying to pass in Congress. Perhaps we really vote for political candidates who were previously selected to win! Maybe we will allow a power plant to dump waste into our drinking supplies.

If larger concepts like that can be thought up, maybe more individualized matters can be conjured up, too. Some people are all into conspiracy theories, so maybe there is a message that tells certain groups of people to get involved with drugs, torture animals, or kill one another. Dropping out of school, shooting up a school yard, suicides, or killing your parents could also be on an endless list of possibilities. There aren't many people bent on destroying their chances at a good life, but there sure does appear to be a consistent pattern at times where simple data can predict likely outcomes. How is that possible if we each have complete freewill to do as we please and not become a statistic of any kind?

Some of you may wonder why anyone or the government would want to do such horrible things to their own people and for what purpose. Maybe there's a better way to say this to make more sense: When you are using someone else's old car that has a trick to getting it started where only they can do it, who knows what they are doing to get it going? The government is continually looking to the Shadows to work their technology to keep up the influencing going on for whatever purpose they want. So if the Shadows are *donating* their valuable time to help with using their technology, they are free to do as they please for all our government knows.

When I was chatting on the subliminal technology the Shadows use, Cafth told me, "The Shadows lied about helping to control people, they are the ones who are actually in control."

I have mentioned how these Shadows operate, so they might do these kinds of awful things just to see if it can be done. It's all a big game to them, besides, it speeds up the process for them to take control. However, those people who have true spiritual, inner strength and conviction about themselves would not be effectively touched by the Shadows' influence. But those who are vulnerable need to watch out. Patterns and predicted outcomes are not always formed out of mere coincidence, everything happens for a purpose.

Since Cafth left me to speculate on what he told me, I went ahead and speculated. I don't know how far all of this goes, but I was reassured that it

definitely goes deep. The United States is one of the most advanced countries in the world and also one of the youngest. Now how did that happen? Did we just get lucky in getting all of the best minds from all over the world to move here? What are the odds of that happening? Seems like another pattern to me.

The United States sticks its nose and our young soldiers into everyone's business around the world if there's a UFO event, or if we don't agree on what another country is doing. I suppose we are the number one protectors (and most obligated) of the Shadows' secret, so you will always hear of the U.S. military's involvement in things abroad. And a lot of the time we get involved in other country's conflicts for a good cause, but a lot is done for selfish reasons, too. We are a country that values the freedom of the individual, and yet our country forcefully "enlightens" others to their ways.

I don't get it.

I was told by Cafth that our government has been infiltrated by several nonhuman beings, and they are well hidden by our policy of democracy. No one would suspect our country of trying to just go after selfish things. Who knows, they probably put a subliminal message in airwaves so no one would suspect them! I am really reaching here, but I am just trying to paint a scenario on the possibilities that may be going along with this.

I do know, via Cafth and partly my own recollections, that every time our governments call on the Shadows they and we are indebted more to them. Every time a person who either works for the government or not, listens to the Shadows—another soul has strayed away. If the government is providing the means for these Shadows to get any influencing across, they are betraying us all!

Whether some branches of the government know about the consequences or not, they still have to have a little common sense. As the laws of our government states, being ignorant of a law does not lessen our responsibility if we violate it. We are held responsible to be knowledgeable on things we are not even fully aware of. So then, all people should fall under that same jurisdiction—right?

Nothing is for free.

We have nothing to offer these beings but our very souls, which is what makes them thrive and gain in strength. Having our souls is not absolutely essential to their survival, nor is having a place to stay. However, Earth is

the Shadows' home now, too. They just want all who are living here to serve them and their goal. Getting us to help them in any way increases their numbers and ensures their victory of more land and souls.

Now, as for our government reversing technology from UFOs that have crashed, that is going on, as well. From what I have learned now, these various ships that the technology is being derived from come from both sides of this secret battle. Some of these ships crash due to the errors of those flying them, while others have been shot down by our governments and other UFOs.

It is easy to see why the military would shoot some down if you understand that the government has been infiltrated. The Shadows use whatever means they have available to take down their enemy. The government knows there is a conflict going on, as I mentioned before some know the reasons why and others don't. Some just know that they are invading our air space and so they attack or they shoot UFOs just for their technology. Then there are those higher up in command who are told by the Shadows that they are shooting at the true enemy. For the most part, few actually know what is really going on.

Sometimes when these ships are shot down, occupants survive and are captured and kept to study and interrogate. Unfortunately, I got to witness firsthand what gets done to tons of these alien beings inside of yet another underground military base. It's something that I am still personally taking in to understand fully. What I and others experienced there has deeply and emotionally scarred me. But I do understand it to be yet another horrific operation the military performs to take alien beings and render them incapable of doing anything, not even telepathically, causing insurmountable suffering. At some point, I will be able to discuss this topic further as I uncover more layers of the truth. If it is possible, Cafth and his people will rescue their comrades who are taken away to places like this facility. These rescue missions can be somewhat limited since they risk themselves to being shot down, or causing an all out battle.

I realized that it was a horrible thing to lose a whole ship with your friends in it, but I did not realize just how bad it was until I had a conversation with Cafth about the UFO crash in Roswell. It was the summer of 1997 and a group of people I knew were going to the 50th

anniversary in Roswell, New Mexico to celebrate the famous UFO crash that was confirmed by our government and then retracted in 1947.

When I told Cafth about what was going on in Roswell he said, in a very sorrowful manner, "What is there to celebrate?"

When I thought about that question, he was right. What was the celebration about? Most say it is a breakthrough where the United States government first admitted that they had recovered a crashed flying saucer. But from an alien's perspective, it would be a sick thing to celebrate the occurrence of an accident involving those they knew.

"We lost several of our friends in that crash and in several other accidents previously and since then." Cafth added.

I could not understand what Cafth meant by losing them, especially since they had obvious ties with matters of the soul. So I thought it would be easy for him to connect back with his friends once they did cross over. But what Cafth had to say to my inquiries about his loss truly threw me.

"My friends that were in that crash (Roswell) are trapped now on Earth. We were too late to retrieve their souls in their passing. The Shadows got to them before we could."

"The Shadows have your friends? How are they able to get at them if your friends work on the side of The Source?" I asked.

"It is a thing of war. We do not belong on Earth, but if we die there, we can be retrieved by the Shadows if help comes too late."

"Are they torturing your friends like the human souls that are there?"

"No. They cannot touch my friends. But they still sit there, trapped with misery all around them. They still suffer."

I felt horrible at the thought of these hidden warriors out there risking themselves to free human souls, only to find themselves trapped in a similar fashion. Whenever I personalize something like that, Cafth will remind me that Samantha and I are also risking ourselves.

That made me think a lot about what was really stopping the government or Shadows to come and finish me and Samantha off then. I knew about the Guardians and their role in protecting us, but I always look for more information to make more sense. Cafth answered, "You are capable of doing bad things, too, such as killing. But something stops you from doing those things, another influence—The Source. There have been

attempts on your lives, but they had a change of heart that was put there by The Source."

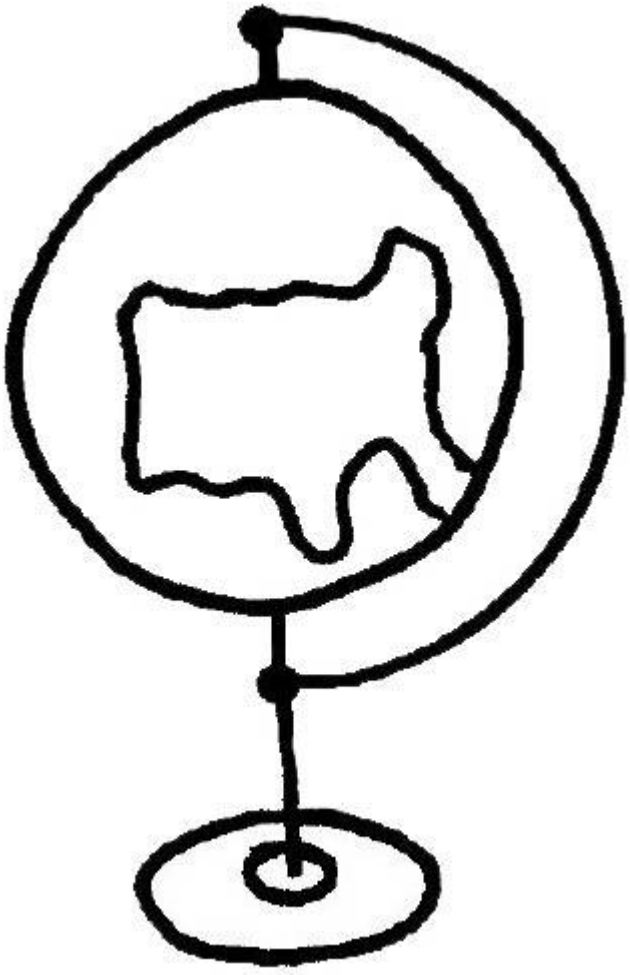
That made sense to me to think that God could and would influence people in the same manner the Shadows do. But what bothered me was knowing that there were other attack orders, other than Damian's, to come after me and Samantha! I would hate to think of what would happen if God wasn't keeping close, but I have faith it's nothing I need to worry too much about for the time being.

I really feel fortunate to know that there is someone out there, actually several, looking out for me. Everyone should feel good knowing that the same is true for them, too. There are beings here that are only here because we need them. They are not looking for recognition, but they do not like to be grouped as having the same agenda as the ones most have heard of like the Grays and Reptilians.

Casualties of this war are mounting up, and they are coming from both the human and alien sides. There are positive beings that are doing what they can to ensure man's true passage back to their beginnings without having to pay the debts of others. This battle is not just one to shake the Shadows' grip loose on our souls after we pass, either. There is a phase this Earth is about to go through where proper preparations need to be made. I am hopeful that most of us will *pay* attention to the changes now, or at least be a quick study near the end.

Chapter #16

A Place For Us:
Preparations Are Being Made



When Cafth spoke of Samantha and me helping with the efforts to get people out of their ruts with these Shadows, it went to various depths. All of the people of today and yesterday who find themselves either being pulled or tortured by these beings do have the chance to be rid of them. Yes I did say "yesterday," as in those in spirit form have the same opportunity, as well!

The plight to give passed and all other human souls the opportunity to be free, is a main part of the war efforts being fought here, according to Cafth. You can call those souls who are currently stuck with the Shadows, Hell-dwellers, heartless, or simply loved ones who were wrongly tricked and convicted. These souls of people are being collected and made unable to move on as they naturally do, which is causing an imbalance that's reportedly felt throughout the universe. The vault doors of souls the Shadows have kept are being knocked on, and success is the only result that's being aimed for.

Cafth had mentioned before that reincarnation was something that humans did, that it was just a function of their souls. But once this mission and end result of this war is successful, there are going to be a lot of souls hanging around. At least that is what I suspect might occur.

I felt that this topic needed to be explored a little to see what would happen next to those taken away from the Shadows as newly-freed, human souls. The Earth is already saturated with people, so I could not see how these souls were to return here any time soon. Cafth would later explain that returning to Earth was not the first goal they had in mind for the freed souls.

"We are preparing a suitable place for these human souls to reside." Cafth spoke up.

"Reside? Where?"

"Somewhere safe and compatible for humans."

"You mean that the souls will be able to take human form in this place?"

"No. Their souls will go there until the Earth recycles itself."

"What do you mean by that? How long is this going to be?"

"I have told you before that the Earth knows where it hurts and will heal those areas. This is a process the Earth goes through that will take about three years to be completed."

It's not always easy to lump together all of the topics I have covered with Cafth, and it always surprises me where one question leads to the answer of one I never even thought of. All I can do is go with the flow and hope I can keep up sometimes with the revelations that come my way. Come to think of it, I hope this all makes sense as you all read this ☺.

"Just three years? That's not so long."

"Not Earth years, it is another time frame that I cannot explain to you at this time. This process of the Earth will take much longer than just three of

your Earth years."

"I see. But when this Earth healing process is going on, I have a feeling it is not going to be very tolerable."

"No."

"What areas are going to be the most affected?"

"Populated areas, like the cities."

"Should we move? Where should we go when this all happens?" I was of course concerned about his answer since I did live in a big city, and it is only 80 miles from Chicago.

"You will know when the time is right. No area will be completely safe at some point. Eventually all human souls will be kept in the place we have helped prepare until things are corrected on Earth."

It seems that no matter what we do to avoid it, the human plight here on Earth will become futile after awhile. But at least there is a safe haven in the making for human souls to go to until the Earth is more suitable. There was so much to drip into my head at once. I wondered what Earth would be like once all of the Earth's recycling was done. I could not even imagine reverting everything backwards.

"The Earth will be rid of the Shadows. Disease will be eliminated. Humans will live as they were meant to. They will not die. I remember how Earth used to be in the beginning—it was beautiful and will be again."

Cafth seemed to look forward to the coming times, although many hardships will be taken to get there. It made me wish for the new times to come, too. I suppose after fighting such a long and harsh battle, it must be nice to know that an end is near.

The Garden of Eden was attainable, once again!

When I think on all of the deaths that are going to take place during the Earth's healing process, it makes me terribly sad to even fathom. I look around every day in my life and think how wonderful so many things are here, that it is really a shame that any of it would have to come to an end to bring in a new era.

Hold on...

I always have to be sure to be clear with my words. I really am anxious about things to come, though. I know that nothing will be lost here. I have been told that everything and every species have been collected to be preserved—much like a modern day Noah's Ark quest. It is not the end, but

a new beginning! It's no less than what has been taught to me in my religious upbringing about the end times.

The Shadows are very close to being successful in their mission. They have a very large influence amongst many people, so humans are doomed to suffer in some form with them on everyone's tail. Knowing that death will come once to everyone due to the Earth changes is nothing compared to dying a thousand times at the hands of the Shadows. People may lose the vehicle in which they get around in today. But they will keep their very essences to "become" again some day, at least in some manner.

To be completely honest, I will not be one to weep at the loss of my body although I do love my life and would fight for it. Of course, everyone's concern is that they hope their passing is quick and painless—I can relate! But I remember what it was like to be out of this body, and there really is no comparison that I can make to express how wonderful it is. If my experience is similar to leaving this life, I see nothing to fear about the afterlife.

Imagine yourself as free-floating energy, with no strings attached. You feel, you see and you learn all you want to while in this state. All that is required of you is to be willing to accept your new state when it comes.

Sadly, as I've now learned, many souls will not be prepared or know what to expect when the time comes for their turn to cross over into the next life. If you've never prepared for your end to come, a lot of problems can result. Many people have heard of the explanation of ghosts and why they hang around. Some say these ghosts have either unfinished business, or don't know, or accept that they are even dead.

If you do not take in the signs that you are passed on, well then, it seems that you just might wander around doing your regular routines. It doesn't sound like Heaven to me to be stuck doing the same routine, or lingering, so one would have to think why that ghost is in their particular situation. Then there are some who are in this state out of pure cruelty, courtesy of the Shadows. Almost always when I hear of a haunting, shadowy figures are also seen. Apparently the Shadows stay close to keep an eye on their ghostly captured souls in the place they dwell. Demonologists would call this shadowy presence a demon infestation, and you know what, they would be correct!

There is still an even higher level of “awareness lacking” during the passing of an individuals’ soul. I was told this by Cafth that can be destructive and confusing to a lot of people:

Picture this: You’re sitting home watching the Super Bowl game on television, when at half-time you decide to run down to the corner store to quench your thirst with some alcoholic brew. You’re in your car at a traffic light, you hit the gas when the light turns green. All that’s on your mind is I have to get back before the game starts up again. You pull out, but some guy thinks he can beat the red light at his end in the crossing traffic, he slams into you and you die on the spot!

You never really thought much about what would happen right after you died, but there you are.

You’re looking down at your lifeless body and you can’t do anything about it. You think to yourself that you should have paid closer attention in church as a kid so then maybe you wouldn’t be so freaked out. You start to panic, you look around when some robed beings show up. You think about the game you were watching and your friends and family you are leaving behind. You get a little angry that it’s all over for you and these beings are trying to explain to you the rationale of your departure.

You listen to the robed beings, but you are still looking down at your body. Everything is peaceful and you feel the love of these entities before you, but you just can’t handle this. You begin to refuse what is told to you, you never really were sure of there being anything after life, anyhow. But suddenly it is all a reality. The beings want to help, but your denial is overwhelming and you begin to slip from their sight.

You slip down until you reach darkness, and you find yourself drifting into a deep sleeping state. You dream, heal and hopefully begin to recall your soul’s abilities where you will be able to let go of your brief life experience. You sleep until you can call out for help and guidance from God. Some people may even slip back to what they felt was more important and are doomed to wander familiar Earthly surroundings until they reach out for help. But who knows when and if that soul will ever call out for help and the Shadows are always within reach to steer you blindly into their plans.

The question is: What happens to the typical, unprepared soul?

It is essential that we all educate ourselves at least about the possibilities of what may happen to us after passing. Freewill is always a part of our very existence, no matter what side of the coin we exist on at the moment. If we are hard-headed in learning anything new now, it won't be so easy to teach us later, either. When we pass, doors don't just fly open to walk through. Everything is a process and the way through this process is by learning.

I cannot stress enough about the importance of opening up now to different possibilities. We are all being observed by others and God constantly, but we are responsible for the choices we make. We make the choice to allow positive forces to be a part of our lives, or not. If we are placed in one afterlife residence over another, we might as well raise our hands to admit that we had something to do with it, deceived or not.

Lessen the shock of feeling all of the pain you've ever caused another person, as well. Life reviews are not a figment of the imagination that's often been reported by near death experiencers. If you insulted, laughed at, punched, stabbed or tripped someone or even an animal, you'll have the joy of being the recipient of your negativity at some point in your life review. What you do now decides what you are capable of later in the next life; so I suggest to make your progress in this life while you still can.

Pardon my getting preachy sometimes, but sometimes I just cannot help myself ☺!

I tried to get the details on how this "suitable" place will be for human souls, and I just ran into walls with Cafth. I did try to dance around the topic by asking if it resembles the Crystal City that I and others claim to have seen. Cafth would not budge on this one, he would only reply, "I have good news for you. You will learn something very soon, so you can see for yourself."

Well I have yet to find out what he meant, but I am content in waiting.

While Cafth was still on the subject of spiritual matters, I thought it was appropriate to ask him about similar topics. Cafth will speak on the topic for some things, but when I entered into this next discussion, Soforus was offered up as a better advisor. Soforus then entered the conversation by coming right through the walls of Cafth's room to offer himself to my

questions. I had always wondered about people who are comatose and where their spirits were while they laid in a coma. So, I posed the question to Soforus:

"Are coma patients just sitting there in their bodies bored out of their minds, or what are they doing?"

"No. They float above their body."

"So they can see and hear everything going on around them?"

"Yes, and if permission is granted, they may also roam the Earth freely. "That revelation was truly fascinating and comforting to hear. This permission granting thing was also a point that Cafth had made about some ghosts who roam, too. Soforus did not explain what the permission granting is based on, but it was nice to know that our loved ones in this comatose state have freedoms, as well.

I used to think that when a person was brain dead, they were pretty much dead and passed on. But now I knew that they really are around us, yet sort of stuck in-between worlds. I did ask if these souls were unhappy being in this state, but Soforus said that they were content. I am sure that they might be unhappy that their family is suffering by seeing them in that state, but at least they are not miserable and still get to observe their loved ones. This state that these people's souls are in is kind of similar to the idea of astral projection.

I touched on the idea on how souls that are not prepared for their passing sometimes fall into a "sleep." This state of sleep that can occur after someone's passing is different from what a comatose patient experiences. Those in this spiritual sleep are stagnant and not able to roam freely (unless they slipped fully out to wander aimlessly as ghosts). Those souls are there to heal, to become aware so that they may open up to learning and allowing God's guidance. No one is ever truly dead or lost. Everyone has a chance to exist and prosper as much as the next individual. Some people learn faster than others and some souls are older than the next, but we all still have a fair chance.

As a strong note: Prayers to the departed are always needed in hopes that they go to the more positive side of the afterlife. It truly helps.

Opening one's mind is, of course, the first step to making the transition go more smoothly. The process can be made even better by taking a few more steps into learning about who we are and what our roles are as an

offspring of God. In spirit form, from what I've observed and learned, we dwell in the light of The Source that God is the center and Ruler of. We all, including the aliens, have come from that same source. Therefore, we are all connected! So that famous saying that is quoted in the Bible from Jesus is true, "What you do unto your brother you do unto me."

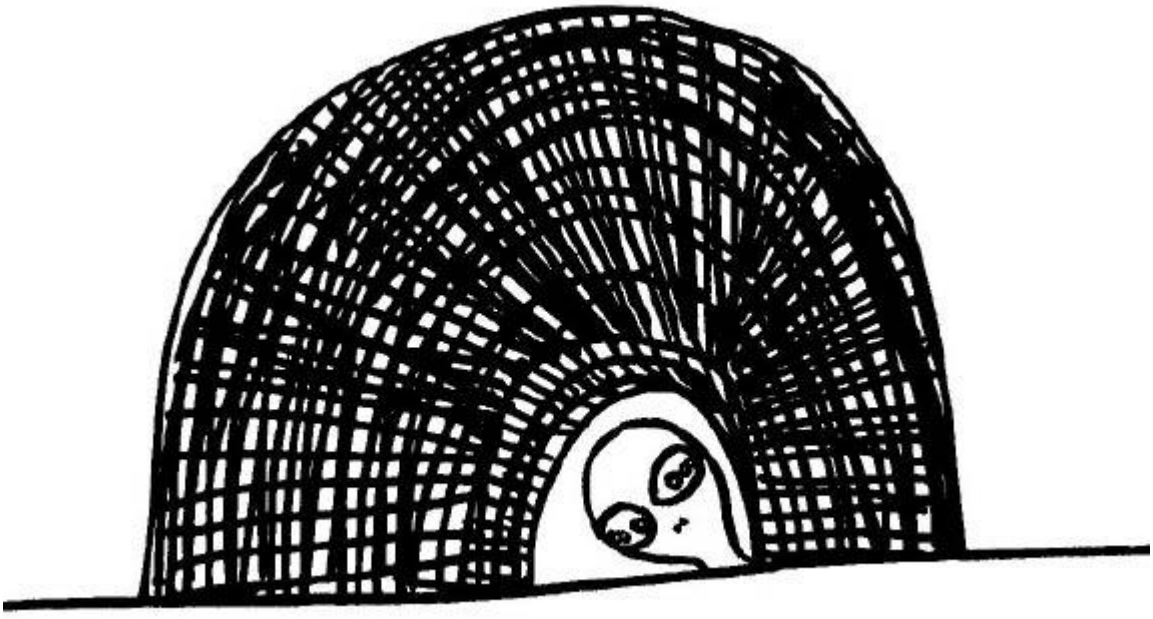
If you strike out at anyone, you are only hurting yourself since we all make up a part of The Source—we are of course not God, just to be clear. Everyone and everything is connected. No one can get away with hurting another and think it won't affect them in some fashion, which is why the aliens cannot stand by idly while humans suffer, either.

They feel the pain being experienced down here. They cannot ignore the cries coming from those who once shared the same consciousness with them while in The Source. They are fighting to stop the tears and erase those who cause the pain, now's our chance to meet them half way.

A place is being prepared and they will be waiting.

Chapter #17

Aliens in Our Afterlife:
Why They Follow



There has been some scattered talk about aliens being seen when people are having a Near Death Experience (NDE). When I first heard of this, it was before I had ever spoken to Cafth and it deeply disturbed me. I really thought that the aliens were treading on ground where they had no business being.

I just couldn't understand how these aliens managed to intercept our passing souls where they could actually meet with us. To me, that experience was one that was only to occur with our personal souls along with God and His workers. Now when I think on it again, I find that I was not so far off. Especially now since it has been made clear to me that some non-human beings do indeed work for God.

When we pass or die, we enter another realm or dimension. We no longer need our husk of skin to get us around anymore. Instead, we manage

to move around by a different means—a force. This force is something that I would describe as being a kind of energy, which is our true essence. It is the spark in our human form that keeps our hearts beating in our chests. I always found it funny the way scientists would try to explain the cycle that keeps our hearts pumping blood through our veins. They may have a reasonable explanation as to how the process works, but there is no way they can explain what started the cycle in the first place.

Without the human desire and bit of essence of God's intent being present in the body, there is no longer a need to keep the body going. So then of course, the body wastes away or is destroyed, sometimes quickly, or slowly. Getting to that point of death happens in a variety of ways and we all know that they are not always very pleasant.

One time I heard of an interesting story of a man who was attacked and stabbed nearly to death. As he felt the knife passing in and out of him, he saw a light and heard a voice asking him if he was ready to go. He instead choose to stay to take care of his family. What's important to note about his story is that when the light was present, he did not feel the pain his attacker was inflicting on him.

The most interesting aspect about this man's story is that he was left with the sense that he was never alone in his most dire moments of misery. He knew that someone was always there with him so that he, nor anyone else would ever die alone. This gentleman felt so strongly about this message that he now comforts families and friends of those who have lost loved ones to violent crimes. He lets people know that even in the midst of the most horrible deaths that can befall anyone; that they are not left to suffer alone.

I was curious about what this man had to say and wondered how this all worked out to occur in our passing. If what this man said was true, this would truly be a comforting aspect for all to know about. So I asked Cafth if he would enlighten me on the subject a little bit. What Cafth had to say about the topic was just what I was hoping to hear:

Cafth cocked Samantha's head to one side, as if he were puzzled that it was not common knowledge, and said, "What purpose would it serve to suffer to such extremes when the body is to die anyway? There is no sense

to that—the soul is taken. Any movements that are made after the soul is gone are just reactions of the body on its own."

I am sure that initially the victim of a horrible death does indeed feel the pain of what is happening to them. It's a good thing that those memories of pain are usually quickly forgotten. Once the person has passed, they suddenly find themselves surrounded by a warm light that gives off overwhelming feelings of love and energy. It is no wonder that usually the trauma they have just endured slips from their minds once they are embraced in this manner. However, this is not always the case as I have mentioned in earlier chapters. Several different scenarios can come about while someone is making their transition to their afterlife.

It's incredible but true that aliens (or nonhumans) are capable of interacting with our souls on a level where they can communicate and teach us various aspects of our lives and theirs. Astral contact with aliens is not an unknown and uncommon thing that happens. However, the more physical contacts are what are mostly heard about. The nonphysical interactions are actually known quite widely amongst those who are familiar with UFO and alien happenings. I have known about this myself for some time, and still it shocked me to know that people were having Near Death Experiences with aliens!

It is logical to think that if you have a relationship with these beings while you are alive, you will surely have one in your afterlife. Those who have heard of Near Death Experiences have learned that sometimes loved ones who have died earlier are seen in these brushes with the other side. So why not see alien beings that you have known in this life, as well?

I pondered thoughts like this to myself before I got the chance to speak with Cafth on the issue. Upon my adding the role that the Shadows play in many people's lives, I began to come up with more possibilities than I could even categorize about the afterlife. I wanted to know how it was that in NDE's loved ones are seen, when Cafth said two out of three people went to the Shadows. Did it just so happen that all of these near death experiencer's loved ones were not loyal to the Shadows?

Cafth responded in saying, "People in this near death state see people and beings that are like themselves. If the people they are seeing were loyal to the Shadows, as they themselves are, that is who they see. If they were

loyal to The Source, they will see people and beings they have known that also have the same loyalties."

Once again, it all goes back down to where your loyalties lie!

There are times where some individuals are given second chances when they are in a Near Death Experience, or a similar state, where they are told that they can make a difference in themselves and clean their souls. This was something that Samantha had happen to her just before she began communication with Cafth. No she did not have a Near Death Experience, but before she first started speaking with Cafth, she had a lot of private lessons taught to her. This is what she had to tell me in her own words:

"About a week before I ever spoke to Cafth, I was looking for some answers in myself. I just had a feeling that someone was out there listening who could help me, but I had no clue who. I just thought God was listening. Then during one of my praying sessions, that most people call meditation, I heard a voice.

"I didn't know who the voice belonged to, but I knew it wasn't my own. It started to point out things about myself. I was shown my soul, and it had a whole bunch of black spots on it. I was then told that I had gone too far away from them—that I had forgotten who I was. So, I was going to have to feel the pain I had caused to everyone in order to come closer to my true self. They weren't kidding, either!

"I had to endure all that I had ever done that hurt someone and I was shown what I did as I felt it. This was a long process, and it took several days. After I went through the agony and pain, they showed me my soul again and it was clean. They gave me a fresh start and told me not to darken it again and I'm going to do my best to keep it that way!"

"A fresh start," I guess it does and can happen. I don't know what the circumstances are that gets someone chosen over another for this sort of cleansing. For all I know, all those who experience a near death may have the opportunity to start anew, but might not always regard it. I do know that in Samantha's case she has a direct connection to the beings who work with The Source, so I don't have to wonder why this happened to her.

There is so much that I still don't understand about the different beings who contact and/or abduct people. I often hear what abductees say to the

abducting alien beings, though. One of the more prominent things screamed at aliens is, "You have no right to be doing this to me!"

The general response of the abducting alien being is, "Yes—we do. You agreed to this."

If people are agreeing to their abductions or contacts with beings, then these aliens seemingly *do* have the right to communicate with us in any fashion we agreed to. I truly believe that if you did not agree for your contact to happen, it would not have. Yes, you may be absolutely terrified about what is happening to you, but you have to find a way to annul whatever agreement it is that you made.

Perhaps some of the details were left out to fool you that you would come out ahead in this game, or you just simply forgot your loyalties. These Shadows come in assorted forms, often times in dreams as whatever character they wish—whichever form that lets your guard down to welcome them in.

Maybe you had a dream where they posed as your sister and she asked you to let her in your house and you did. You agreed on a different level, you know that and they do, too. You knew something seemed strange in the dream of your sister, but you couldn't put your finger on it, yet you still complied without following your gut instinct. Cafth told me that the beginnings of some ties start off in what seems to be outright innocent manners like what I just described in a dream state. But, if your instincts are telling you that something isn't right, don't question that feeling where you might make a mistake in letting darkness enter your life.

This above scenario I wrote is from the original 2001 publication of this book. Oddly enough, this sounds similar to the tactics of the Black Eyed Children or Kids (BEC/BEK) phenomenon going on now. As the story goes-these "kids" get you to agree to something as simple as opening up your door, because they just need a favor. The favor can be something simple as getting a ride, joining you for dinner, or having you find their way home. But then what? Stories that are abound online are hard to decipher as being actual cases. But if they are to be believed, some indicate seeing these BEC approach another home or person who is then never heard from again. I think the reports of these BEC are something to take heed of and note it as another definitive approach of the Shadows who essentially are at the helm of all that is dark going on in our midst.

Who knows fully how the Shadows might manage to get people to agree individually to gain access to them, but they do and most likely will cheat in the process. Apparently, coming under the husk of a child of innocence is something they see as fair game. I can't say anything with 100% certainty about all that they do, since there is so much room for variations in their approaches. I do know, however, that it is up to the individual on whether or not these beings are going to be a part of who they are for an eternity. Our alarms in our heads and souls scream at us loudly for many good reasons!

Eternity is a long time and if a person does not like the contact they are receiving now then they must do what they can to end it. God is working at His end to help in releasing those under the hold of the Shadows, but it would help to at least meet Him halfway. This battle has been going on for so long purely because it is the human species' battle. Now, the finger can only be pointed nowhere, but in the mirror back at each of us!

I know that I am always having to keep an eye out for odd attacks from Shadow workers. I still get peering eyes in the middle of the night every once in a while where I know they are just looking for a new way to get at me. It gets old with some of their weak attempts, but sometimes they can really test my strength. I know that I have a protective group watching over me, as well, who luckily perk me up to better prepare myself for the Shadows' advances.

When I get met with these Shadow intruders now, I just don't question that I can indeed get rid of them. Having "no doubts" in my capabilities is the key to defending myself. Once a hint of doubt slips in, I've created a crack for them to get to me. To help me stand even stronger within sight of them, I say a prayer in the back of my mind the whole while, which keeps my strength and faith intact.

I do what I call "Picture Prayers," which is a method of praying that I was taught by an angelic presence. This method has now allowed me to be constantly in contact with, or in conversation with God. This is the method that the angels themselves use to communicate with God. Mind blowing and far out—I know. But there's so much to tell about Picture Prayers and how it may help us all become telepathic one day, that I wrote a book about it called *Picture Prayers*. Learning this prayer method has changed my life and brought my soul to a higher level where I never feel alone—literally!

There is no way I could stand alone in facing these beings and there's no reluctance in me to say that it's God who is at my side the whole time. While prayers are working, in addition, sometimes literally helpers (Guardians) have shown up as brilliant balls of white light. I would watch as they would push away whatever unwelcome presence was near, and it brought me great comfort in knowing I was being looked after. This is something all should know down to the core of them, too, that this magnitude of help is within reach for us all!

The intruding beings might plead with their victims that it is their right to have access to them, and so on, but people should *know* in their heart that is not the truth of the matter. Flat out denying these beings; not out of anger, not out of fear, just out of affirmation and faith that you (or any other person) are not at their disposal—this is what needs to be done!

Living this dual life and knowing of the few and far betweens means never letting down your guard and always having to be on the lookout. It can get to be exhausting quite often, but not futile. It can and does get better; the stronger a person gets the less often these negative entities try to get at you.

No one truly knows when all of this battling is going to end, and if they do know, no one's telling. So if an abductee passes away today or tomorrow, their enslaved status just moves up a notch unless they've cut their ties. Harsh words, I know. But this is what I was asked to inform and share on the reality of the situation. I can't help but to keep seeing the similarities between this and Biblical prophecies, which makes me feel like this is all old news. By my admitting that this sounds similar isn't grounds to say that it was known all along by the world that today's aliens were yesterday's demons and angels.

It's just one of those things that blows all personal and previous beliefs out the window. So, if I'm stepping on anyone's toes out there—just know that mine have been stepped on *way* before yours! I am not a "religious" person where I regularly attend a place of worship, but I am very spiritually inclined in the Christian sense and every meaning of the word. I keep God and Jesus close to my heart and I feel urged to encourage people to seek out on their own about God—and to use your soul as the guide.

God has put all we need, stitched right into our souls, to find our way back home. He even sent His Son to make sure we got the message so that we were actually allowed back home. It's obvious with all of these religions and seekers in the world that it's engraved in us to look for something greater than this world. I wish I could go around and jostle some people who refuse to acknowledge a world outside of this one.

I just hope people will know that when they pass on and see different beings coming their way, they are just being led to finish the mission that was agreed upon. Only each individual knows exactly what that mission is and where it leads to, and if not, it would be in everyone's best interest to find out.

No one likes to believe that they have ties with something not exactly positive, and it does not necessarily mean they are a rotten individual, either. One could say that person somehow choose to hang out with the bad kids in school who were a bad influence on them. So whether a person has those bad connections, or not, it's good to at least know about it so it can be decided if the path that's been chosen is an acceptable one to keep on.

Plus, it will let that person know what they are in for in the afterlife. It is very possible for a person to switch sides from their dark contacts and get to work for more positive influences! It's no ride in the park, though, to jump over the fence and work on the other side. The Shadows will always want you back.

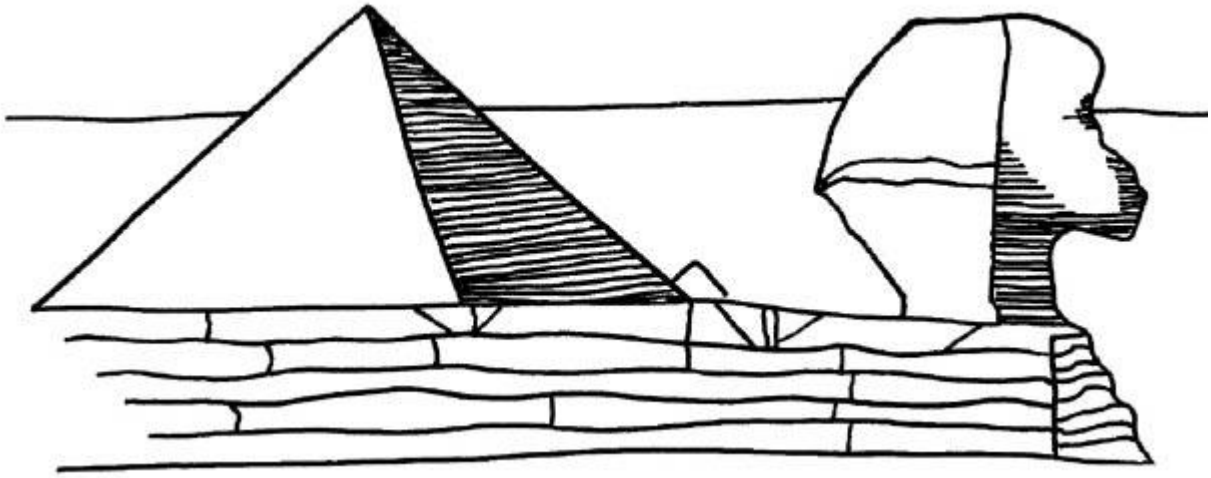
Sometimes, the Shadows come at me so strongly after I speak to someone on how to stop them or defend themselves. Now, I almost take comfort in knowing that I'm really doing something positive when the bad guys come at me the strongest. I figure when that happens that I must be ruffling their dark feathers and tick them off pretty good. So, when they really get peeved at me, I know I'm on the right track—oddly and sadly!

I know that tough times are ahead for us all and we are all in for some surprises down the road. I don't think my puny, little Earthling brain can handle all of the information there is to know about this whole alien topic. But, I do try to learn what I need to. I think it's best that we all educate ourselves and prepare for anything that may not be officially defined for us. If we can at least make an effort worth some merit, I think things may work out for all of us in the long run.

Fear shows ignorance. We only fear what we don't know. If we ask the right questions there will be little to fear.

Chapter #18

Influences in the Past:
Monumental Mysteries



There are tons of people on this blue planet of ours who are still stuck on the supposed lack of evidence of there ever being alien contact with humans in the past. However, it literally appears to be that alien interactions in the past surround some of the greatest mysteries still around today. In fact, some of these mysteries actually reveal some of the history of the Shadows' dark reign here from way back when. Some of these elusive places in question even get considered to be some of the greatest wonders of the world and are fully acknowledged as such. At least they have gained some kind of title instead of there being efforts to constantly debunk or discredit their existence as even being legitimate like the new mysteries of today receive.

I think it's kind of funny how most television shows on the paranormal always seem to have a debunker assigned to say, "That ain't so!" I wish they'd do that on programs about medical treatments, local news, shark attacks and other wild kingdom topics just to show how ridiculous it appears sometimes:

"The President of the United States wishes to give his sincerest wishes for all the families effected by blah, blah, blah…" Debunker Harold says, "Oh no, that's not the truth! Where's the proof of that being the President's true feelings, or intentions when he said that?" Then there could be a debunker Stan who says, "Sharks don't eat people! People are mistaken and are simply not qualified to say with definitive proof of what they exactly saw that ate them, because they are not here to show their face and discuss the matter." Then there's, "A drive-by shooting caused the injury of 12 people..." Debunker Sue says, "There is no way they were driving where they were able to hit all of those people with such pin-point accuracy. The odds of that happening are just too great, so there must be another explanation."

That all sounds silly, doesn't it? But, this is exactly how it sounds to those of us who have firsthand knowledge when the news media portrays modern day UFO sightings, alien contact, Crop Circles and anything else related. I literally saw one debunker say on national television that people were not qualified to say what they see in the sky! What a dumb thing to say! I tried to think of another way to express this ignorant statement, but "dumb" sufficed and won! I don't think he was qualified to speak for everyone on the face of the planet, and I think I'm qualified enough to make that statement—so there it is!

Having the curious mind I own, I of course had to address the mystery behind some of the ancient wonders abound to Cafth. I'd hoped by finding some answers about these officially acknowledged mysteries on this planet, so that it might help bring some of the alien intervention into a broader prospective. I wasn't absolutely sure that what I was prying into would point the finger towards alien history, but I had a feeling that some kind of deep ties would be revealed.

One great mystery that has baffled generations are the great pyramids of Egypt. I always thought it was pretty convenient that the technology that was used to build them was somehow lost. It appeared as though people simply found it unimportant to pass down the story of how such great monuments were ever constructed.

I could see that happening if these pyramids were a small feat. But for a whole society of people to wake up every day in the shadow of giant pyramids and not speak of them, then move away only to rediscover them generations later? That just puzzled me. How could they forget to verbally pass on their knowledge? What I should be asking is, "Why would they cease to pass down the story?" There had to be a good reason why the secrets to the pyramid's construction were not to be revealed.

Egypt was a powerful and highly advanced society in its time. They were on top of the world; they had all of the riches and luxuries that they could have ever asked for. It actually reminds me a lot about the country I live in. That was not all that reminded me of the United States, I also wondered what price *they* had to pay to gain their prestige.

I had never really thought negatively about Egypt's past until I spoke to Cafth on the subject. I used to think that the pyramids were so unique that they must be a very spiritual place. Many travelers to the pyramids also report having spiritual feelings flow their way when in their presence. There have even been claims that their shape is one of great energy and power.

When I asked Cafth about the pyramids, I asked pretty bluntly about it. I had heard so much about them and their *feel,* that I was eager to believe that there was some merit to the claims. Unfortunately, I learned once again that sometimes I need to look before I leap into someone else's beliefs.

"Did aliens help build the pyramids?" I asked emphatically.

"In a sense, yes." Cafth said quietly.

"Was it your kind that helped?"

Cafth did not make any motion like he was even going to try to respond. I really wanted to see if it were the good guys who helped make the pyramids. Then I would know for sure that the claims I had heard about the good vibes coming from the pyramids had some truth to them. So I asked another question that was a little bit closer to what I had in mind to find out:

"I mean, is it true that the pyramids have an empowering, spiritual energy to them?"

Cafth then made a disturbed look and responded, "Do you know what the reason was for in making the pyramids?"

"Well, I know that there are supposedly a lot of different meanings to various parts of the pyramids." I responded.

“No. I mean the real, ultimate meaning behind them.”

I sat quietly waiting for Cafth to relieve my dumbfounded silence when he said, “They were made to honor single individuals.” Well, I knew that. I thought he wanted me to answer the riddle of the Sphinx or something!

Cafth continued to say, “Anything that is made for the sake of self-glory and selfishness is not a good thing. People were enslaved and died to make these monuments for their arrogant rulers. We would have nothing to do with making something like that.”

Cafth told me this with the calmest demeanor you could ask for, but still, I felt like no less than an idiot for even insinuating that his kind had anything to do with the pyramids. What could I have been thinking? Of course, I knew that the pyramids were built to honor pharaohs and wealthy men of Egypt. I don’t know how I could have so easily forgotten what the basis was for these monuments. Although, many people speculate and try to see the pyramids as possibly representing other mysterious things, as well.

After putting myself down in my thoughts for a moment, I then realized that I was not alone in my belief of the pyramids having grand ties. Millions had already flocked to Egypt to see the pyramids in all their glory and wonder. I do realize that they are a sight to behold once you personally bear witness to them. I would also be amazed to see such huge and mysterious creations. But for the first time I had truly realized that the pyramids (and other ancient pyramid structures around the globe) were a place of horror and sacrifice. It seems that many of us have forgotten about the ancient cries from the people who built them who must have screamed out in agony with no relief for years.

I excused myself to Cafth for being such an airhead and posed another more reasonable question to him, “Then if it was not your people who helped with the pyramids, I know there is only one other option. How did the Shadows help in building the pyramids then and why?”

“Influences. A human under the influence of the Shadows can be made to be very strong. The people lifted the stones on their backs; they suffered tremendously. Those who ordered the pyramids’ creation were also under the influence of the Shadows. Remember, they can take different forms, even cats, which Egyptians treasured.”

I don’t think it would have dawned on me that people moved these rocks with their mere hands and backs. I knew that some sweat and blood had to

be involved, but I thought maybe some higher form of technology made things a little easier. But in reminding myself about how these Shadows operate, it is no wonder why they let people suffer to create such a big empty grave marker. So many people read into every aspect of the pyramid chambers, when I think more focus should be lent towards the cruelty that was involved and why.

I remember hearing about a mock experiment to recreate the pyramids using the same speculated process thought to be used by the ancient Egyptians. Large logs were used to roll the huge cut rocks upon and the logs were crushed under the weight of the boulders. Some construction was achieved, but they ultimately did fail to complete the project. With all of the technology around today, and still we can't figure out how some ancient civiliƶation cut and stacked some rocks?

When Cafth mentioned how a person under the Shadows' influence can be very strong, some thoughts started molding in my head. Now, I am sure most people have heard that a "mad-man" has the strength of several men, but that is not the only case where a person can have extraordinary strength. When people become enraged and angered, they can strike out with tremendous force. Then there are those cases where someone who is on drugs also possesses extra strength and lashes out. All of these scenarios have one thing in common; the strength involved all came from something we associate as being negative.

I have said it before and I'll say it again, nothing is a coincidence.

There is an apparent connection going on here with strength and negativity. It appears that when a person is engulfed with negativity, they can do super-human feats very much like the ancient Egyptian slaves who probably did one of the most super-human feats of all time. So then, if the Shadows are the essence of negativity, they are responsible for the strength that some wrongly guided people gain in drug rages and so on.

Thinking this all over to myself really got my mind in a knot. I knew there was evidence of instances when men have done incredible things that we consider not to be possible. But for men to move boulders that weighed several tons, that was just unimaginable to me. Then I remembered hearing stories about people who gained supernatural strength in times of dire need. Stories like the woman who lifted the car off her child, or the man who kicked in a windshield to rescue someone from a burning car.

Just when I begin to lose faith that we are fighting a battle against a stronger opponent—I realize something: Love!

Love has always prevailed as being more powerful than any force on Earth, or anyplace else. When we reach into ourselves and get back to the roots of where we come from, nothing can stop us. The Source is a part of us, God is in us, and God watches over His creations always. There is no way that mere physical strength from an outside influence can add up to what exists inside of us all.

I had grasped the concept that Cafth was making about the creation of the pyramids, but the question still remained about the energy force associated with the pyramids. I couldn't understand how so many people could report such strong feelings coming from pyramids if they were associated with negative beings.

Cafth went on to say, "The pyramid shape is an 'energy magnet.' They can be used to call spiritual beings to fulfill its purpose. In this case the pyramids were used to worship the Shadows, but they can also be used to call on other spiritual beings, ones that are connected with The Source."

What he spoke of made it clear that the claims of people feeling energy associated with the pyramids were legitimate, but these particular power sources had a bad history. Knowing this now, I think it's fine to see this mysterious wonder of the world. But, I think it would be wise for anyone to look for another location to feel the energy a pyramid shape can give. Besides, the best energy there is to feel is love, so let's all aim for that and hope that it can be found closer to home!

Cafth had also indicated to me that the triangle shape is a symbol of a "strong point." He explained that the triangle shows strength and conviction on all sides, no matter how one looks at it. He also said this is why a lot of the beings he works with have their names represented with a triangle in it, just as he does.

Since I had my questions answered on that topic, I wanted to move on to another topic of mystery, Stonehenge. When I brought it up to Cafth, he instantly said, "(Sigh) I knew you would bring this one up at some point." I think he was trying to be funny.

So I asked, "What can you tell me about Stonehenge, then?"

Cafth began, “It is really sacred. It was a place where the physical and spiritual worlds were brought closer together. It was used for good and bad purposes.”

I was not really sure what he meant by being brought closer together, so I asked if he meant it was like a portal of some sort.

“Yes, you could call it that. It made people more aware of the spiritual world and it gave them hope about their spirituality and souls.”

I was hoping I would not hear the same story about how the pyramids came about, but I had to ask, “So then, could you tell me how this portal was constructed?”

“Guardians and several different types of spiritual beings brought the stones from different parts of your world. But have you noticed that some of the stones appear to be missing?”

Another question for me, “Well, it doesn’t look like it’s complete.”

“Some of the rocks were removed because they were not from Earth. When it lost its meaning, the circle was broken.”

After talking more in-depth on this topic what I could gather from Cafth was that the purpose of Stonehenge was being abused. It was supposed to be a positive link between us and unknown worlds, but as always, it somehow got distorted. Cafth told me that it was the meaning behind the construction of Stonehenge that made it useful. So I suppose without the original meaning behind and supporting it, there was no use for it anymore. Sounded like a sad turn of events for something that seemed like a good thing to do at the time.

Attempts were made to keep a long and enduring relationship between people and the spiritual watchers through places like Stonehenge. I don’t know whether or not it was man that did the screwing up on this project or the Shadows. I figure if it was men or Shadows that did the messing up of things, that it was essentially one and the same thing. I say that since men are not naturally trying to mess up things for themselves, so they must have been under the Shadows’ influence to have done such a thing.

The next evidence of mystery that shows there has been unearthly contact here are the Nazca lines in Peru and land drawings abroad. These line drawings are done in very large-scale etchings in the ground, often traversing several hundred feet in the form of various lines, symbols,

animals, and people. It wasn't until man learned how to fly that they discovered these and other enormous drawings scattered around the globe. Funny how some of these drawings have gone unnoticed for so long, because they can only be truly recognizable for what they are from the sky.

Some of these drawings, such as the 365-foot Uffington Horse in Swindon, England, dates back to 100 B.C. If my memory serves me correctly, I don't think we knew how to fly back then. So how were these so-called primitive folk able to create such large and accurate drawings? Being an artist myself, if I am working on a piece of paper 8.5 by 11 inches, I need to pull back a little to see that I have put things in the right perspective. Proportions and the flow of one's creation are hard to get if you are not able to step back to see if you have things looking as it should.

If anyone thinks this would be an easy feat to accomplish, try using your lawn mower to create something simple like a perfectly round circle in your front lawn. Now imagine carving out of the dirt, a horse that is the length of a football field with good accuracy!

So then the question remains, "How did these early people know that they were drawing something that was even recognizable?" For me, this question was a lot easier to guess at than that pyramid and Stonehenge thing. Still, I wanted to get the full answers from Cafth just to verify and make sure how nonhumans were involved in creating these masterpieces.

"The people were shown visions on how to make their creations. It really is not that difficult to make them and they did make them on their own."

I didn't see how I would personally go about making anything like that, but I understand that men are very resourceful and creative. Digging out a design in the ground is one thing, but I still did not hear how they checked their work. So I asked Cafth to elaborate on the concept.

"As the people made these drawings, they were continually shown visions as to how it looked from above. Sometimes beings took the people up in their crafts to show them how their work looked."

"Why exactly did the people make these drawings in the first place?" I still wanted to hear Cafth's explanation about the meaning behind some of these wondrous drawings.

"The people knew somebody in the sky could see them. They were used as a form of communication. Some of them were symbolic and others were

welcoming signs for beings like us."

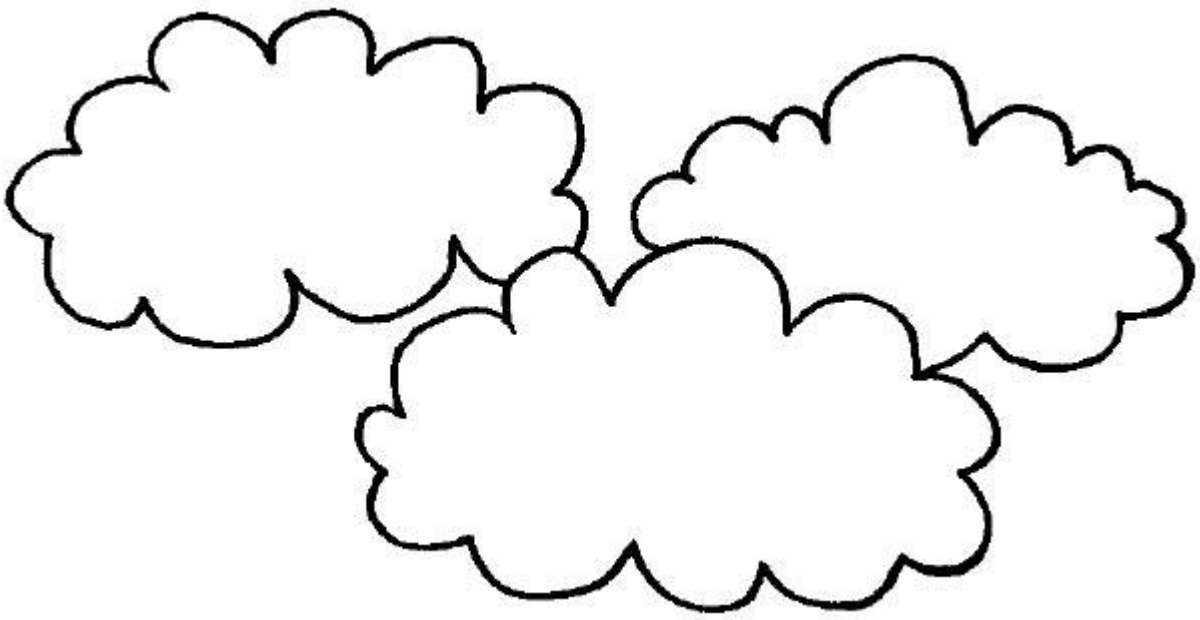
I had estimated, too, that some of these drawings were sort of telling about themselves and their surroundings. I really thought it was neat that the people, back whenever they made the different drawings, were more accepting about otherworldly beings. It seems that the more technology we got down here, the bigger our heads got to the point where we couldn't lift our heads anymore to see the sky for what it was. It's almost as if now we can't even lift our heads higher than our computer screens. If our computers can't analyze something or say it is possible to have happened, well, it just didn't happen then.

There is so much around us that indicates that we, meaning Earthlings, have had some kind of help or hindrance by others. We cannot explain everything, however, some things just have to be left to faith with touches of common sense. At times, people ask me about where the proof lies of there being UFOs and aliens, as if I own and rule over the whole phenomena. No one should even have to speak in that defense, though I must admit that more people are now realizing and more accepting of the possibility of what is going on in their own backyard.

Proof is everywhere. If you see the need, give your neighbor's head a helping hand to help steady it in its gaze upward so that they may see the very wonders of the stars always above them. That is all the proof they should need to know that our star may not be the brightest one out there.

Chapter #19

Supposed Evidence vs. True Insight:
What's Real



Most have heard of the claims of there being a "Man in the Moon." This is where you look at the assorted darkened surfaces of the Moon with the naked eye and you can kind of make out a funny looking face of a man. You have to look carefully, but some seem to see it better than others. I for one never really thought it looked like a face at all but except for what it is; deep caverns and valleys with overcast shadows.

Now there is the newer notion going on about the "Man on Mars." This one you cannot see with the naked eye, instead you need to have a high-powered telescope at your disposal. Better yet, just gain access to some of the earlier NASA images to see this face. From some of these first photos taken of Mars you can distinctly see what appears to be a face etched on the surface of Mar's rough terrain.

Several claim that this face is constructed similarly to the face of the Sphinx in Egypt. From what I have learned about Egypt, I hoped it had nothing to do with it! I think that connection to Egypt was encouraged by the fact that another structure was also spotted near the face on Mars that resembled a pyramid. Since these initial claims, over the years there have been other interesting perspectives about what's on Mars. Amateur astronomers have made "discoveries" of roads, buildings, more pyramids and outright cities that they claim they can make out via their particular view of Mars.

For years people have demanded that more areas on Mars be focused on and studied, that this would prove there is, or was life on other planets. At a later date new photos were actually taken of the area of Mars that had the "face" with supposedly better equipment and finer focus. Unfortunately, these new photos only show rubble and rocks in the place of the face that appeared in earlier photos. Now of course, we have a rover on the planet searching out all that could be there on Mars.

Some in the scientific community feel that these new photos settled the claim, that the face was nothing but a poor photo of rubble. Then there are still others who say the new photos are fraudulent, that they were not taken at the magnification that they are said to have been taken. I don't know why the word of any government-sanctioned or scientific community conclusion is taken as straight truth, anyway. How do we know they even took a photo off this planet? We weren't there, so we really don't know anything they did or did not do. It's kind of funny how people can have blind faith in one topic, but not in another. So the question still remains as to whether or not the face is indeed a face on Mar's surface.

That was the question I then posed to Cafth. I really wanted to take advantage of the access I had to get some answers to some of these forever nagging questions. I must admit at times that I really felt privileged over so many others. It was neat to actually get straight answers in a matter of moments while still others have had to dedicate their lives in order to unveil any truth about matters.

Still, I never let my contact with Cafth be considered a casual relationship where I took him for granted, either. The possibility that his abrupt friendship may leave as quickly as it came—always stood in the

back of my mind! So, I made every moment of his presence count with every topic.

“Is the face that appears in the Mars photos really a face, Cafth?” I began.

“No, it is not a face.”

Cafth said this very matter of fact-like. Yet, I could not understand this topic to be all that simple. After all, there has been a lot said on this topic and it really did appear to be a face from my standpoint. There had to be some merit to what it is we all see on the surface of Mars.

I pressed on, “What about the pyramids seen in the photos, too?”

“Those are not pyramids.” Cafth came to an abrupt stop once more.

I didn’t know what to think about his responses, he was just too brief and pointed. So I pressed on even further, “So you’re saying that these structures we see are nothing more than an illusion of the surface on Mars or something?”

Cafth took a deep breath and began, “When you see the clouds above your planet, you can make out several different shapes and forms, correct?”

“Yes.”

“This is nothing more than that. People wish to see more than what it is. If you look hard enough at anything, you can see what you want.”

Well, now it made sense why Cafth was so quick with his answers—there was nothing to what I was asking about. To him it was not even a matter to speculate on. I guess it was equivalent to asking about the Ferrari parked in my garage. Well, there isn’t one! It would be pretty absurd for anyone to ask what kind of tires it takes if I hadn’t a owned one before. Perhaps if I squinted and rubbed my eyes really hard I could envision that pretty little car there. So, I understood why Cafth was crisp and to the point, but I still had another question to ask him.

“Was and is there life on Mars?” I just had to ask it!

“Yes, there is life. But there has never been anything more than what is there now; bacteria and other small organisms that you cannot see with your eyes. But that planet is often used as a landing place to set down ships. It is kind of a resting area.”

A “resting area?”

Well, okay, that was fine for me to absorb. At least now that never-ending question is finally put to rest, for me at least. Yet, there’s a part of

me still that would like to think there is a chance that at least something bigger than a germ used to live there. It's kind of a romantic idea that we weren't always alone in our little corner of this universe. That at one time we actually did have neighbors living under the same Sun.

Perhaps that is my human-wishful-thinking side, because for all I know, they may have been difficult neighbors to have.

Speaking of wishful thinking, something struck me about what Cafth said about that, when he said that people see whatever it is they wish to see. It made me think about all of these sightings and/or visions people are having of Jesus or Mary. Witnesses claim to be spotting them in everything from a tree trunk to someone's piece of bread, or bowl of soup! This is a phenomenon that is becoming so commonly reported, that one has to wonder what is going on with these claims.

To be honest, it was always in my mind that some of these claims had an ingredient of creativity.

I have made it a point to look up lots of photos and stories done on these appearances of holy figures upon certain items or in general. Often times, these apparitions they really did look like the renderings of how artists depicted these icons of the Bible. I have always wondered if anyone has taken into account what religious denomination these people are who have these sightings, too. So if a person is Catholic, I am sure they would see Mary in their soup, than say Buddha. Then I am sure if someone were a Protestant Christian they would see Jesus. I originally thought that these types of phenomena catered to our ideals, as if to get a message across in some form as long as it was a positive one.

Note: Apply some firm pressure to your mental brakes for a moment:

No, this portion of the chapter says nothing to help with the notion about Mars, yet it shows how assumptions can be prematurely spoken. It goes to show how no one has all of the answers. It also exhibits how answers can sometimes rise up even when we don't think we need them at the time and aren't even looking for them.

As another strong note—this chapter in particular is about to take a turn that you would never have seen coming, because I surely didn't. Just prior to this book being published at various times between 1997 and 1999, I had to do a major rewrite on this chapter. To say that I originally wrote this chapter in a biased manner is a huge understatement. In this section, I wrote

extensively on the fact that I didn't believe in "holy encounters" of Jesus or anyone else. I was a skeptic of such things.

How could I have thought such a thing after having seen and dealt with all of the odd topics I have?

Simply put, I felt more than confident in my various recollections, experiences and knowledge. I felt that if holy encounters were real, that I would have known about it and seen Jesus by now! Talk about having a big head, huh? I had literally wrote originally in this book that, "If Jesus were around, I would have seen Him by now!" Like I would be *at least* one of the people to know of His Presence if He were really here. I don't know where I got such nerve! Either way, I blasted any thought of such an occurrence going on today with legitimate witnesses. Fortunately, Jesus saw I was about to make a huge mistake in publishing this book with my bias and opened my eyes for me:

Prior to what happened to me on July 19th, of 1999, I knew that the man Jesus had existed and what He stood for. But He was someone who existed in the past—so I thought. Besides that, I had all I could handle to contemplate my new awareness of what my purposes were with aliens. But I really did feel confident in my feelings of connection with God already. But never would I think that I would have the opportunity to be in Jesus' Presence myself!

Yes—I am saying that I met Him and on more than one occasion now.

I relied on my own memories when it came to recalling The Source with God at the helm and seeing angelic-like beings with white robes and all. So with all that I'd witnessed before, I assumed that people mistook angelic-like beings as actually being Jesus. There is a euphoria one feels when in the presence of these various angelic beings, so I figured people just slapped the title of it most likely being Jesus.

I know that many think that Jesus and aliens are total opposites in terms of the spirit and they are, of course. Truthfully, before I met Him myself, I didn't know how to sort out in my head where He fit into all of this alien stuff—if at all. I knew somehow He had to fit since I understood that God did, but it escaped me on the whole schematics of it all. But in exchanging the name "aliens" for demons and angels, the connection is much easier to make.

I'm more used to speaking to others about the alien and UFO topic, but when Jesus made His entrance, He really altered my choice of topics there for quite a bit. I'd been asked by several people if His coming to me complicated or confused things for me more. But I'm happy to say the only confusion came in when I thought on how I was now going to tell people about my seeing Him. Especially when those close to me knew that my speaking of Jesus or God was something I'd never dare to touch on much before. I abstained from the topic due to my known interests in UFOs and aliens. I feared that I would sound like a cult member, or whacked out of my brain if I spoke outwardly on the topic of faith in general.

Being who I am, though, I couldn't help but be blatantly honest about seeing Jesus and the calm my seeing Him brought to me. It's also clear to note that I didn't see Him onboard a spacecraft. My recognizing Him for who He is and stands for is far more important than trying to paint any other picture of Him. All that my varied experiences with Him involved and had done for me truly could only be respectfully made into another book now published called, *Jesus Is No Joke: A True Story of an Unlikely Witness Who Saw Jesus.*

I'm hopeful that a different kind of light on the topic of Jesus can be realized by my effort in that book, because it sure was an interesting adventure for someone like me to be met with Him! For the record; I fully drew from my experiences with Him to even gather the nerve to do all that I have in lecturing, researching and doing anything in connection to my life, work and even in speaking out on the contents of this book. None of this would have been possible had I not had the encounters I had with Jesus.

In the original edition of this book, I put the first out of the four encounters that I had with Jesus in this section here. But now, I feel it would be best that a much more complete explanation be put in its rightful place where the full impact gets felt without question in the book I fully dedicated to Him. But I want you, the reader, to know that my faith in Him and God are so limitless now. The blessed strength in fully knowing that is something I wish you all could feel—because we all do have it without really realizing it. This all gives me the outright feeling of contentment on where I stand in my convictions of what I'm sharing.

So in honor of the topic at hand for "what's real," I feel it's important to lend some insight that having faith-based views are very much a part of our

reality. So many people I have met feel that if they believe aliens exist that they cannot allow themselves to continue with their previous religious beliefs. Well, I'm here to say that there is plenty of room to believe that both exist. There's no need to blend the two topics of religion and aliens, though some do. But do note, that you are more than allowed to have an open mind to outer space and still keep up with your prayers and other beliefs.

Now, I'll try to skip on back more to the alien topic where I left off:

Before I had gotten over my fears of the possibility that I would see an alien straight-on, I couldn't make out the figures I would see in my home sometimes. Not too clearly, anyway. But once I let my mind open to the possibilities, I got to see behind the veil that I was catering and tending to.

In time, there was nothing to obscure my view to make it easier for me to handle seeing something outside of my immediate knowledge. I didn't have to look for anything or anyone to try and solve my personal mysteries —instead my true nature took over. My personal matters and other realities were naturally revealed to me once I walked away from my fears and assumptions of what things should be, or look like.

Some would say that I let down my guard to the devil himself and that we should always have fear to blanket us from him. I know that it's good to have fear to some extent to protect ourselves and guide us–it's an essential emotion to stay alive in dire situations. But the voices of others do not cloud my judgment, yet sayings like these are the words we have all been brought up with. Maybe it's these kinds of slogans that have ruled our lives and have left us to dare to wonder more. Perhaps these notions set the fire in some of us to gaze at Mars, or even at our soup in hopes that we will get a sign of "something else" abound—yet still fit into our own definitions and hopes.

Intelligent life living on Mars is a fantastical thought to have, and I still do secretly hope there is nearby evidence of some kind of intelligence on any neighboring planet. It is a comforting hope to have, though I was a bit let down from Cafth's revelation about Mars. But still, he did mention that some aliens do hang out there on a regular basis. So now there are Martians, even if they aren't originally from there. Truly though, I have really learned how to let go of some of my beliefs about how things really are in this universe and matters of the soul. This Mars thing was just another victim on

my mental roster that I would have to eventually check off as being too abstract.

Yet, it is abstract thinking that keeps our world governments stretching their limits. They keep trying to explore our universe deeper and deeper, sending out better lenses to get a clearer focus. But should we really commend them for the efforts they have shown in seeking out answers about our universe? Besides, do they really fess up about all that they see, do and spend on space exploration? We all know they aren't. But they call it "national security" as to why they don't reveal what they know and do. Cafth told me something pretty funny about the role he and his people play in some of the efforts our governments have attempted in space.

"Haven't you noticed how so many malfunctions occur with the equipment that is sent into space?" Cafth asked me this with a half smirk on Samantha's face.

"Well yeah, I've heard about a lot of mishaps about NASA's telescopes and various projects," I responded.

"Well, you could say we have something to do with that. Sometimes we just make them...disappear."

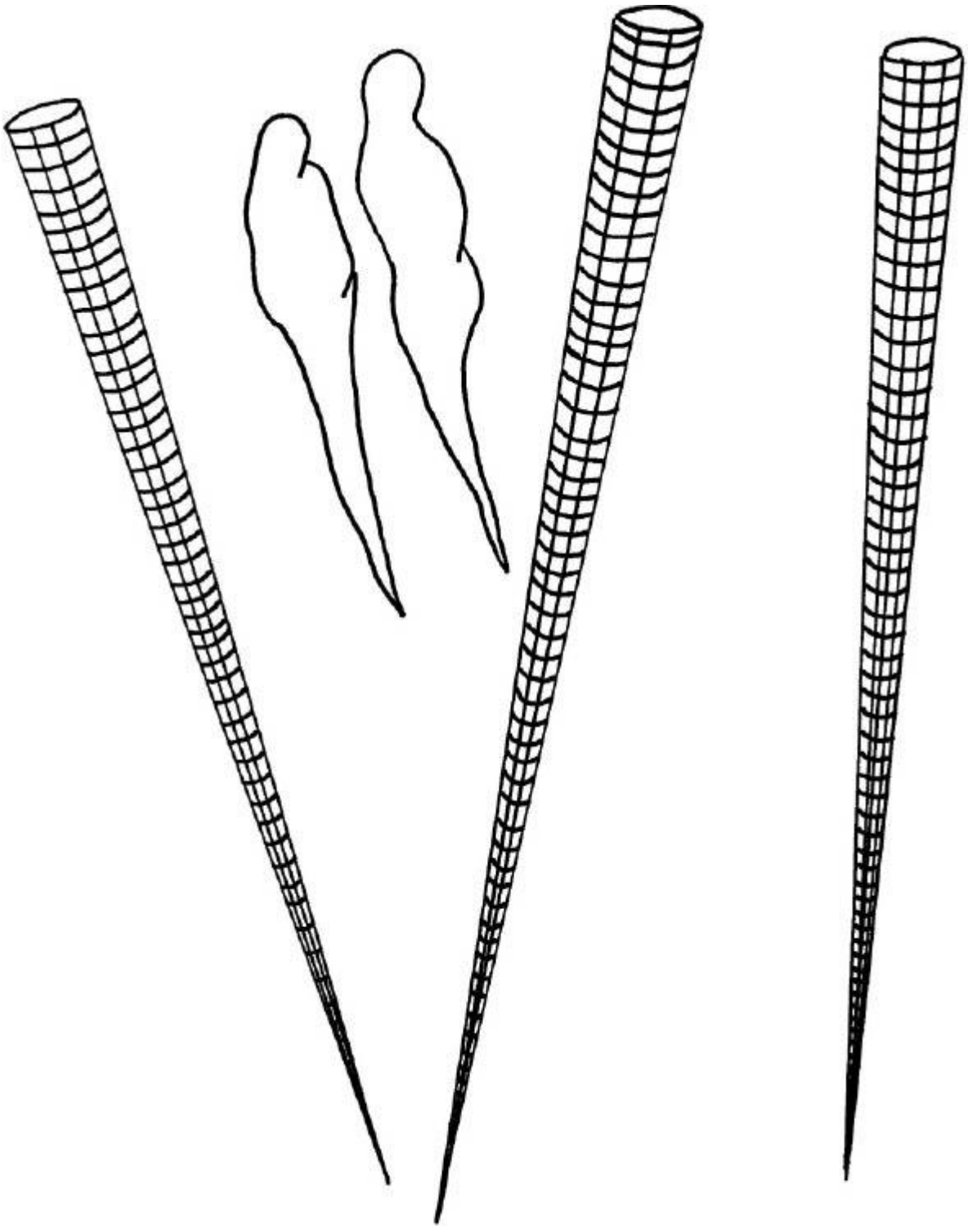
I had to chuckle a little at this one. "You guys have been sabotaging some of their work? Oh, that's funny! But why are you doing this?"

I found it to be almost hysterical that aliens were making an issue to trash some of NASA's stuff, especially because I know about the government's involvement with some aliens. Then here they are trying to send out their little space junk, only to be drop-kicked by higher beings. To some, this may seem only like presumed evidence of contact going on. But it cannot be a coincidence that billion dollar projects continually fail once in space after all of the trials they run previous to launching them. The only thing not funny about the whole thing is that it's the people's money that's been getting trashed ultimately (and sometimes lives are lost). So that means that the government will just have to try again and waste even more money and risk more lives.

Cafth went on to explain some of their motives behind destroying some of these expensive NASA toys. He said that the United States and other countries were trying to gain insight and access into a universe they are not ready to join yet. That humans have not evolved enough spiritually to work with and join the "universal group" like Cafth's.

I was told early on by Cafth that he was a part of a multi-species mission where they would all join up to help out for a cause. One cause is of course the situation the Earth is in, but they also got together on other issues. You could call it a sort of United Nations thing, but really more like a "United Planetary" thing.

I thought it was really sad that humans had to be limited in their access due to a lacking within themselves. Probably a better way of putting it is, people have a lack of remembrance of their connections—soul-wise. Just like our seeking out different faiths, we feel a void in us that needs filling and to be connected to God. In relation to these other beings, it's like a communication that once was, but was shut off like the Stonehenge monument was dismembered.



How our spirit tunnels appear to us when we pass to the next life, and how it appears to others who mean us harm.

Above each individual there is a tunnel that connects us to The Source, as Cafth described it. These tunnels are often narrowed or clouded due to the negative influences that are welcomed on this planet and into our lives. These tunnels serve as our direct contact to God, which is why when you hear of a Near Death Experience (NDE) people describe going down a tunnel with a brilliant light at the end, The Source (where our loved ones greet us in the light) and then God (the best part). These tunnels are also easily seen by alien beings passing over, who are then able to use them to travel straight to you and/or your psyche—directly! The air in these tunnels needs to be cleared of any negative buildup so that the connection to God can be routed through better and with less weak spots for intruders.

But I have to admit that I have seen, in recent years that more people have been really getting in touch with more spiritual matters. There is even an actual awareness about the Earth's well-being and all of its pain. People are beginning to open up more about spiritual issues that don't only include reciting Bible quotes, but where people are actually putting their own voices and feelings into words. There is a real awakening going on here, but it is still obviously a struggle.

If the result of this struggle continues to show itself in the positive, I could not help but to wonder if we would be on our way to enlightenment as Cafth has mentioned is necessary. So I wanted to know, if at all, when humans would be allowed to join such an evolved group of spiritually in-touch beings in the universe.

He told me that, "The first step would be to eliminate the Shadows' presence. With them gone humans may be allowed to evolve more fully."

It always stems back to those darn Shadows! It sounded like to me that these Shadows were trying with all of their might to hold people back in every way, as if they could keep humans more under control if they did not spiritually evolve. With evolution comes awareness, and if people are aware, they might see whose hands are pulling their strings and holding them tightly.

Of course then, why not put a hold on humans in opening up their extra eye, the third eye (or spiritual tunnel). As some say, seeing with your third eye is seeing the world around you from a different perspective. If I were a big green lizard who fed off fear and ignorance, I surely wouldn't want

them to see how I did it. Then they might find a way to stop me if they could actually see me in action.

"Yes, they have a hand in stopping the growth of humans," Cafth said in response after I questioned him about the Shadows' and Reptilians' role.

I was becoming less and less of a fan of these Shadow guys. It also became really hard to continue to see and hear people speak highly about the Grays and Reptilians. I'd had my fill of the claims from abductees who said they had learned so much from the Grays and others who said they had great sex with the Reptilians. It was getting to be really sickening to be honest, but I could not blame people for being misled. It does happen to the best of us and lines of innocence are being crossed, besides.

I got the impression in my mind that through this time of transition, when things here on Earth go through their changes; that will be the opportunity for humans to grow. This place that is being prepared for human souls will also be a time and place to be given new direction. So many people speak of a time of peace and tranquility that will come upon the Earth for a certain amount of time. We all need to ask ourselves, "Could this really happen with the same mind set that exists amongst people now?"

Of course, that is illogical to even speculate on—sadly.

If it were at all possible to have that kind of existence, wouldn't it already exist somewhere here in even some small community? I would think so, but this is not the case in today's society. Something has to get through to people in order to show them the errors of their ways. Obviously, there is a lot of work involved in the process on our behalf to reach God and peace.

We have to take the time to receive structured lessons on how to express the true essence of our beginnings. We need to get back to and associate ourselves with the concepts that were initially meant for us to "be" in the first place. Man was not meant to be the power-hungry force that they are today. These are not the qualities that are instilled in us, which brings me to my next piece of evidence that is not so well known:

As the saying goes, "There is good in all of us."

Every single one of us knows that this is true of everyone. Even if someone was a murderer, someone else may still regard that person as being a good husband, son, or father. Love cannot escape us no matter what we

have ever done in our lifetimes. How could that be there still, even though we sometimes do the crappiest things?

That piece of goodness is in us because that is our foundation of what we were built on. These episodes of stupidity or rage are not essentially our own, but we must own up to the responsibility of expressing it. We do have the ability to suppress our urges or influences, and it is called "self-control."

If our foundation is a positive one then our negativity must come from an outside source, which I am sure the Shadows would graciously accept credit for. Why not? It shows that they have accomplished something that remains to be a marker in our society.

I have even read stories that Adolph Hitler admitted that he took his orders from an unseen being that lived in the center of the Earth. I am sure that is why he sent scouts out to find an entrance to this inner world during World War II. Hitler was so terrified by these beings that he would often collapse at meetings, or wherever he was, while in their presence and appear to be talking with them aloud. Some like to categorize this as being schizophrenic. I like to think that perhaps sometimes these people are misdiagnosed and just simply know and see too much.

Evidence of goodness being our true roots is a fact that most of us can see within ourselves and others if we think about it. I often hear people ask, "What is the purpose of this life?" This is especially asked when someone is down on their luck, or experienced a tragedy. So, I will say it again: Things were not meant to be this way!

Everyone is right when they say it doesn't make sense why some of the horrible things that happen in this life do happen. Tragedy just wasn't meant to be. Ever since the beginning of creation in the Garden of Eden there has been a process in the making to eliminate this. Do you really think God would just wash His hands clean of us all just because of one bad decision made by Adam and Eve?

Like God would say, "Oh Eve, you did it now where I won't ever help you out of a jam!" God has instead done just the opposite and put out tons of signs in the road telling us to go this way to find Him again after getting lost—thanks to the infamous Eve. But, this has not been an easy task as there is literally a Source over another Source here in the battle. The

essence of one Source has to be removed in order to fully achieve the change needed to reach everyone.

Battle lines have been drawn and parties from each Source are on guard. It's even evident that animals are making their choice and that can be easily seen when you are bit by one dog and licked by another. Each side is so taut on their end of the rope to make sure they don't drop into the mud in defeat in this ancient tug-of-war. Who will remain standing when the dust settles? That will all depend on the choices made by ***each*** individual soul.

Chapter #20

The Efforts:
What's Being Done and What Needs to be Realized

Victory is the goal, but what are some of the efforts that are being made now on the part of the aliens and humans who are here to help?

During most of the time that I have been in contact with Cafth and Soforus, their team was usually focusing on an unspecified area in China. I would generally ask Cafth where he was located and what he was up to.

One time, Cafth decided to let me and Samantha in on a major project of concern.

"There is a hole in China."

Once again, a short response from Cafth where my brain could not interpret its meaning fully. My mind then resorted back to my childhood, reminiscing about digging a hole in my backyard to get to China since it is on the opposite side of the world to us. Needless to say, I needed a little guidance as to what he meant by a "hole."

"A hole? What is its purpose?"

"The Chinese government is digging this hole to gain access to the Shadows."

"Really? Don't they know what they are going to be met with?"

I was astonished to think that anyone would want to be met face to face with a force so powerful and negative.

"No. They think they can gain more power over other countries by having access to their world."

That really did not make too much sense to me, especially when there are some individuals in their government who know what these creatures are all about. I started to think about how the Chinese government is run and realized that they were obviously influenced by the Shadows. But perhaps they wanted to show that they were powerful, too, by creating a front door access to the Shadows' world. This way they may have thought that they could have a little more control over what was being bestowed upon them by the Shadows.

I couldn't blame them for wanting access, then. But still the fact remained that they let this influence in and were still trying to benefit more from it. China knew approximately where these beings resided and they needed to gain more control over their situation. So why not dig your way to your solution? If you can't beat them, why not find a way to make more use of them?

My attention moved back to Cafth and his concern over this Chinese project. Cafth knew what was being done, but I hadn't a clue what Cafth and his team was capable of doing to stop the Chinese activities.

"What are you trying to do about this project, then, Cafth?"

"It is a difficult project and we have been working on it for a long time. We are in the process of making it less deep."

I wondered as to how he was going about doing this. If they were literally using lasers or something, I had no clue. Then I thought about how he and his people also used their power of influence to make accidents happen, for our own good, of course. Just as the Shadows are able to place urges to your psyche, the other side can impress things to lean towards kinder conclusions, as well. Things may go against one's freewill only in the case where something a person is doing were originally influenced by the Shadows. This method of influencing plays a major role in the efforts here to reduce the Shadows' control on Earth as a whole.

But, I knew if I would ask exactly what was being done in the case of this hole in China, Cafth might avoid the question, or say that I already knew the answer. So I figured there were bigger fish to fry and that it was not that important as to how, only if they were successful or not.

"Yes, we have made progress. It is coming along okay."

That was good to hear, but it obviously was a time consuming task since he always seemed to be over there working on it. I was already aware that there were other holes around the Earth that bore access to this underworld. But this was the first time I had heard that there was an effort to make a manmade accessible entrance.

There are so many strange pet projects the world's governments are involved in. The United States is, of course, the strangest of them all. Billions and billions of taxpayer's dollars were (at one time) spent to send a few lucky souls to float in space to study rat poo and grow water crystals? I would rather it be spent on making sure no one goes hungry in our own nation so that food pantries wouldn't have to exist out of the generosity of churches and others. I don't recall getting a letter in the mail asking if it was okay to use my cash for some government vacation in space! When I made that argument one time, someone told me that it was okay because NASA puts a lot of people to work! It was hard for me to refrain from laughing. If we made enough homeless shelters and free food centers, I'm sure it would employ even more jobless people and prevent homelessness as an additional benefit!

This is supposed to be the land of freedom and opportunity where the *people* run the government. It seems that somewhere along the line the interpretation got mixed up somehow. At least the government is taking the

opportunity and executing *their* freedom to do what they please with our dollars and country.

Come on, what have they really been doing up there in space and why? Why didn't the American people question this more often, too? I know that we have a lot of freedoms and luxuries that many other places do not, but I wonder if that is part of the distraction that causes us to entrust them too much with our future.

When the first man walked on the Moon, we were all mesmerized with the glory of the United States space program. It is only natural to think that they would continue on in their space exploration. So then why haven't we visited the Moon lately? Is there something there that they don't want to be too close to? I've learned that our Moon is used much the same way Mars is, as a sort of colony area for various beings and their ships. I've learned this information via Cafth, and two reliable sources who are very much human. One person, by chance, saw world leaders called together at the military base he was at. He didn't know what was going on initially, but was later informed how objects were found on the dark side of the Moon. Another told of a story that I personally hope gets written into a book one day, of regular flights being made to the Moon via a secret program using children. So perhaps all missing children are not exactly missing, but are being used and are not allowed to return home, or even to this planet (according to this source).

With NASA so outwardly and officially avoiding the Moon, they make themselves look suspicious by their actions. I realize that the Moon is further out, but wouldn't it be easier to have some permanent footing to build a space station instead of floating it out in space? Call me silly, but don't we look at people who build along the California coast air-headed for not building on more firm soil after their house topples down the cliff the first time? Then people moan and groan that our tax dollars go to aid those folk who were silly enough to build their house on sand that slid into the ocean, or down a mountain. But here we listen about the building and additions to this floating space station and that's all we do—listen with no input.

The word "DUH" comes to mind very strongly for some reason right now.

If there is something on the Moon or visiting it often, the question remains, why avoid contact with those beings who are out and about in space? As mentioned before, since the U.S. government is working with the Shadows (or are a part of them themselves), they see all other beings as a threat. Still, there is more to this puzzle as to the reasoning behind their actions of avoidance.

It's clear that the U.S. government picks up downed UFO craft and previously took them to places like Area 51. Area 51 is a secret military base the government denies existing, it's in the Nevada desert that is said to have housed several downed UFOs where they were studied and reverse-engineered in order to create and use some of the found technology. Many people have claimed in the past to have seen odd objects that appear to be test flown barely above the ground over the complex found in Area 51. Many of those objects some would equate to looking saucer shaped like the many UFOs reported. (It should also be noted that people now claim that these UFO projects have been moved to another military base.)

If the government is able to get a UFO craft to rise in the air at all, one would have to think on this a bit. Don't you think that they might also take that baby for a ride into and beyond the great blue horizon? Surely they would be able to go to the Moon and any other planet in a flash. That would be way too tempting to pass up for anyone. As one can imagine, this was another great topic for me to brush by Cafth.

"Yes, your government has gone into space with some of these vehicles."

"And so—what happened? Did they go to other planets?"

"Yes, but we have not allowed them to return. They are not ready for that. This is an unnatural technological progress."

So it seems that they indeed have done some joy riding in space. But once they ventured out of their Earth limits, those people were then committed to remaining away from home forever! I asked what was done with these people. Cafth said that they are living comfortably as possible on other planets, or ships. Sounds interesting to me, but I would take it that these UFO pilots perhaps are not as thrilled.

I don't blame the alien beings for wanting to keep humans out of reach of something they have not deserved yet. These vehicles, in a sense, are like

a stolen car. Casualties are often a part of the wrecked craft, and our governments take them to keep as a trophy.

If I saw someone driving around in my stolen vehicle, I surely would do what I could to get it returned. Of course, this issue is a lot deeper than just property. It is also about beings who have a "non-interference policy" and here they have an accident occur where their technology gets in the way and interferes with a natural growth process. Then there is also the concept that humans simply are not evolved enough to move up and out into the universe.

I then began to speculate to myself, "If the government already has this technology in their possession, who do they think they are fooling with these NASA Space Shuttle craft and their little onboard camcorder recordings?"

It started to look like NASA was more of a distraction from the real toys our government had to play with. It may have also served to keep our technological advances to appear to progress more naturally and keep kids dreaming of becoming an astronaut. Appearances have to be kept up, so that means NASA needs to be maintained so no eyebrows get raised. Yipes, if NASA were to vanish the American public might actually start suspecting their government is less than honest, I mean, un-ambitious.

NEWS FLASH: Since the first publication of this book, wouldn't you know it—NASA has closed its Space Shuttle doors! It's said that this is not the end of NASA, but that things will fire back up again once funded properly. I bet that there will be a sudden leap in technological advances unlike ever before when the next "shuttle" or "saucer" emerges. Perhaps NASA got tired of the charade and wanted to bring out their real toys to play with and choose to just lay low for a while and then act all surprised at what they were able to accomplish during their "downtime."

Oh—this is going to be good everybody! So I'm going to keep my eyes peeled and my popcorn nearby to watch the show once the curtains come up! I just wonder what Cafth and his friends will do with the new projects once they do start up again "officially." Perhaps they will have better defenses onboard the next NASA project. Since they are already able to shoot down UFOs on Earth—maybe they are making their weapons mobile enough for NASA crafts.

Now back to my previously published onslaught of thought:

Wow, I think I have finally understood an iota of how our government thinks. Hold on—I have never heard of anyone report seeing a craft shoot straight up into space from places like Area 51. If Cafth's buddies aren't letting them come back, it made sense why I'd only heard of these crafts hovering closely to the ground over military bases.

Just when I thought I had them figured out, something else dawned on me. If misfortune is less likely to happen when the government used their own technology, maybe they have actually done just that. I would imagine that flights using UFO craft probably did yield a lot of information to them. But I am sure it did not equate to actually returning with materials and something to work with when they sent and used their own shuttle, equipment, and technology.

Maybe I was wrong about NASA being merely a front, in a sense. Then it would also make sense as to why they are putting so much money and effort into the space program. They know there is something to be had out there; they are just needing their own hands to reach it! I am sure some knowledge is still borrowed and that may play a part in the increasing number of so-called "malfunctions," too.

However, NASA is busily trying to do something. It is almost as if they are trying to find a way out of here. I wonder if they have finally realized that the way this planet is going it will cease to exist in the same manner as we know it. I can't imagine that they are actually speculating about living on one of the planets in this solar system. These planets are totally uninhabitable for human life. I also don't see it as being fun to create an artificial environment that people would always be restricted to if they did try to settle on a nearby planet. Humans need certain benefits from the Sun at a certain distance. I don't think our children would grow up very happy, or strong in an artificial place like that.

If NASA were really speculating on living elsewhere, it would have to be another planet in another system far from here. It would also have to be a planet very similar to what makes up Earth. Humans are what they eat and all of the minerals and vitamins that we need to survive exist on Earth.

So it would seem more likely that NASA and other governments are looking for a more suitable place to put up a fort of defense rather than a place to live. Since the Shadows are making it seem that the true enemy is

out there in space when it is really only their personal enemy, not humanity's enemy, I now see why there is this effort. There really are some beings out and about in space who are enemies of humans, but those beings work with the Shadows, anyway. Still our governments as a whole don't all know that full story, either.

Their true enemy is standing right behind them, waiting to stab them in the back without warning. Unknowingly and some knowingly, our governments are essentially helping to build a stronger foundation to fight against God and those connected with Him—of all things! That should make one's jaw drop in reading that, actually.

It is just unbelievable to me that any individual (or being) would knowingly want to do such a thing like that. Looking to history again, the man who was recognized by many as the Son of God was killed by our own hands as a people. Till this day, there has been a feeling of shame among a lot of people for that single act ever since. Haven't any lessons been learned from our past influences and mistakes?

What a vicious circle we all live in of wavering faith and insight.

People do the oddest things to find answers and guidance for their lives; always claiming that their way is the true path. As strange as some practices may be, I suggest that people do whatever it takes to rattle the cage they find themselves in. If it requires you to jump up and down, or crawl on your knees for miles over rough terrain to wake up—fine! Some people feel they need to punish themselves in order to feel worthy. If that's what works for them, then who am I to judge? I personally believe that since it is written that we are all Children of God, that it makes us all okay by Him.

Note, the "powers that be" cannot be defined or confined to exist and cooperate as we would like them to. Aliens may think that they are gods and some may revere them as gods, but they are not to be trusted as ***our*** God. The Chinese government may think that they may gain an upper hand in knocking down the walls that separate them from the Dark Source. Even if they are successful and gain access, that Source would not appear, nor work as they would like it to—guaranteed!

NASA is again a prime example. They thought they could cheat a little to gain some insight on The Source, its workers, and the universe through short cuts in technology. But they found that they could not challenge that and get away with it in riding freely into space. There are two opposing

forces that are very different in that one governs us and the other offers assistance. They are both similar in that if you try to cross them, you will be put back in your place. There is one that is a lot more gentler in doing this than the other, of course.

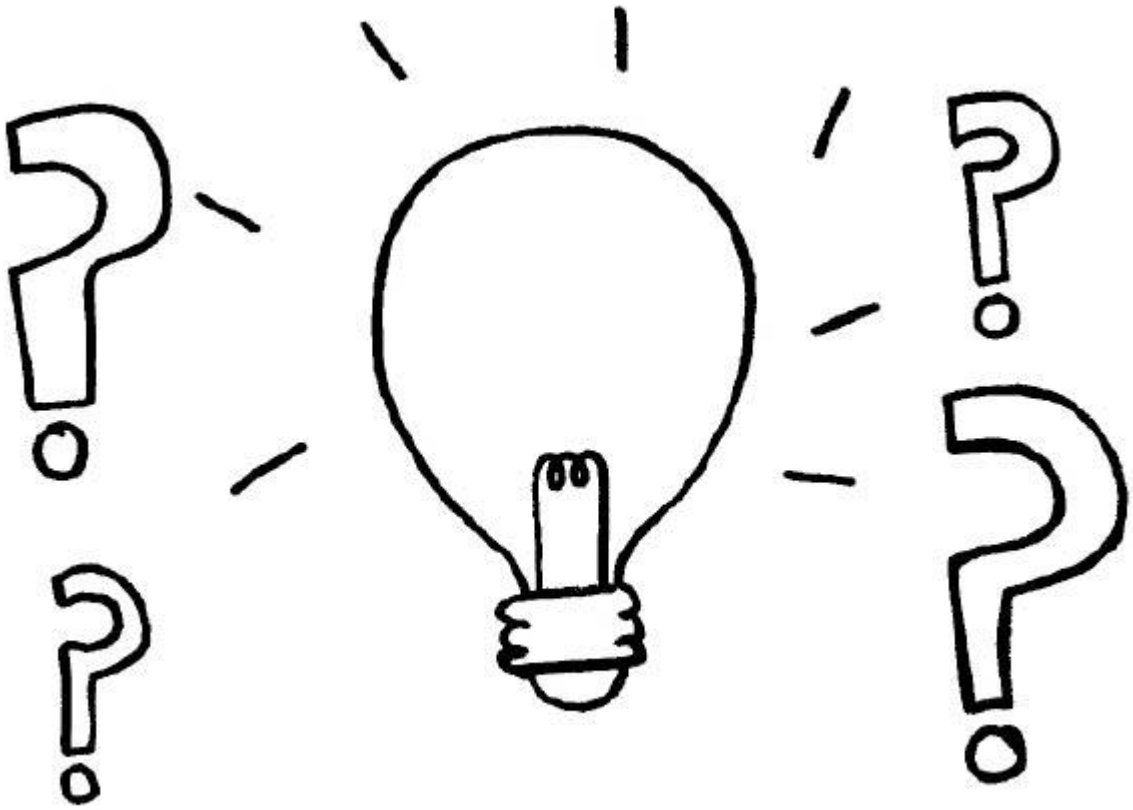
CONTINUED NEWS FLASH: In now knowing that NASA is rebooting itself and if they now know the lesson of needing to reach for the stars with their own hands—their new ships are truly going to be something to behold! It will have to be something made by their hands, combined with the borrowed technology and all eyes will be watching. If they aren't careful, they might send up something that won't come back down. If they are honest, we just might all see who, or what knocks it out of the sky this time. It's kind of a scary thought, but I think NASA has already been testing things out with some of the stranger craft being seen in our skies that don't look like typically seen UFOs.

Continued thoughts:

It should be no mystery what side we should all be on in this war brewing. But for some people, their judgment is so clouded they cannot see beyond the back of their eyelids. Do not be misled. Our governments, for the most part, do know what is going on. They truly believe that since they have been so well constructed, nothing can sink them. Sounds a lot like what was thought of a famous ship named the Titanic, which just so happened to sink on its maiden voyage. Man's cockiness always amazes me. I just hope we don't allow it to continue in this manner where it forever gets in the way of truth.

Chapter #21

What You Should Do:
Self Help



In the midst of all of this struggle between “good” and “evil” aliens, it can get to be confusing as to what to do with this newly acquired information. I know when I was first told and also recalled what was going on, I had no clue what I could personally do about it all. Especially since I felt that I didn’t know how I was even to begin to relate any of this to anyone else!

Heck, at the time when this book first came out “Shadow People” had never even been heard of before. I thought I’d be the only one to ever mention seeing these creatures for some time to come. I at least hoped

others wouldn't be burdened with them anytime soon. But Cafth warned me that eventually, Shadow People would encompass the Earth where everyone would be made a victim of them. Yet, he told me of no certain time when that would happen.

I would used to imagine blurting all this out about Shadow People on a street corner or something, trying to warn the world to break their negative ties—waving a sign of doom to come. Then I thought of how I would look like nothing more than some poor soul who lost her mind on some bad smokes. When you get information as profound as this, you really feel like running out and telling everyone about it, but I learned that was not what I was to do.

"Awareness," was the key word Cafth and the others like him instilled in me.

I was to try not to make "believers" out of anyone. I was only to "plant the seed" and hope that it would grow in time for the coming conflicts and Earth's transition. I don't know exactly how things will come to change here on Earth step-by-step. But I was told about some telltale signs of some of the indications of the changes to come. I'm not any kind of a prophet or seer, of course. I just hope to share some bits that I've learned via the little guy named Cafth and the experiences of myself and others:

One important sign relates to a certain vibrational change, as in, the very fabric of both the atmosphere and physicality of the Earth. I was told that this change would begin in response to the various cataclysmic activities going on, such as volcanic activity, earthquakes, changes in wind and weather patterns, and so on. Many people are recogniźing, to some degree, that there is some increased activity along these lines happening right now.

In looking at how vibrations work in our world, any change in them can result in surprising events. Human bodies, animals and even insects teem with energy at certain vibrational levels. The whole planet is held together in a certain pattern and vibration in order to maintain certain shapes, much like droplets of water. Even color is based on vibrational wave patterns, with some having longer waves than others.

If these vibrational patterns are disturbed in any way, there can be any variety of changes we may begin to see. Patterns will be expressed

differently and solid things may then be held together in a new order. New colors will be expressed and exhibited in places otherwise not seen.

Cafth mentioned how other creatures rarely seen before would then start coming into view more frequently due to these pattern changes, too. Creatures like those that have been termed as “rods” and “orbs” are some of these creatures that will come more into our awareness. Rods are almost translucent, stick-like, flying, dragonfly-types with tails on their sides like a dart. These are already being caught on film all over the world and will increase in regularity.

Orbs are usually perfectly round, partially transparent, white balls (sometimes in a variety of colors) that float in the air. Upon looking closely at photos of these orbs, smaller dark spots can be seen on some of them that might make one think of these spots as their “mouths.” I’ve personally witnessed them to respond to flashes from my camera, where they came in closer the more photos I snapped with a flash. They even have communicated with me on at least one occasion where I put my hands out and asked them to land in my hands as they had just done for a friend of mine for his photo. Then somehow, I got the understanding that these orbs wanted me to put my hands down and in the next photo, a bright one landed on my head! Orbs are often photographed and seen in areas of high paranormal activity. Some places deemed as having some sort of portal into other realms, also show these orbs to be more prevalent. Then there are orbs that seem to surround a person in a photo, only for them to die unexpectedly via a variety of means, at a variety of times (even years later)—like the orbs knew something would happen.

When viewing orbs and rods in general, they seem to have some kind of intelligence to them due to their shapes and flight patterns. Some people speculate that these anomalies are some kind of undiscovered, perhaps even trans-dimensional organisms. Indeed they are newer for us to see them, but not new to existing or being among us. If other things are suddenly coming into view, perhaps other things may go out of view and/or change where even our own physicality may alter. How exactly we may change I’m unclear on, but it is something that was said by Cafth that will come to pass for us all.

There is also another type of creature that has come into view once in awhile, but it’s so rare it’s speculated as being almost mythical. These

creatures are those that people report as being some kind of elusive lake monsters seen in various lakes worldwide. The most popular lake monster is called the Loch Ness Monster, better known as Nessie. Nessie has been photographed in Loch Ness, Scotland, appearing as some sort of snake-like creature with several humps on its back. Descriptions of the exact same type of creature have been seen quite widely in other lakes. Just to name a few other lakes with a similar creature seen in them: Long Lake in Dundee, WI, Lake Champlain in New York, Lake of the Woods in Ontario, Canada, Lakes of Killarney in Ireland, and Lake Tianchi in China, and there are tons more out there. I know of no better way to state what these lake monsters are about than putting Cafth's direct words in regards to them:

"The beast that is written of in your Bible in its last chapter is in reference to these creatures that have been seen at times in your lakes. They will surface fully eventually and take part in the Shadows' attempt to rule over the Earth."

These words of Cafth have echoed in my mind for some time now! I never did know how to categorize these various lake creatures. Still, I would never guess that his unveiling of what the changing vibes would bring would relate to "the *beast*!"

One other important aspect that will come along with these vibrational changes includes what we will be allowed to see. Our eyes will become better tuned to what and who has been surrounding us for centuries, meaning the Shadow People, The Hat Man, alien beings and others. The awareness of their presence will be markedly increased as we move closer to the time of the transition involving the changes of this planet and its inhabitants.

I feel like some weird prophesying guru sometimes. But I just want to get this out for people to look at it and judge this however they want. Just when you think that's all to be told, there's more. From the bits that I've learned with all of this alien chatting with me and Samantha laying out the details together, we've compiled some key issues:

When things start looking pretty rough with Earth changes, negative aliens abound, or feeling torn about what to do in the face of turmoil—it would be a good idea to keep your senses about you as much as you can!

Doom and gloom can't last forever, so a time will come for us all to cross over into the next life. For some, the transition will come so naturally that they will automatically know how to deal with it and move onto the "prepared place" with ease. As I've mentioned before, some may linger and become confused, terrified and even reject all that they see. That sort of reaction does nothing to help the process.

Just be AWARE!

Know that you can call out and know that there are others everywhere to help. Here comes another preachy bit: Look to God for answers and from His helpers, now and always. Enable yourself to pull away from your ways of life as you know it so that you may start anew, easier.

These actions that you need to take are still a ways off, so we all still have to live in the here and now. But don't wait until the last minute, either. The most important thing to do now while we are still in the middle of this astral battle is for you to be strong and positive. Now you know that there is a threat on your mortality! So it is not worth your soul to, for instance, get in the last punch in a fight, cut the person off in traffic to get ten seconds ahead, or do a person wrong when you knew better.

I know that I am in just as much danger to be lured by the Shadow People as the next person. I'm in this world for the long haul. Knowing my luck, I will most likely have front row seats for any transition, or alien conflict showdown to come!

We are all in the same boat in this great adventure called life. If any of us are to get through this then we all have to pitch-in to help one another. One of the first steps is by waking each other up to the different reality of possibilities. Cafth expressed that it is up to man on how we will destroy ourselves and I think that can have a lot of different meanings. Our physical demise is one thing, but to allow our spiritual knowledge to remain closeted —that's a whole other beast of its own!

I really don't push onto anyone any of the information of what an alien told me. I don't think I really have to, being that this "transition-crossing-over" and "war over souls" topics are nothing new to people. I just don't believe that this transition will be exactly what most people suspect it will be. Expecting fluffy clouds, fantasy driven chariots and horned beasts, are interesting images to keep in mind as many might do. However, Jesus

opposing shadowy nuisances, friendly alien gestures and reports of alien abductions, are actually better images to be aware of right now.

In my lifetime I have only had to endure silence on this topic with some of the contents of this book, and it was killing me inside. I generally do not sit by as if not to know something when I feel that I do to some extent. So if there is a conversation toying near the idea of the changing times ahead, I will share.

I don't really know what will become of my words once they have left my lips, or my fingertips. All I hope is that at least one sentence might remain in the minds of those it reaches.

After all that I have witnessed, struggled to understand, learned from Cafth/Soforus and remembered for myself, I wanted to be able to walk away with a final conclusion in my mind about the whole world picture. What I walked away with was even better than I could have imagined. I got to know that our future is never quite set in stone as to when things may happen.

Although, I do know outcomes are usually just a matter of time before they come to pass. That revelation was kind of comforting and yet depressing at the same time, actually. Meaning, that we have the ability to move time as we would like it to, but once our patterns are set into motion it is hard to break the flow.

I also got to realize that this planet is not essentially governed by Earth's true occupants.

It is at the mercy of an infiltrating race that regulates the information that is passed on about their species. Information that is leaked only to slowly gain the acceptance and respect of their presence and superiority. Other parts are just leaked to give out disinformation that might seem horrible enough for people not want to look any further for answers. For instance; I have heard of such stories like some Reptilians using humans as a food source—only. That's grotesque for sure, but this is said as if that was as bad it could get—when actually souls are their main target.

As a people of this planet, we have to start to take on the responsibility to help rid Earth of this negative presence and the horrible atrocities they perform. People are having to rely on the aid of unknown friends, only because people blindly assist in making this planet home to the negative

beings like the Shadows. This is a horrible bind this planet has itself in and since we all helped to mess it up, we must all work to correct it.

I almost felt ashamed for the whole planet when I thought about what Cafth and his people are doing to help Earth. I know people were not born to fend off unknown varmints from outer space, but there is such a thing called “common sense.”

“If we do bad things, we welcome negativity.” If you don’t believe in aliens, at least most of us have heard this same message screaming out from some crevasse of our own hearts at some point. This message about good and evil is no lie and it has been written of for ages for a reason.

In concluding my overview into what Cafth and the others wanted to have said in this book, I wanted to know what he thought would be the most important thing for people to remember in here. What he had to say really summed it all up nicely:

“Most importantly, it is essential for people to not forget their spirituality.”

I could not have thought of anything better, because it is the one-thing humans are truly lacking. We are always hurriedly running our errands, going to work, and schooling our kids. Somewhere in the midst of all of the rush-we miss who we are. Most do not take the time out to seek out their true essence to get comfortable with it. Instead, most keep themselves busy so they don’t have to think about things of a spiritual matter.

Then comes this notion about “fearing death.”

Well, of course you are going to fear death because you only know where you have been in this lifetime. But you have “been” elsewhere (i.e. with God), you just don’t recall. Thus, you do not know yourself.

For an “alien” to have to say “remember your spirituality” to us “humans” doesn’t sound very alien to me. They are in the same mindset as humans, but they just happen to know the true value of our souls than people seem to. If they are more aware and we are not, we have a problem. Plus now you know that awareness is in the wrong hands, so most people are at a disadvantage on this planet against the Shadows.

These negative beings know no limits to themselves and look upon these bags of water called humans-who can only see their physical limitations. Guess who has the upper hand then?

If you believe your hands are tied because these aliens seem all too powerful when they appear in your bedroom at night, well then—your hands are tied! But if you can see that there is only a rotten being leaning over and whispering in your ear that your hands are tied, but your hands are really free—then you will be fine!

Have NO DOUBTS that all can be overcome! Remember this is a "mind over matter" and soul-to-soul battlefront we are each standing on. It is time to see what you are made of and believe in your potential to its fullest.

I was thinking on what would really be helpful to get people suited up with some spiritual armor against the darkness—so I came up with a list of sorts. I wanted to be more direct in literally putting out there what can be done to help and/or prevent a negative interaction with any dark beings. With the likelihood that a negative being will glare everyone's way at some point, these are the methods that have truly helped me personally and thousands of others to toss these dark matters to the side of the road:

Make the heartfelt decision that nothing even potentially negative is allowed into your life, soul or home. So essentially you are breaking any assumed agreements or lingering ties to anything even remotely negative. Just leave that thought out there and available to any visitors questioning your loyalty or vulnerability. Say your intentions in a prayer, in your thoughts or simply out-loud, so it resonates as your concluded decision.

Bless your home—fully! I don't mean getting on the phone to have your pastor come over to do it, either. You need to stand behind no one else's faith, but your own! This is your personal war—***your secret war***! So get a bottle of natural spring water from the store, sit it out in the sunlight for a couple of hours and grab your favorite religious necklace (being a Christian-I use a cross). Then starting in your basement, then to the top floor of your home, then to the main floor of your home, do this: Go to the furthest corner of the floor you are on, then to the furthest room, then to the furthest corner from the door in that room. You are going to bless each corner of that room with a short prayer or statement aimed for God's protection such as, "Lord please bless this home, allowing nothing negative in here and to keep us all safe. In Jesus' Name."

As you do this, dip your religious necklace into the water and splash a little in each corner in the sign of the cross. I'm Christian, so this is my personal method and choice of blessing my home. But I've been met with

non-Christians who have their own symbols of faith that are positive and oppose darkness, so make those adjustments according to your faith. During this blessing, make sure to include closets, windows and walls along the way between the corners of each room. As you back yourself out of each room, seal the door off with your blessing then close the door.

Then as you go along to bless the next room, bless the connecting part of your hallway, as well. This needs to be done throughout each floor of the home. You do this, until you reach the front door to your home and then open the door to let the negativity out. Then close the door and do a final sealing of the front door with your blessing.

As a note, keep the door to each room open until the blessing is done in that room and then close and bless the door, so if something negative was stuck in the room it can find its exit. (Special thanks for my friends from The Lightside group for teaching me this most helpful method of blessing that has helped me and so many others.)

Keep your religious necklace on. Do this as an option after a blessing like this just for a boast of added positive vibes and protection. It can be worn night and day for a few days, or for as long as a person feels comfortable. I also suggest that anyone else living in the home wanting some added protection to also dip their religious necklace into the water and wearing it night and day for as long as they would like (decide what is safe to wear for children or hang up a cross in their room). It would also be best that all who live in the home do this blessing all together. If you are only occupying one room in the home, then bless your room to keep all things out.

Keep strong and have **no doubts**, because this does and will work! All you need is some faith in yourself, your actions and God. Standing ones ground without running away or physically attacking negative beings, shows strength, conviction and faith in the positive. Negativity has been proven to exist, so why not put some faith into positive forces existing with some power, too?

As a hugely added and important note—there is no getting around Jesus! Even these so-called “aliens” know this! In the years since the publication of this book, I was the first to encourage people to say in the face of an alien or Shadow Person, “In Jesus’ Name—leave!” (No one was willing to go on record to mix beliefs with the alien topic back then, so I got

a bit of static for suggesting this sort of thing). Guess what happens when this demand is made? They leave! If they are simply an alien with no demonic ties, then why does this work? But just as a vampire can take a cross from someone's shaky hands, you have to have faith for the cross to work. You need to have faith, plain and simple. But it also seems Jesus does all of the work with the power of who He is where His Name alone sends negativity running! For a person to have the conviction and faith enough to even call upon Jesus while facing the power of darkness—this brings forth the wrath of God, apparently ☺!

It's written in the Bible and claimed that the mustard seed is the smallest of seeds in the world. But Jesus said, "Truly I tell you, if you have faith as small as a mustard seed, you can say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there,' and it will move. Nothing will be impossible for you." (Matthew 17:20) Meaning, that your faith doesn't have to be perfect for it to be called upon and to work for you in your favor under God's protection.

The message is this, "Take the time."

So many are hustling about making big deals about little concepts. They don't count in the end. Not even if you were a good cook, or a hard worker, or had a big house with a nice car in the garage. There's a reason why you can't take it with you when you die. If you could, you'd have a truckload of stuff to haul wherever you went. I wished these things got contemplated more often, but that seems to take place only when a loved one is lost and *then* we wonder where they went and why. It's nice to be someone important, or to have nice things—but none of this is necessary in the end.

I always tell people that all too often, **"People live their lives according to what they see, when they really should be closing their eyes to see what they live."** Please—take it to heart.

Good Luck and God Bless,
~Heidi

About the Author

Heidi Hollis is a unique voice in this paranormally challenged world of ours. From angels to aliens and for over 20 years, Hollis has tackled mysterious topics from a very young age. She is an advocate for bringing extraordinary topics to a comfortable level where they

can be spoken of openly and without shame— even with a hint of humor! She has written for various publications and is sought worldwide for her levelheaded advice and research into many of the world's most intriguing phenomena.
Hollis is also the radio talk show host of the lively paranormal broadcasts, "Heidi Hollis-The Outlander" and co-host of "The Kevin Cook Show," both currently on Inception Radio Network.

In addition, Hollis is a practicing Occupational Therapist (OTR/L), columnist, lecturer, movie producer and is an accomplished cartoonist as seen in her new graphic novel series, "Diary Blog of the Fickle Finders." This book series appeals to all ages and will cover all of the same topics Hollis addresses from angels to aliens—but with hundreds of comics meant to hit the funny bone and the brain at the same time!

For up-to-date information about Heidi Hollis and her many events and projects to come, please visit:

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